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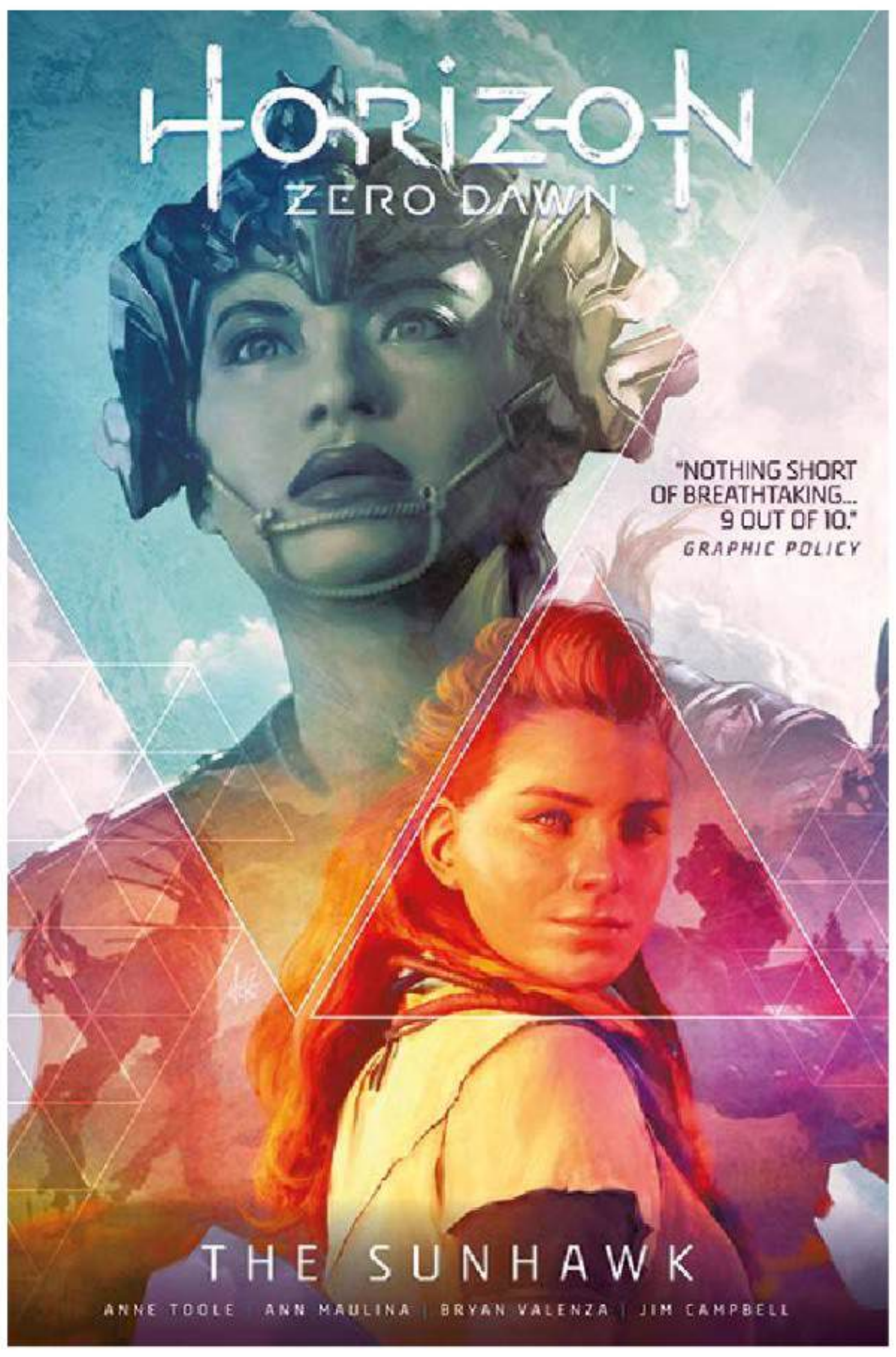
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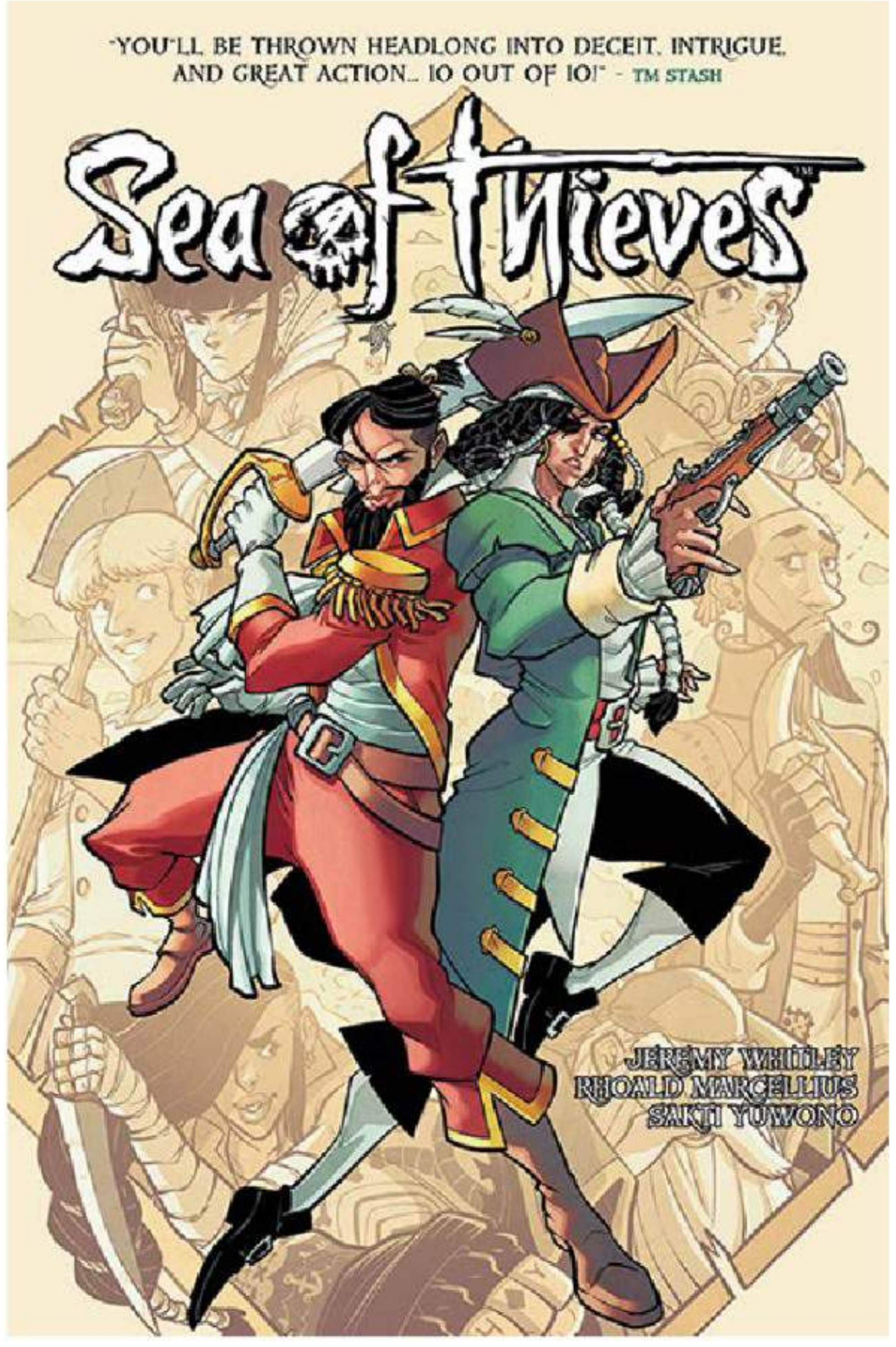
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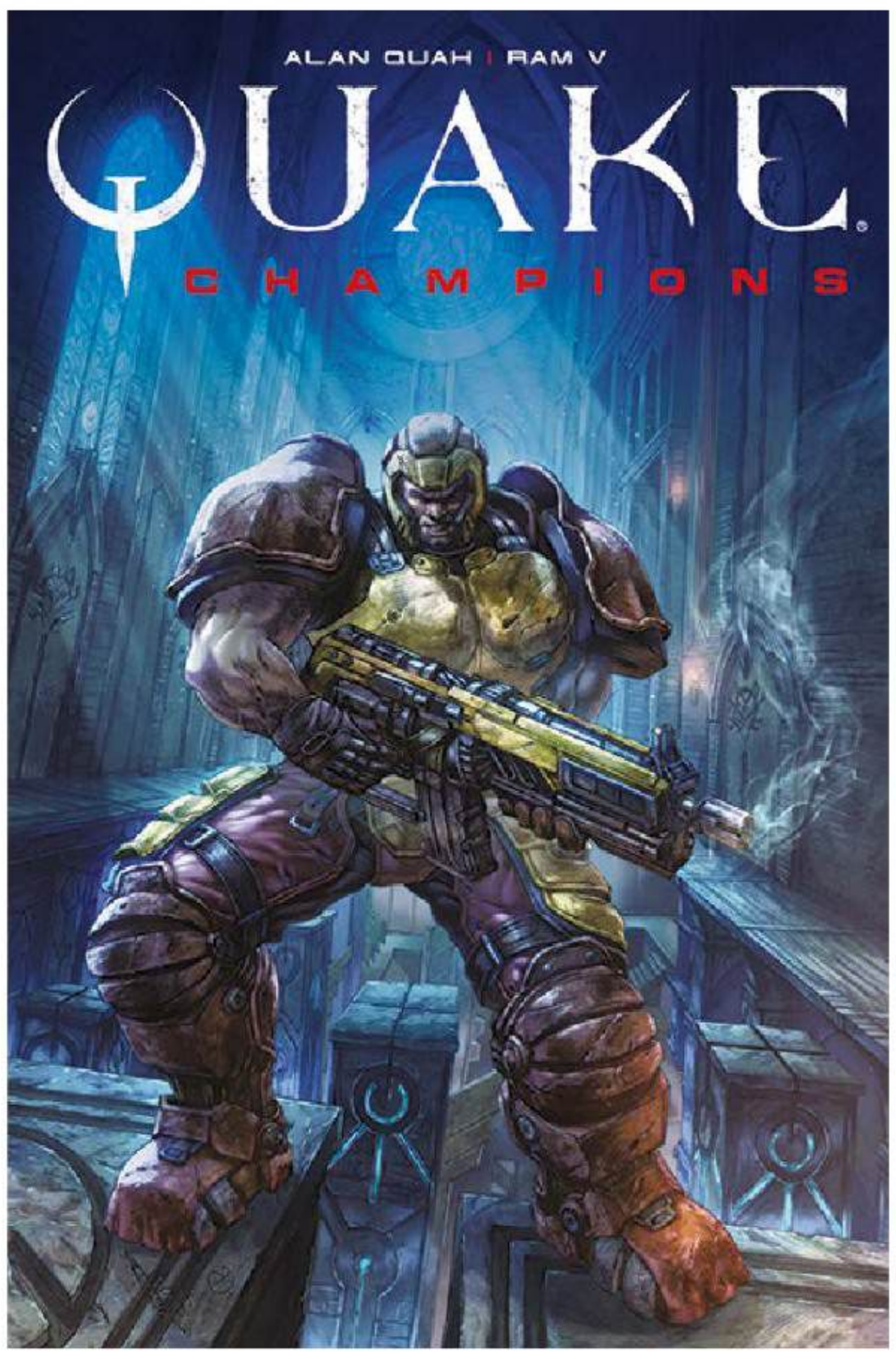
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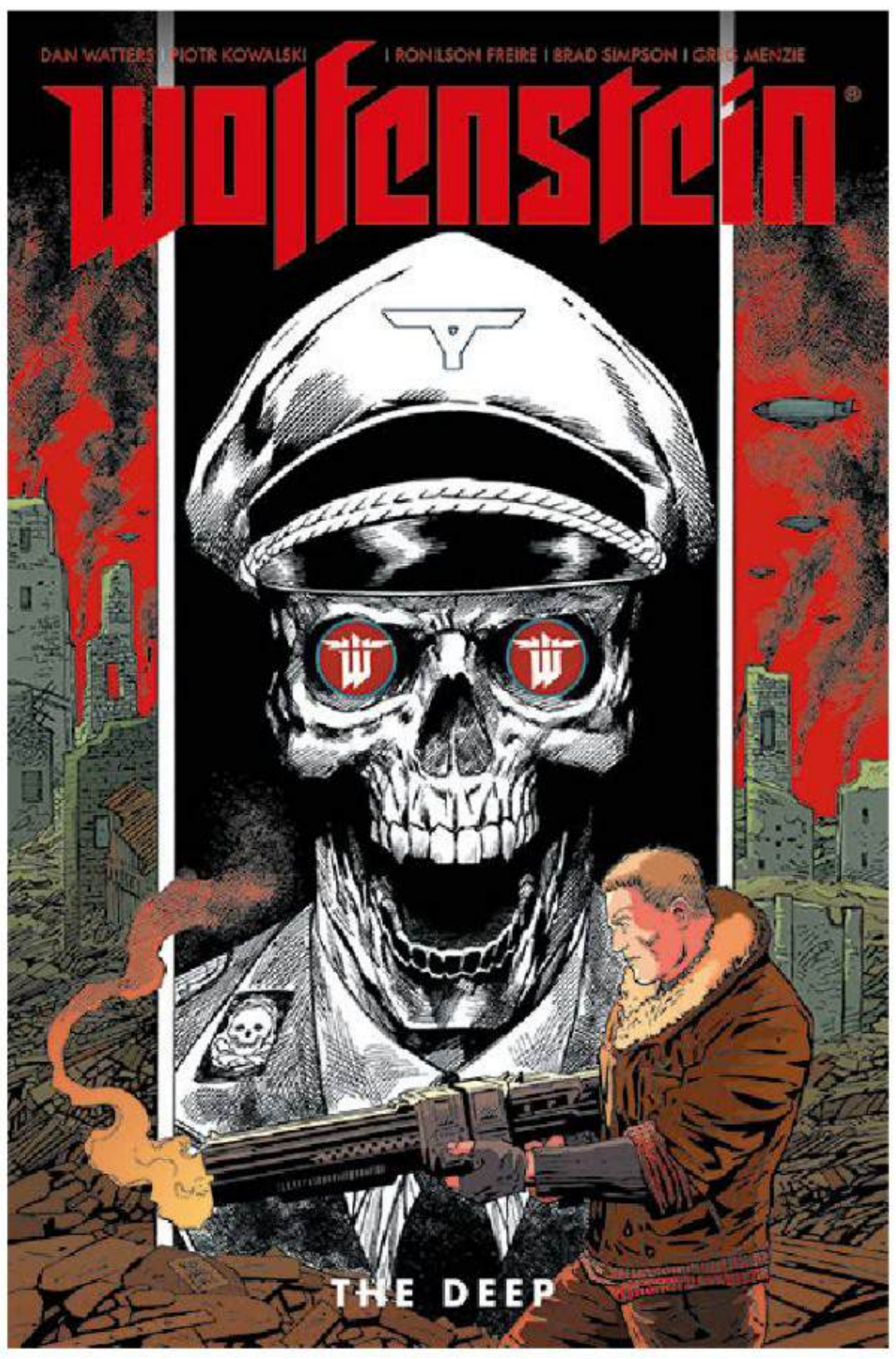
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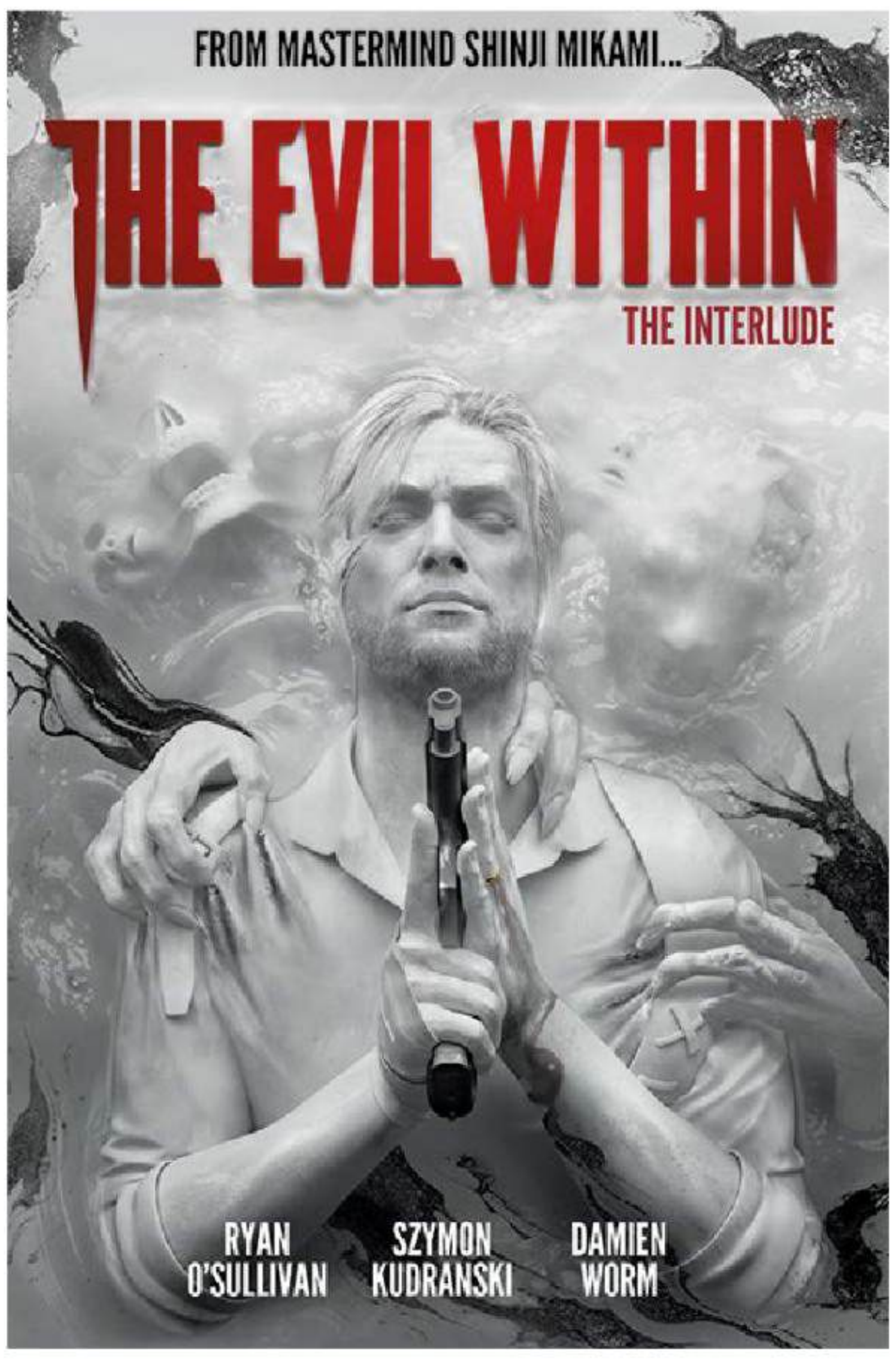
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DARK SOULS™

THE BREATH OF ANDOLUS

DEATH.
THE EVER-PRESENT SPECTRE.
IT HAUNTS US ALL.
YET, FOR MANY IN THIS BLIGHTED TIME, THERE IS SOMETHING WORSE THAN DEATH...

THERE IS WHAT COMES AFTER.
WHAT...?
FIRA!

GET BACK!
FIRA, IT'S ME, ***ALDRICH***. REMEMBER?
LOOK! THOU GAVEST ME THIS POPPET SO THOU MIGHT KNOW TO TRUST ME.
THE ***POPPET***... YES.
YES, I KNOW THEE, ***SCRYER***.
IT IS THE CURSE, LEECHING THY MEMORIES.
AND LEAVING ME WITH THOSE I WOULD RATHER FORGET.

THOSE ARE THE MEMORIES THOU MUST ***NEVER*** FORGET, FIRA. THEY ARE WHY WE ARE HERE.
...
AND WHERE ***IS*** HERE, SCRYER?
WE'VE COME TO THE CRYSTALLINE LABYRINTH, IN SEARCH OF THE DRAGON'S TOOTH.
YES, I BEGIN TO RECALL. THIS FIRE BREATHES LIFE INTO MY WEARY LIMBS, AND AGITATES MY MIND. THOU SPEAK OF THE TOOTH OF ANDOLUS, STOLEN FROM HIS LONG-DEAD CORPSE.
AND SOON TO BE RECOVERED.
WE'RE ***CLOSE***, FIRA. I CAN SENSE IT. THE ENTRANCE TO THE LABYRINTH IS JUST AHEAD.
THEN LET US WAIT NO LONGER. I FEEL THE DARKNESS CLOSING IN ON ME, AND WISH TO CLEAVE IT WITH MY SWORD. SHOW ME THE WAY.
AS YOU WISH.

THE DRAGON AUGERER LURKS SOMEWHERE WITHIN. HE BEARS THE TOOTH AS A WEAPON, FASHIONED INTO THE FORM OF A BEJEWELLED DAGGER.
THOU WILST HAVE TO PRISE IT FROM HIS DEAD FINGERS, FOR HE WILL NOT GIVE UP SUCH A TOTEM EASILY.
BUT...
I AM ***NO*** FIGHTER, MY LADY.
OH, BUT THOU ART COMING WITH ME, SCRYER. THOU CANST POINT IT OUT WHEN WE FIND HIM.
THEN LEAVE THE FIGHTING TO ME. IF THOU THINK'ST I'M LETTING THEE OUT OF MY SIGHT, HOWEVER...
VERY WELL.
WAIT...
CREAK

SHINK
GUNNGH!
CRACK
I SEE THE CURSE HAS DONE LITTLE TO DULL YOUR SENSES.
OR MY BLADE.

NEVERTHELESS, WE MUST BE ON OUR GUARD. THE DRAGON AUGERER IS RENOWNED AS A MASTER OF TRICKERY AND ILLUSION.
IT IS SAID THE WALLS OF THESE CAVERNS SERVE AS MIRRORS, REFLECTING THE VERY ESSENCE OF THY SOUL.
THEN IF OUR SOULS ARE ***PURE***, WE HAVE NOUGHT TO FEAR.
THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT CONCERNS ME, LADY...
REGARDLESS, WE WILL BE TESTED BY THIS INFERNAL MAZE. THE MIRRORS INVERT. THAT WHICH WAS ONCE LIGHT MIGHT SOON BECOME DARK, AND THAT WHICH WAS FORGOTTEN...
MIGHT YET BE ***REMEMBERED***...
CLANG

AARGH!

FIRA!
I...CAN SEE IT ALL, SCRYER. EVERYTHING THAT I'VE BECOME.
HE'S USING THY THOUGHTS AGAINST THEE, FIRA. THOU MUST FIGHT IT.
PIETER?
NO, FIRA! IT'S A TRAP! NONE OF THIS IS REAL.
PIETER? COME BACK...

YOU!

THOU ART NO LONGER FIT TO WEAR THAT ARMOUR, FIRA. WHERE ***WERE*** THEE WHEN THINE ORDER FELL TO THE HORDES OF UNQUIET DEAD?
CHIIING
I WAS WITH MY CHILDREN.
AND WHAT RIGHT DID THEE, A ***KNIGHT***, HAVE TO BEAR CHILDREN? LOOK AT THE WORLD THOU GIFTED THEM. LOOK AT THE ***HORROR*** OF IT.
UNNGH!
DID THOU KNOWST THAT THEY CALLED THY NAME?
IN THEIR LAST MOMENTS, AS THE WALLS OF THEIR CITADEL FELL, THY FELLOW KNIGHTS CALLED FOR THEE IN THE DARKNESS, AND THOU ***NEVER CAME***.
NO! THOU COULDN'T KNOW THESE THINGS. THOU ART A LIE, A ***PALE IMITATION*** OF A MAN THAT WAS.
UNGH!
CLANG

AND I'M ABOUT TO **SHATTER** THE ILLUSION.
SHUNK
CRASH

WHERE WERE *YOU?*
THOU TOLDST ME TO LEAVE THE *FIGHTING* TO THEE.
I DIDN'T *MEAN* IT.
WELL HOW WAS *I* TO KNOW?
BESIDES, I'VE BEEN BUSY. I'VE FOUND A ROUTE THROUGH THE LABYRINTH.
THOU HAST?
COME ON, THIS WAY.

IF I AM CORRECT, THE DRAGON AUGERER AWAITS US DOWN THAT PASSAGE, AT THE HEART OF THIS STRANGE REALM.
I THINK THOU HADST BETTER GO FIRST.
SIGH
WHATEVER FOUL HARBINGER OF THE DARK WAITS BEYOND THIS PORTAL, KNOW THIS...
THY TIME IS NEARING ITS END.

THOU SPEAKTH WITH A CONFIDENCE THOU CANST ILL AFFORD, ***LADY KNIGHT***.
THY MIND IS OPEN TO ME, LIKE A FLOWER IN BLOOM. I PARTAKE OF ITS SECRETS.
I SEE WHAT THOU HAST ***DONE***.
THOU ART NO CREATURE OF THE LIGHT. THOU ART WALKING DEATH.

THY PLAN SHALL NOT SUCCEED. THE FLAME OF LIFE GUTTERS AND WANES, REDUCED TO NOUGHT BUT AN EMBER. IT HAS LOST THE WILL TO BURN. WE ARE NOT WORTHY OF BEING SAVED.
THOU SPEAKTH ONLY FOR THYSELF.
I SPEAK THE ***TRUTH***. EVEN THY CRETINOUS SCRYER KNOWS IT TO BE SO.
THOU SPEAK TO DISTRACT ME WHILE THY MINIONS CARRY OUT THINE ORDERS.
I WILL NOT BE FOOLED BY THY VILE TRICKERY.
SHUNK
THEN THOU SHALL TASTE THE BITE OF ANDOLUS, AND DIE.
KATISSSH

AIIIEE!
THUD

THUNK
ARRGGH!
LADY KNIGHT, I BELIEVE THOU GROWST WEARY.
AND THOU **ARROGANT**.
OOMPH!
I HAVE NO NEED OF ARROGANCE. THE DRAGON SPIRITS **WILL** ME TO SUCCEED.
THOU FOUGHT WELL, LADY KNIGHT. TONIGHT THE SPIRITS SHALL SUP ON THY BLOOD.

GURRGHH
SHINK
THE DRAGON SPIRITS, I'LL WARRANT, DID NOT SEE THAT COMING.
HOW DID THOU KNOW IT WASN'T ME?
I DIDN'T.
AH.
I TOLD THEE WE'D HAVE TO PRISE IT FROM HIS DEAD FINGERS.
THIS IS WHAT WE CAME HERE FOR?
IT IS.
THEN IT IS *OVER*.
ALAS, IT IS ONLY JUST BEGUN. THE ***EVERLORD*** AWAITS US IN HIS WEEPING FOREST. THE WAY BEFORE US IS ARDUOUS AND LONG, AND ALL OF ISHRA HOLDS ITS BREATH.
COME, I SHALL SCRY OUR PATH. THERE IS MUCH TO BE DONE.

THOU TAKETH TOO LONG, SCRYER.

IT IS A DELICATE MATTER. THE GODS WILL NOT BE HASTENED.
OUR FIRE WILL DRAW ***WOLVES***.
THERE ARE ***WORSE*** THINGS THAN WOLVES IN THIS FORSAKEN FOREST.
THERE. IT IS DONE.

NOW WE SEEK THE *EVERLORD* AND HIS SWORD HEWN FROM DRAGON BONE.
THOU ART CERTAIN THIS TOOTH WILL NOT SUFFICE?
ALONE, TIS TOO SMALL A FRAGMENT. ALL THREE RELICS MUST BE UNITED FOR THE RITUAL TO SUCCEED.
FORGIVE MY QUESTIONS, SCRYER. I FEAR MY MEMORY WANES ONCE MORE. THE THOUGHTS DRAIN FROM MY MIND LIKE BLOOD FROM AN OPEN WOUND.
TELL ME MORE OF THIS *RITUAL*.
TO UNDERSTAND THE RITUAL THOU MUST UNDERSTAND THE LEGEND. WHAT DOST THOU RECALL OF *BARON KARAMAS?*
THAT HE WAS ONCE A GREAT HERO, A CHAMPION OF MY ORDER.

INDEED. IN AN AGE ALMOST FORGOTTEN, WHEN THE FLAME OF LIFE BURNED BRIGHTLY AND THE WYRM-KING, ANDOLUS - THE LAST OF HIS KIN - SAT WRETCHED UPON HIS THRONE; KARAMAS WAS A HERO AMONG MEN.
IT WAS KARAMAS WHO UNITED THE GREAT LEGIONS AND DROVE THE DEAD FROM THE LANDS OF THE LIVING, PUSHING BACK THEIR HOLLOWED HOARDS, AND ERECTED GREAT STRONGHOLDS, TO TEMPER THE PLAGUE.
BUT HIS EFFORTS WERE IN VAIN, AND AS KARAMAS SAT UPON HIS THRONE AT THE HEART OF HIS BASTION, ALL AROUND HIM BEGAN TO ROT.
FOR THE PLAGUE COULD NOT BE STOPPED BY FORCE ALONE, NOR BY THE WILL OF ONE MAN.
BUT KARAMAS, WRACKED HIMSELF BY THE ONSET OF THE PLAGUE, DISCOVERED A SECRET TRUTH - THAT THE WYRM-KING'S DYING BREATH MIGHT RESTORE LIFE.
AND SO KARAMAS SOUGHT OUT THE DRAGON ANDOLUS, AND SLEW IT, AND THE LAND OF ISHRA WAS REBORN.

THE DRAGON'S CARCASS WAS FASHIONED INTO MANY PRECIOUS RELICS, FOR ITS SOUL HELD GREAT POWER WHICH LIVED ON WITHIN ITS BONES.
AND NOW WE SEEK THEM, SO THAT THE DRAGON MIGHT BE RESTORED.
AND HARROWMARK? OUR KIN? MY ORDER? THEY TOO SHALL BE RESTORED?
IT IS SO.
IT IS FOR *THEM* WE ARE HERE.
THERE. THE SPIRITS GUIDE OUR WAY.
THEY GUIDE US TOWARD A *TRAP*. CANST THOU NOT SENSE THE DANGER?
I SENSE NOTHING ELSE. THIS FOREST *REEKS* OF DANGER.
IT REEKS OF *SOMETHING*.
QUIET!
SKRITCH
SKRITCH
SOMETHING TRACKS US THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH.
CREAK

SOMETHING *MONSTROUS*.
FIRA! *BEHIND* THEE!

SHUNK
STEEL THYSELF, SCRYER. WE SHALL NOT BE *OUTWITTED* BY THESE FIENDS.

I PRAY THINE WORDS ARE TRUE, LADY, FOR WE ARE GROSSLY **OUTNUMBERED!**
WHAT ART THOU ***DOING?!***
DIE!
SCREEEE!
FIRA!

I AM COMING, SCRYER!
SCHWIP
OR SO, I ***WAS***...
BACK, ***ABOMINATION!***
BACK TO THE CHAOS-BED FROM WHENCE THEE CRAWLED!

ALDRICH?
ALDRICH?
WHERE HAST THOU TAKEN HIM?
WHERE LIES THY LAIR...?
WELL, THIS LOOKS... ***WELCOMING***.

THOU HAST BEST STILL BE *ALIVE* INSIDE THERE, SCRYER.
SCREEEE!
SHRACK

ARGH!
SHRIIIP
CRACK
IF YE WERE *HUNGRY*...
...YE NEED ONLY HAVE *ASKED*.
SHRUCK

COME ON, COME ON…
ALDRICH?
NO…
WAKE UP, SCRYER. THOU ART TOO IMPORTANT TO DIE. THOU ALONE HOLDETH THE SECRETS OF THIS DAMN RITUAL.
MORE IMPORTANTLY, I'M BLIND WITHOUT THEE.
THOU ART MY ONLY MEMORY.
FIRA? WH… WHAT DIDST THOU SAYETH?
NOTHING. GET UP. WE'RE LEAVING.
GRAUUGH

I SPOKE IN HASTE...
BLADE, I HOPE THOU HAST APPETITE YET FOR KILLING.
THOU ART WOUNDED.
A MERE SCRATCH.
A SPIDER BITE! TREAD CAREFULLY, FIRA. THE ***VENOM*** WILL SLOW THEE.

IT TAKES...
...MORE THAN...
...A LITTLE SPIDER BITE...
...TO STILL MY BLADE.
THUD! THUD!
THAT SOUND...
...THE EVERLORD COMETH.
IT COMES TO US?
THE EVERLORD IS AN AVATAR OF ALL THE CREEPING THINGS THAT HAUNT THESE FORLORN BOUGHS - A SICKLY CORRUPTION OF THE VERY LAND WE TREAD.
AS THE FOREST SUCCUMBS TO THE PLAGUE OF DEATH, SO DOES ITS GUARDIAN. THE SPIDERS WERE ITS EYES HERE. IN KILLING THEM, THOU HAST DRAWN ITS ATTENTION.
BY ORNSTEIN'S LUGGED SPEAR...

...*LOOK* AT IT!

THUD
MOVE!
UNGH!
CHING
THOU SHALL YIELD TO ME OR FALL, GNARLED ONE. I DO NOT DIE THIS DAY.

UNGH!
THUNK
FIRA!
LOOK OUT!

SHUNK

SHRIIIP
GRRAAA!
HAHAHAHA!

LAUGH WHILE THOU CANST, CREATURE...
...WITHOUT THY *HEAD* 'TWILL NOT BE SO EASY.
CRACK
FIRA?
FIRA?

NO!

MAMMA? MAMMA?
ELISE?
YOU'VE SLEPT FOR SO LONG, MAMMA! COME ON, GET UP.
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
OUTSIDE. IT IS ***TIME***.
TIME FOR WHAT?

CRACKLE
TO WATCH US *BURN*.

AHHHGHHHH!!
SKRITCH
SKRITCH

NOOOOOOO!
"I HAVE NEVER FEARED DEATH."
"AS A WARRIOR, TIS A CONSTANT COMPANION, NEVER MORE THAN A FLEETING BREATH AWAY."
"ONE MUST LEARN TO FACE IT, TO STARE INTO THE ABYSS AND WELCOME OBLIVION."

"YET NOW, TRAPPED IN THIS HINTERLAND, THIS RESTLESS LIMBO, I FIND MYSELF RAGING AGAINST THE LAST OF THE LIGHT."
"THIS CURSE CHEATS ME OF TRUE DEATH, AND AS THE MEMORIES STIR LIKE SWIRLING DUST IN MY DECAYING MIND, I KNOW THAT THERE IS ONLY ONE PATH LEFT TO FOLLOW."
"I MUST FINISH WHAT I'VE STARTED."
ALDRICH?
"HE HAS ABANDONED ME. FLED WITH THE RELICS."
"OR PERHAPS NOT. THERE ARE SIGNS OF STRUGGLE. THE DETRITUS OF HIS RITUAL REMAINS... "
"...AND THE MEANS BY WHICH TO TRACK HIM."
I SHALL COME FOR THEE, ALDRICH. TOGETHER, WE SHALL FINISH THIS...

"EVEN IF THERE IS NO LIVING BREATH IN THIS BODY."
"THE CARRION BIRDS SMELL DEATH."
"THEY SMELL *ME*."
"AND THEY HUNGER FOR WHAT IS LEFT OF MY FLESH."
SCREEEEE
SCHRIPP
"THEY SHALL NOT HAVE IT."

RAAGH!
SHREEE
CRUNCH
SCHWIP
DEATH SUITS THEE BETTER THAN I, BIRD.
YET THY BLOOD HATH WET MY BLADE...

"IN PREPARATION FOR THE TASK AHEAD."
"THESE WALLS SPEAK OF THE OLD GODS. OF SUNLIGHT AND CINDER AND LANDS ALMOST FORGOTTEN. THE SCHOLARS OF MY HOMELANDS WOULD SURELY CRAVE FOR ITS SECRETS."
"BUT I AM NO SCHOLAR..."
"...I AM A WARRIOR."

RAAAAAAARRGH!
SHUNK
UNGH!
HISSSSS
FOR ISHRA'S SAKE!
SHRIIIP
NOW, SCRYER...

"WHERE DO THEY KEEP THEE?"
THE PHOENIX KING DEMANDS ANSWERS, CLERIC.
THOU SHALT NOT REST UNTIL HE HAS THEM.
SCRITCH
SCRITCH

STAND ASIDE, ALDRICH.
FIRA?
I SAID ***MAKE WAY!***
CREATURE OF DEATH! THE SEER BELONGS TO ME!
FZZZZZ
I SEE THY DARKSIGN, HOLLOW ONE.
SOON THE ROT WILL CLAIM THY MIND AS IT HAS THY BODY.
BY IZALITH'S NAME, I~
SILENCE, CRONE!
SHUNK

YOU'VE BEEN BUSY, SCRYER.

AND *THEE*...
THOU ART...
DEAD.
YET STILL HERE, HAULING THY MISERABLE CARCASS FROM A CELL.
CHIIING
THIS WITCH SPOKE OF THE PHOENIX KING WHO HELD THEE CAPTIVE. ***EXPLAIN***.
FOR DAYS...WEEKS, I HAVE BEEN TRAPPED IN A CYCLE OF ENDLESS RITUAL. FORCED TO SCRY WITHOUT RESPITE. TO PARTAKE OF UNSPEAKABLE ACTS...
SHE... SHE MADE ME~
ALDRICH! COMMAND THYSELF! TIME IS NOT OUR ALLY.
HE SEEKETH THE LOCATION OF THE ANCIENT ***PYRE***. I HAVE SEEN IT, FIRA. THE ROUTE WE MUST TAKE, THE FINAL STAGE OF OUR JOURNEY. TIS WITHIN OUR REACH.
PRESUMPTUOUSNESS WILL GET US BOTH KILLED, SCRYER. FIRST WE MUST SURVIVE THIS CITADEL AND RECLAIM WHAT WE HAVE LOST.
I FEAR NOT ALL WE HAVE LOST CAN ***BE*** RECLAIMED.
CLANG

WAIT! PLEASE... WAIT.
WE HAVE NO TIME FOR TRIVIALITIES.
PLEASE. HE'LL KILL US.
OR WORSE, HE'LL LEAVE US HERE TO ROT.
YOU MUST HELP US.
THEY COULD CREATE A USEFUL DIVERSION FOR THE FIENDS OF THIS ACCURSED RUIN, DRAWING ATTENTION AS THEY FLEE.
YES! THAT'S IT! I CAN HELP THEE. I AM AETHAL OF LORWICK. A KNIGHT OF THE WHITE CIRCLE. I WILL DO AS THOU SAYETH AND SEE THESE OTHER TWO UNFORTUNATES TO SAFETY.
YOU CANNOT TRUST THESE PEOPLE, FIRA. THOU MAKEST A MISTAKE.
CLANG
TIS LITTLE OF ME LEFT NOW, SCRYER. ALLOW ME THIS.
THOU SPAKE OF TWO. WHAT OF THAT CELL? WHO RESIDES INSIDE?
SOMETHING BEYOND OUR HELP...
WE ARE IN YOUR DEBT, LADY KNIGHT. IF THOU SEEKETH KARAMAS, THE NORTH TOWER IS WHERE THOU SHALT FIND HIM, THOUGH I IMPLORE THEE TO RECONSIDER.
KARAMAS?
COME, FIRA, QUICKLY NOW, BEFORE WE ARE DISCOVERED. AETHAL SHALL SEE TO THE OTHERS.

YOU *KNEW* OF THIS? OF KARAMAS?
A LITTLE. DOST THOU RECALL WHAT I TOLD THEE OF THE BARON?
THAT HE SLEW THE DRAGON ANDOLUS AND RESTORED LIFE TO ISHRA WITH THE BEAST'S DYING BREATH.
THERE IS MORE TO THE TALE.
YOU *DO* SURPRISE ME.
"NOT ONLY DID THE DYING BEAST RELINK THE FLAME, IT ALSO CURSED ITS SLAYER TO AN ETERNITY OF TORMENT."
"THE BARON HAS BECOME A THING OF FIRE AND RAGE; A PHOENIX KING, FORCED TO SLOWLY BURN, OVER AND OVER, HIS FORM ALTERED TO BECOME MONSTROUS, HIS MIND BROKEN BY CENTURIES OF PAIN."
"EACH TIME HIS BODY BURNS IT IS REBORN, AND EACH TIME HE MUST RELIVE HIS AGONY AGAIN."
"ONLY THE DRAGONHIDE ARMOUR HE WEARS – TORN FROM THE BEAST ITSELF – CAN TEMPER THE TORTUROUS FLAME."
AND WE MUST TAKE IT FROM HIM IN ORDER TO RESTORE ANDOLUS?
WE MUST TAKE IT FROM HIM BEFORE HE RESTORES ANDOLUS FOR HIS OWN ENDS AND DEPRIVES US OF ALL HOPE.
THEN WE MUST HURRY.
HERE. AETHAL SPOKE OF THE TOWER...

"WHERE THE BARON LIES IN WAIT."
COME, SEER, COME SHARE THINE VISIONS OF THE DEEP SO THAT THEE AND THY PUPPET MAY YET SEE BEYOND THESE HALLS OF MINE.

I AM **NO ONE'S** PUPPET.
THOU ART A ***SHAMBLING CORPSE***. A ***HOLLOW*** THING CLINGING TO MEMORIES OF THE LIVING. ***NOTHING*** MORE. DO NOT FOOL THYSELF INTO BELIEVING OTHERWISE.
AND THOU ART KARAMAS THE BETRAYER ~ HE WHO ABANDONED HIS OWN ORDER TO THE HORDES OF UNDEAD. HE WHO LEFT THEM TO ***DIE*** WHILE HE FLED.
THOU KNOWEST ***NOTHING*** OF THE WORDS THOU SPEAKETH. MY SACRIFICE WAS FOR ALL!
BUT THEY WERE NOT ***WORTHY***. THE BLIGHT OF UNDEATH WILL NOT BE HELD IN ABEYANCE. HUMANITY SHALL WITHER AND PERISH. THE DARKNESS WILL SOON BE ABSOLUTE.
YET ***THOU*** WILT BE REBORN? ONCE MORE, THOU WILT ESCAPE?
THE BEAST SHALL LIVE AND DIE ONCE MORE, AND I SHALL BE RESTORED TO GOVERN WHAT COMES AFTER. ITS FINAL BREATH SHALL QUELL THESE CURSED FLAMES, AND, LIKE THE GODS OF OLD, I SHALL SHEPHERD ALL OF ISHRA INTO A NEW AGE.
AN AGE OF DARKNESS? ***NO***. THERE IS STILL TIME TO UNDO WHAT THE CURSE HAS WROUGHT. I WILL NOT ALLOW THEE TO CONDEMN US ALL TO DEATH.
IT IS TOO LATE. THOU ART ***ALREADY*** DEAD. THEY'RE ***ALL*** DEAD!
WHOOOSH

OOMPH.
FOOM
ARRGH!
THOU FIGHT'ST WELL, DEAD ONE.

BUT THOU HAST OVERESTIMATED THINE OWN STRENGTH.
THUD
AAARGH!
THUD
HISSSSS
ALDRICH!
HERE!

UNGH!
ARRGH!
SCHRIPP
WHAT HAST THOU DONE?
HISSSSS

AAAAARRGGGHHH!
WHOOOSH

WE HAVE IT.
THE FINAL RELIC OF ANDOLUS.
WE HAVE THEM ALL.
WE KNOW WHERE WE MUST GO, AND WHAT MUST BE DONE. OUR JOURNEY NEARS ITS END.
AND YET SOMEHOW, SCRYER, I SENSE THAT THERE ARE STILL THINGS LEFT UNSAID.
BUT THERE IS STILL TIME, AND I SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH...
...NO MATTER THE COST.

AND SO THE WORLD TURNS. ONE CYCLE DRAWS TO A CLOSE AS ANOTHER BEGINS.
IN THIS ACCURSED REALM, NAUGHT TRULY DIES...AND YET NAUGHT TRULY LIVES.
ONE THING DECAYS SO THAT ANOTHER MIGHT FLOURISH IN ITS STEAD. THE LIVING FEED ON THE DEAD, AND THE DEAD RETURN TO FEED ON THE LIVING. IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THUS.
SO IT IS WITH MY TALE...

AND SO TOO, WITH *HERS*.
THE FLAME OF LIFE BURNS WEAK AND LOW. SOON IT SHALL BE EXTINGUISHED. WE MUST HURRY. THERE CAN BE NO RITUAL WITHOUT IT.
AND NO *HOPE*.
CLANG
FIRA? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
THE CALL OF BATTLE, SCRYER. IT CANNOT BE IGNORED.
WE ARE SO CLOSE TO OUR GOAL, FIRA. WE CANNOT BE DISSUADED NOW.
A MOMENTARY DIVERSION IS ALL. SOMEONE MAY REQUIRE AID.
CHING

CLANG
UNGH!
FIRA, NO! LET IT BE! THIS IS NOT OUR FIGHT.
GET BACK!
RETURN FROM WHENCE THEE CRAWLED, DARK-THING.
SPLIIICK
RUURRR
CLANG
GAH!

GRAACK
SHUNK
SCHWIP
WELL, THAT WAS AN UNEXP~
THAT ARMOUR ~ FROM WHERE DIDST THOU TAKE IT?
THOU DOST NOT RECOGNISE ME?

MINE ORDER WAS DESTROYED. TO WEAR SUCH STOLEN GARB, IS TO BRING DISHONOUR UPON THOSE WHO FELL. IT HAS NO PLACE UPON THY BACK.
AND WHO ART THOU TO SPEAK OF HONOUR?
THOU SHALL PERISH UPON MY BLADE FOR SUCH WORDS!
AYE. SUCH AS THE FATE OF MANY. SUCH AS THE FATE OF OUR ORDER.
...THOU SPEAKETH IN RIDDLES.
I SPEAK THE TRUTH. MY NAME, FIRA, IS JARUS. AND THIS ARMOUR... IT IS MINE.
FIRA! RUN HIM THROUGH. HE MEANS TO MURDER US AND DISRUPT THE RITUAL.
SILENCE, SCRYER. GO SEEK US SHELTER FOR I GROW WEARY AND MUST REST.
I KNOW NO JARUS.
INDEED. AND I SEE THOU DOST NOT KNOW THYSELF, EITHER. THE CURSE... THOU WEARS IT HEAVILY.
I SEE ALSO THAT MY QUEST HAS COME TO NAUGHT.
YOUR QUEST?
I SEEK VENGEANCE FOR THE RUIN OF MINE KIN. I HAVE TRACKED ACROSS HALF THE REALM IN SEARCH OF THE ONE RESPONSIBLE.
I UNDERSTAND NOW THAT SHE IS ALREADY DEAD.

THOU CLAIM THAT I, A FELLOW KNIGHT OF THE ORDER, MURDERED THINE KIN?
I ***KNOW*** THOU DIDST, FIRA. THOU ***BURNED*** THEM. THOU BURNED ***EVERYONE*** - ALL THOSE OF HARROWMARK WHO HAD SUCCUMBED TO THE CURSE.
AND NOW LOOK AT THEE, LABOURING IN BLISSFUL IGNORANCE OF THE CRIMES THOU HAST COMMITTED.
I CAME HERE, ALL THIS WAY, TO ***SAVE*** THEM. ALDRICH AND I...WE'RE SO CLOSE.
THE DRAGON ANDOLUS SHALL LIVE AGAIN, AND DIE AGAIN, AND BREATHE HIS RESTORATIVE EXHALATIONS UPON THE LANDS. THOSE OF HARROWMARK INCLUDED.
THE WORDS THOU SPEAKETH...THEY ARE FALSE. I COULD NEVER DO SUCH A THING.
DESPERATION MAKES STRANGERS OF US ALL. IT IS THE ***TRUTH***, FIRA.

ROUND THEM UP. THEY MUST BURN IF WE ARE TO PREVENT THE CURSE FROM SPREADING. STEEL YOUR HEARTS.
IT *CANNOT* BE...
THERE IS NO SALVATION. FOR THEY ARE ALREADY DEAD. ***ALL OF THEM.***
COME NOW, MISTRESS FIRA. THERE IS A LONG TASK AHEAD.
WHO... WHERE AM I?
THOU DO NOT RECALL? THOU ART THE ***SAVIOUR*** OF OUR PEOPLE. OUR QUEST SHALL BRING LIFE TO ALL OF ISHRA, AND BANISH THE ENCROACHING DARK.
AND WHAT OF MINE FAMILY?
THEY AWAIT THOU IN HARROWMARK, AT JOURNEY'S END. IT IS FOR ***THEM*** WE EMBARK ON THIS QUEST, AND SEEK AN END TO THE CURSE THAT EVEN NOW POLLUTES OUR VEINS.

JARUS!
UNNGH!
DO NOT TRY TO STOP ME, FIRA. THIS INTERLOPER SEEKS TO POISON YOUR FRAGILE MIND WITH HIS SUBTLE IMPRECATIONS.
WITH HIS SUBTLE IMPRECATIONS? ALL I SEE NOW IS THINE FALLACIES AND LIES, SCRYER.
IT IS HE. CAN YOU NOT SEE THE TRUTH?
I FEAR I SEE IT ALL TOO CLEARLY. ALL THE WHILE, THOU KNEW! THOU HAST DECEIVED ME, ALDRICH.
THOU HAST FILLED MY MEMORIES WITH FALSEHOODS AND DREAMS.
I...I AM A VILLAIN. A KILLER.
I DID WHAT I MUST, AND SO DIDST THOU. THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY. IT WAS THE ONLY MEANS TO HALT THE SPREADING CURSE. OR SO WE THOUGHT...
THERE ARE SO MANY WHO MIGHT YET BE SAVED, FIRA.
YOU AND I INCLUDED. WE MUST FINISH WHAT WE HAVE STARTED. WE MUST SEEK REDEMPTION IN IT.
AND THOU? WHAT WOULDST THOU HAVE ME DO?
END IT. BANISH THE CURSE, SO THAT NO OTHER PITEOUS WRETCHES MUST SUFFER WHAT THOU HAST CAUSED ME TO SUFFER.
SO BE IT. GATHER THE RELICS, SCRYER. IT IS TIME.

THE *PYRE*. THE CRADLE OF THE LIGHT.
WHAT WE DO HERE, ALL OF ISHRA SHALL KNOW.
I SHOULD HEAR NOTHING MORE OF THINE WHEEDLING SPEECH, SCRYER.
THOU ART LUCKY TO BE SPARED MY BLADE.
TALKING IS A PRIVILEGE THOU CAN ILL AFFORD.

IN HERE.
THIS PLACE... IT IS SO DARK. SO *COLD*.
THE FLAME OF LIFE WANES. THE END OF AN EPOCH IS UPON US. WHATEVER WE DO THIS DAY, WE SHALL SIMPLY STEM THE TIDE. THE DARKNESS COMES.
DOST THOU NEED TIME TO PREPARE?
NO. STAND ASIDE. THE FLAME SHALL DO ITS WORK.

AND SO IT BEGINS ONCE MORE.
THE CYCLE OF LIFE AND DEATH, THE SLOW TURNING OF ALL THINGS.
THE PAIN IS EXCRUCIATING, AS I AM BIRTHED FROM FLAME.
I FEEL THE WEIGHT OF MILLENNIA COURSING THROUGH MY VEINS.
SCREEEEEE

ALL OF HISTORY. EVERYTHING THAT HAS GONE BEFORE, AND ALL THAT EVER WILL.

ONCE MORE, THE DEAD THINGS COME CREEPING TO STEAL MY FINAL BREATH.
WHAT I DO, I DO TO SAVE THOUSANDS. I WISH THERE WERE ANOTHER WAY.
SO BE IT.

KRA-KOOM

UNGH!
COME ON! COME ON!
FIRA, AT YOUR *BACK!*

WHOOSH
GAH!

I AM SORRY, BEAST.
SCHRIIP
ARRGGHHHH!
KABOOM
RUMBLE

DO IT, FIRA! ***FINISH*** IT!
WHO AM I TO MAKE SUCH A DECISION? WHAT GIVES ME THE ***RIGHT?***
TO STRIKE THIS BEAST DOWN AND OFFER THE WORLD A TEMPORARY REPRIEVE FROM THE DARKNESS THAT AILS IT, A ***SALVE***, BUT NOT A ***CURE***...
OR TO ACCEPT OUR LOT, TO WANDER THIS LAND AS THE TORTURED DEAD, KNOWING THAT IN DOING SO, WE HAVE OFFERED SALVATION TO FUTURE GENERATIONS...
AND THAT THE FLAME OF LIFE IS ONCE MORE KINDLED AND STRONG.
PERHAPS ***THAT*** IS MY REDEMPTION.

NO, FIRA. THOU ***MUST*** END IT.
ONE LAST DOWNWARD STROKE, AND THOU MIGHT YET LIVE.
FOR WHAT? FOR ***WHOM?***
"TO CARRY THE BURDEN OF WHAT I HAVE DONE...ALL IN THE NAME OF SALVATION."
IT IS TOO MUCH.
THEN ***I*** MUST END IT FOR THEE .

GIVE ME THY BLADE.
I SHALL SEE TO- *GRURK*
IN THE CRYSTALLINE LABYRINTH, THOU ASKED HOW I KNEW IT HAD NOT BEEN THEE WHO'D CREPT UPON ME WITH A BLADE.
PERHAPS I ALWAYS DID. PERHAPS I ALWAYS KNEW THIS DAY WOULD COME.
THOU THINK ONLY OF THYSELF, SCRYER, AND IT SHALL BE THY UNDOING. IN TRUTH... THOU ART ALREADY UNDONE.

THOU HAST DELIVERED ENOUGH DEATH UPON THIS WORLD, FIRA. LET ME FINISH HIM, AND THEN WE SHALL PART WAYS.
NO.
HIS MAGICS WILL SUSTAIN HIM THROUGH A LIFE OF TORMENT AND UNDEATH, AND THAT SHALL BE THE GREATER BURDEN. WE SHALL GRANT HIM NO RELEASE.
UNNGH
COME. ANDOLUS STIRS.

AND SO THE CYCLE IS BROKEN.
YEARS OF DARKNESS LIE AHEAD, BUT SOON ENOUGH, AS THE WARMTH OF THE FLAME SPREADS, A NEW DAWN SHALL COME UPON THE LAND.
ISHRA SHALL LIVE AGAIN.
AND SHE WHO WOULD HAVE STOLEN MY LIFE'S BREATH?
ONLY THE GODS KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR HER ~ A WARRIOR OF DEATH IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING.
TIME, AND THE CIRCLE OF ALL THINGS, SHALL TELL.
END

DARK SOULS™

THE BREATH OF ANDOLUS

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE MANN

ARTWORK BY
ALAN QUAH

COLORS BY
KOMIKAKI STUDIO FEAT.
NORAH KHOR & SEAN LEE TCS

LETTERING BY
ROB STEEN

ORIGINAL GAME:
PRODUCED BY
BANDAI NAMCO ENTERTAINMENT INC.
DEVELOPED BY
FROMSOFTWARE, INC.

DARK SOULS™
WINTER'S SPITE

CLANG
"THEY'RE HERE."

"I CAN ALREADY SMELL THE REEK OF DEATH AND SPILLED BLOOD UPON THE RAGS THEY WEAR..."
"THESE FOUL DEGENERATES SERVE THE MASTER OF THIS FRIGID HELL, AND THEY HAVE COME ONCE MORE TO TORMENT ME."
KEEP BACK. I AM THE PLAYTHING OF NO ONE. THY MASTER CAN ENTERTAIN HIMSELF.
AIIIEEE
CRACK
UNGH

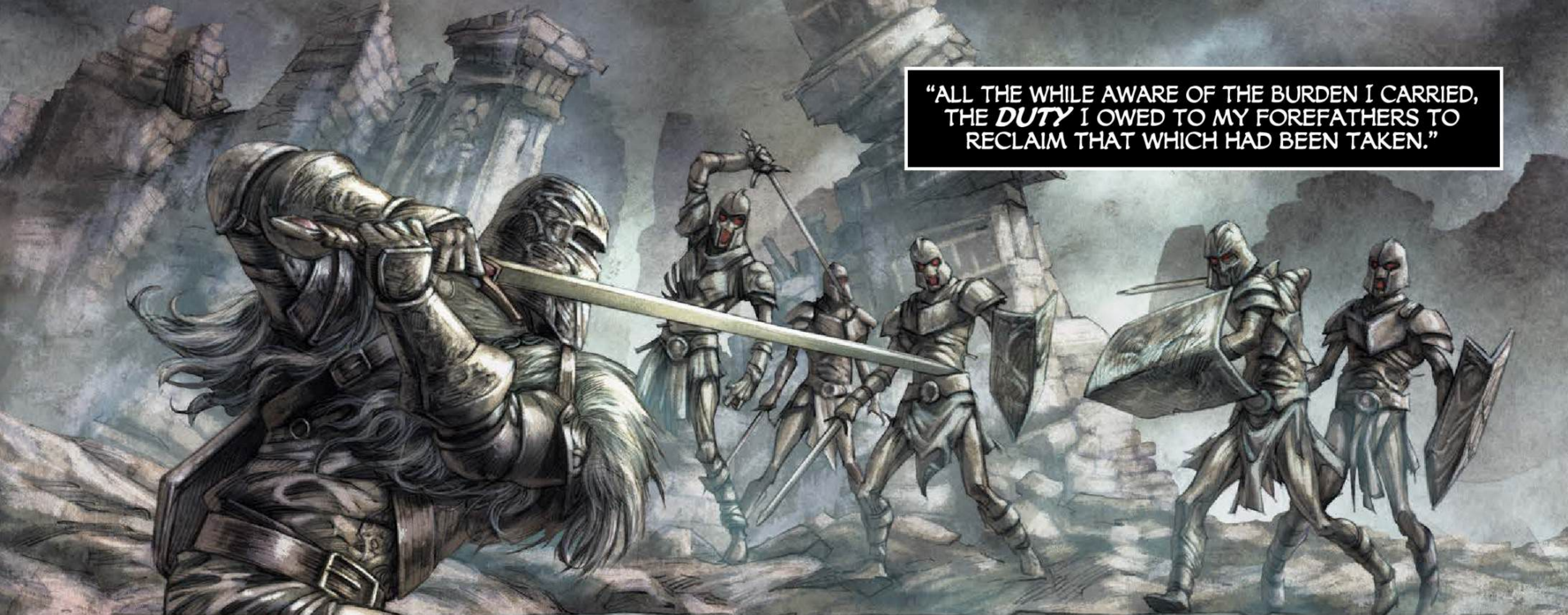
"EVERY WOUND I SUSTAIN WILL SLOW ME ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE."
"IT SERVES ME BETTER NOT TO RESIST, BUT TO PRESERVE WHAT STRENGTH IS LEFT WITHIN MY FROZEN BONES."
"SPIRITS KNOW..."

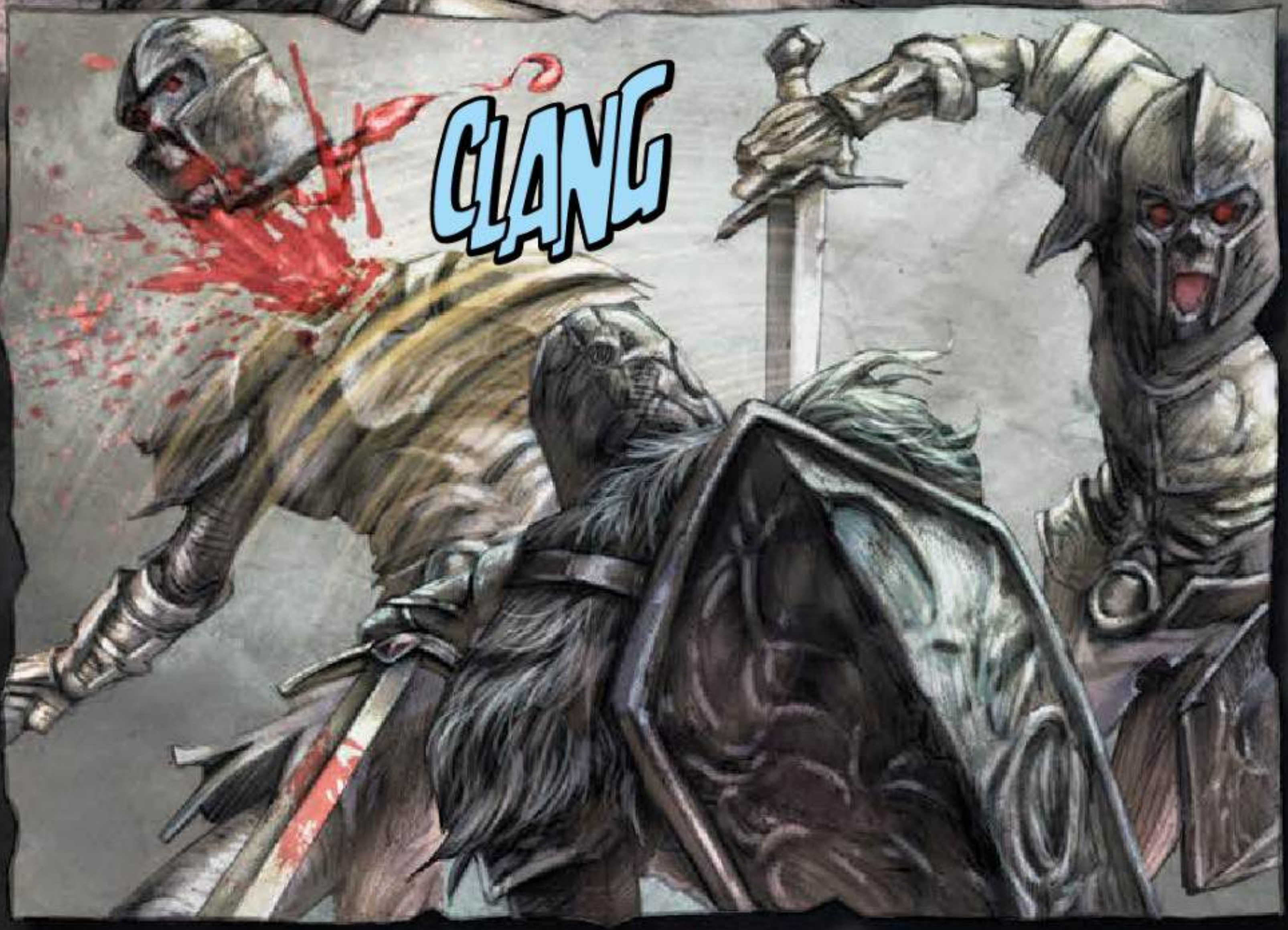
"...I'LL NEED IT."

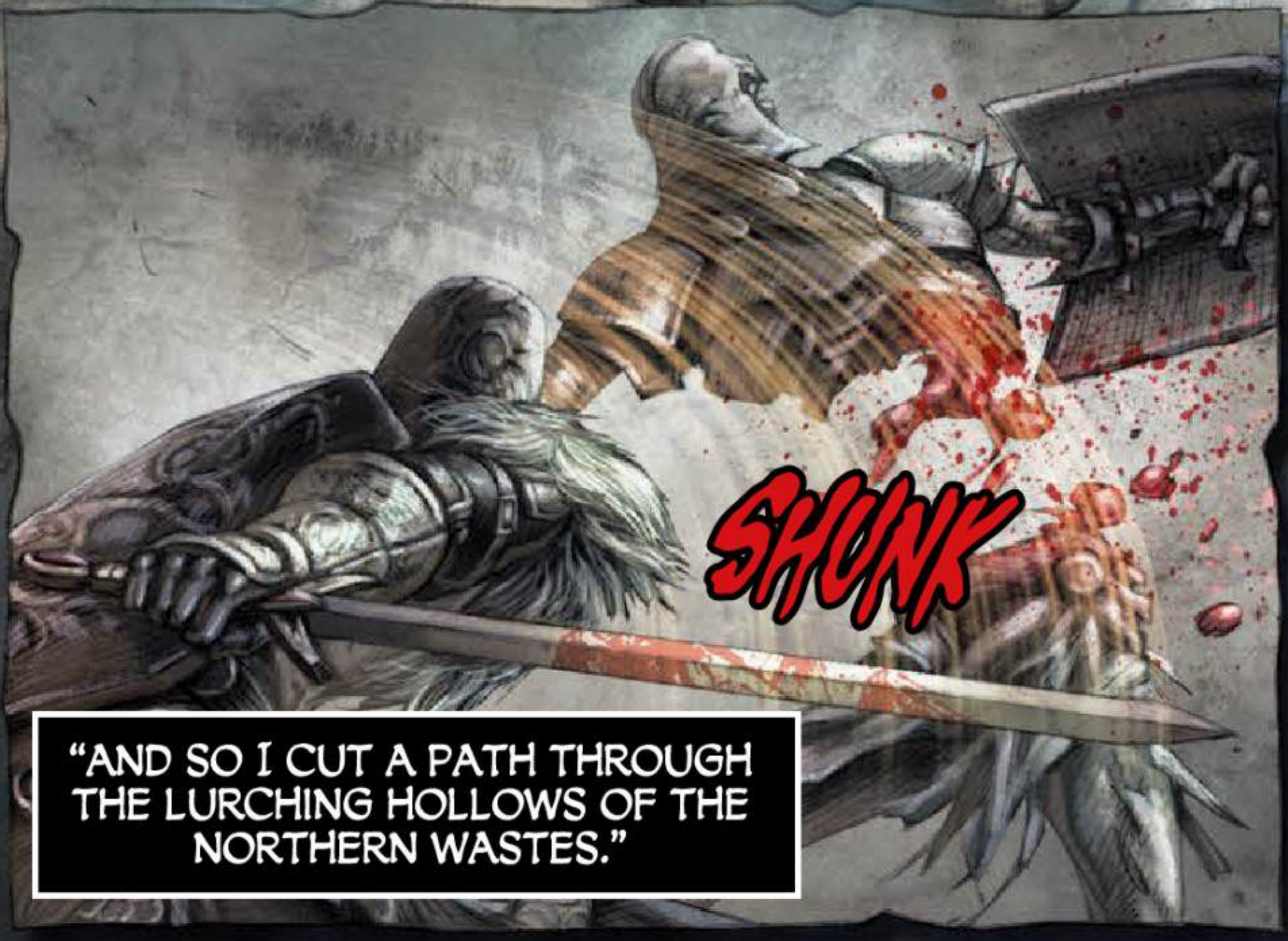
"I HAVE LOST COUNT OF THE DAYS I HAVE SURVIVED IN THIS FOETID PLACE."
RAARGH
"CUTTING DOWN ALL WHO ARE PLACED IN MY PATH."
THUD
"FIGHTING TO CLING ON TO THIS PALTRY EXISTENCE."
CLUNG
"ALL THE WHILE, SEARCHING FOR A MEANS OF ESCAPE. A MEANS TO CONTINUE MY SEARCH AMONGST THE SNOWY WASTES."
"I'VE BEEN BESTED IN COMBAT ONLY ONCE BEFORE."

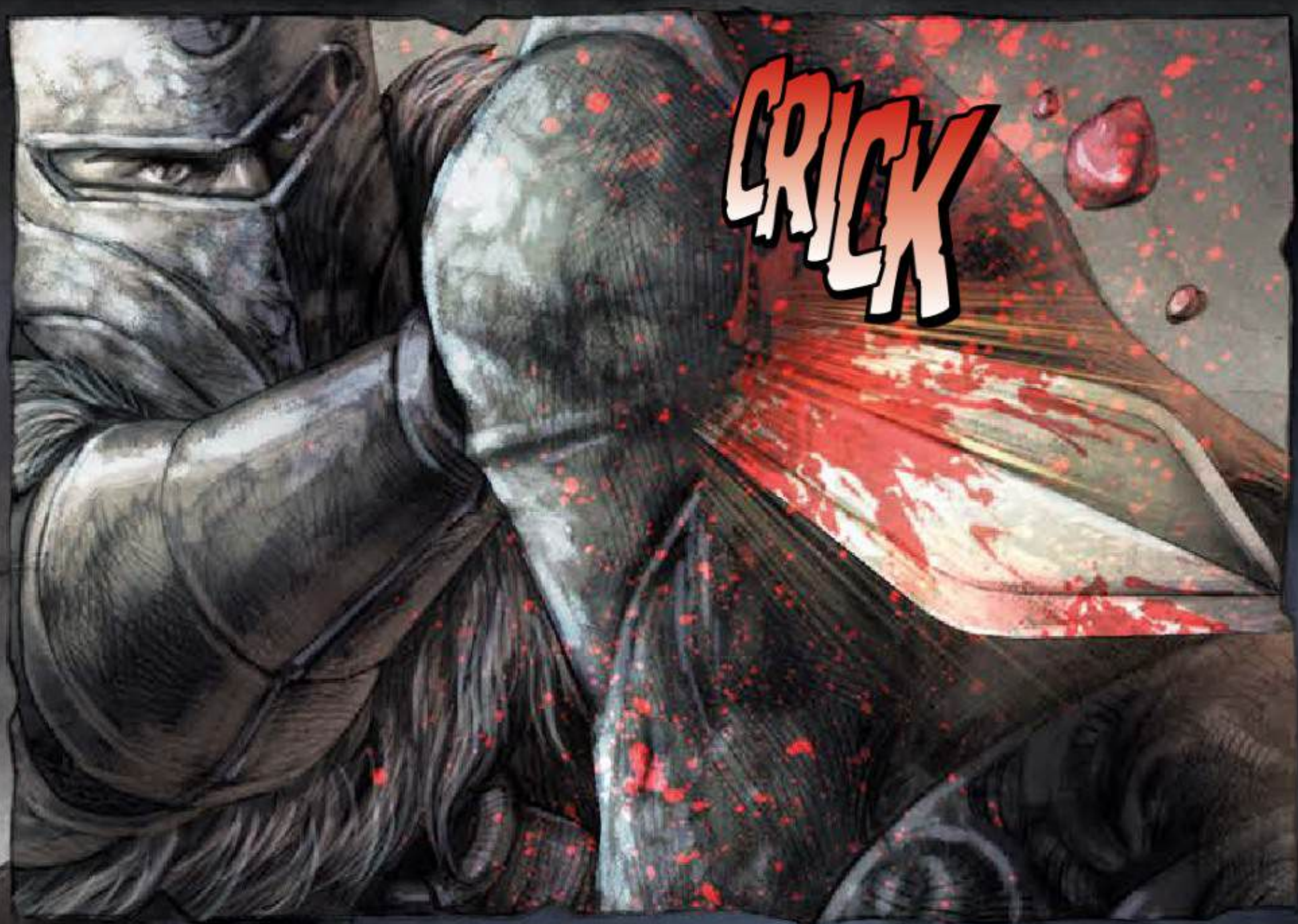
"BY THE SHADOW-CLAD WARRIOR WHO CAME FOR ME OUT OF THE DARKNESS..."
WHO GOES THERE?
ARGHH
SHUNK
"WHO, THROUGH WITCHERY AND DECEIT, STRUCK ME DOWN WHERE I STOOD."
"AND PRISED THE *PYREBLADE* FROM MY GRASP."
THIS BLADE I CLAIM FOR MY KIN, AND FOR ALL WHOM HAVE DIED BY ITS DEATHLY KISS.
"A SACRED WEAPON FORGED FROM THE SOUL OF MY ANCESTOR, FALDOR THE ACCUSED"
"AND WHICH I AM HONOUR-BOUND TO RETRIEVE."

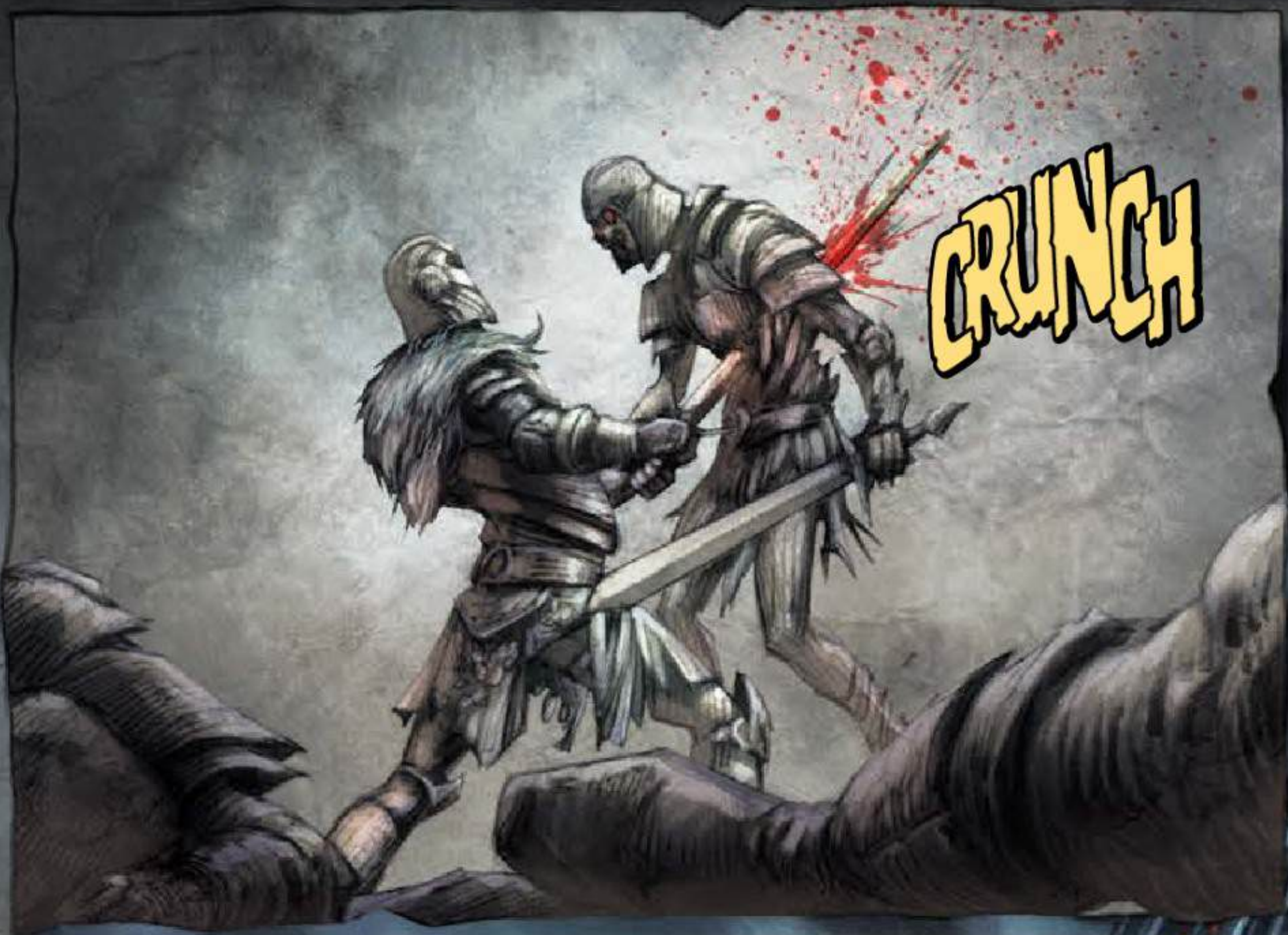
CAW
"THROUGH THE RUINS OF DARKENFEL..."
"AND THE WASTES OF BRIMINOTH."
"ACROSS BLIGHTED STEPPE..."
"AND ACCURSED VILLAGE, I TRACKED HIM."

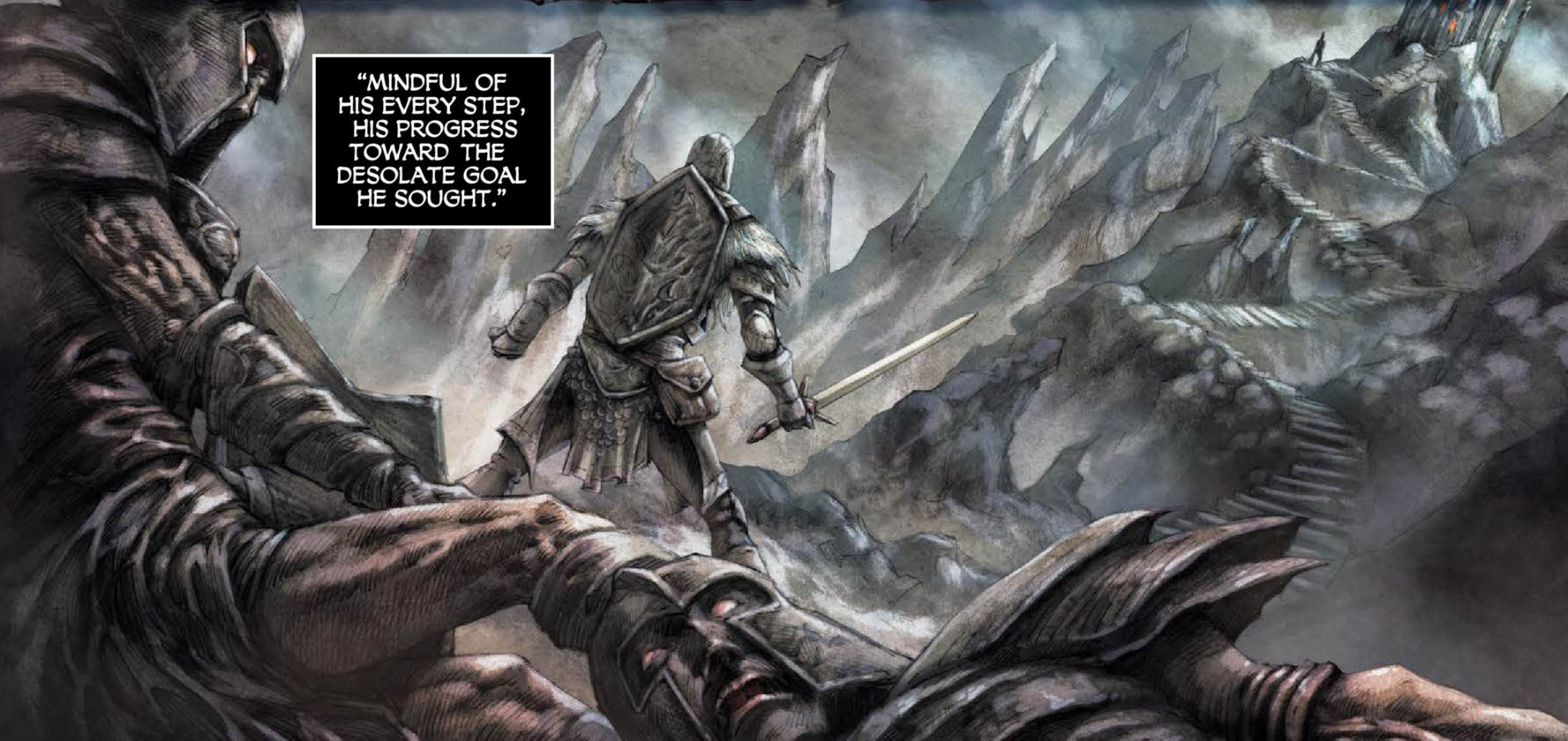

"ALL THE WHILE AWARE OF THE BURDEN I CARRIED, THE *DUTY* I OWED TO MY FOREFATHERS TO RECLAIM THAT WHICH HAD BEEN TAKEN."


CLANG


SHUNK
"AND SO I CUT A PATH THROUGH THE LURCHING HOLLOWS OF THE NORTHERN WASTES."


CRICK


CRUNCH


"MINDFUL OF HIS EVERY STEP, HIS PROGRESS TOWARD THE DESOLATE GOAL HE SOUGHT."

"IN THAT FORGOTTEN PLACE DEATH FELT EVER-PRESENT; A NEAR AND PATIENT SPECTER, LOOMING OVER MY SHOULDER, URGING ME AHEAD."
"I EXPECTED THE WARRIOR AT EVERY TURN; GROWN TIRED OF MY PURSUIT AND READY TO FACE ME WITH MY OWN SACRED BLADE."
"YET THERE WAS NO AMBUSH; NO SIGN OF MY QUARRY."
"ONLY THE FOOTFALLS LEFT BY HIS PASSING IN THE *UNLIKELIEST* OF SNOW."

"HAD HE BEEN ENSNARED THROUGH SOME WICKED SORCERY?"
"STILL, MY QUEST COULD NOT END. I COULD NOT REST UNTIL THE PYREBLADE WAS ONCE MORE IN MY GRASP."
"WHATEVER FATE HAD BEFALLEN ***HIM***..."

"WOULD NOW BECOME MY FATE IN KIND."
KANG
BOOM
OOMPH
"I FOUND MYSELF WANDERING IN AN ACCURSED BLIZZARD."

"I HAD NO SENSE OF WHAT LAY AHEAD OF ME. I SAW ONLY THE COLD MONOTONY OF THE SNOW; THE CRISP, SPITEFUL BITE OF WINTER."
"AND SOON, I FALTERED."
"I WAS FOUND BY THOSE SAME DEGENERATES, HALF DELIRIOUS AND UNABLE TO FEND THEM OFF."
"DRAGGED THROUGH THE FRIGID WASTES FOR ENDLESS MILES."
"UNTIL FINALLY ALL SENSE WAS LOST, AND I AWOKE TO FIND MYSELF CHAINED IN A CELL."

"FORCED TO FIGHT FOR MY OWN SURVIVAL, AND FOR THE DIVERSION OF THOSE WHOM HAD ENSLAVED ME."

"YET, IT SEEMED, THE WARRIOR I SOUGHT HAD SOMEHOW ESCAPED THIS FATE."
"WHETHER HE WAS IN LEAGUE WITH THESE FOUL DEVILS, I COULD NOT SAY..."
"BUT HE WAS NOT AMONGST THOSE SORRY SOULS WHO OCCUPIED THE OTHER CELLS."
"NOW, I FEAR WITH EVERY PASSING HOUR HE MOVES FURTHER FROM MY REACH."
"AND I ***MUST*** FIND HIM."

SHUCK
THUD

CRUNCH
HMPH.
RAARGH
CLANG
"FOR NOW, THOUGH, IT IS ALL I CAN DO TO STAY ALIVE."
CLUNG
THUD

CRUNCH
SHUCK
UNNNNGH
THUD

"IT IS A HOLLOW VICTORY."
"THIS CREATURE WAS NOUGHT BUT A SLAVE, LIKE I."
"AND IT HAS DIED IN VAIN."

"I ALLOW THEM TO LEAD ME BACK TO MY CELL."
"ALL THE WHILE CONSIDERING MY NEXT MOVE."
"AND RESTING TO RECOVER MY STRENGTH."

CLUNG
"AND SO IT BEGINS AGAIN."
"THIS DAY, THOUGH, WILL BE *DIFFERENT*."
"TODAY, I SHALL FIND A MEANS OF ESCAPE."
"TODAY, THIS *ENDS*..."

"OR *I* DO..."

"AND SO THE WHEEL TURNS, AND EVERYTHING BEGINS ANEW."
RAAAGH
"LIFE GIVES WAY TO DEATH; DEATH BEGETS LIFE."

"IN THIS ACCURSED PLACE, THERE IS NO QUIETUS. DEATH IS NOUGHT BUT A TRIVIALITY."
GURK
"DREADED WAKEFULNESS AWAITS ALL WHO ARE TOUCHED BY THE CURSE; AN ETERNAL PURGATORY, AN UNBIDDEN PERMANENCE."
"ALL THE WHILE, THE MASTER OF THIS PLACE RECLINES UPON HIS ICY THRONE, CALCULATING THE LIKELIHOOD OF OUR DEATHS."
"AND SO THIS BEAST WHICH I HAVE ONCE SLAIN..."
"MUST NOW BE SLAIN AGAIN."
UKK
THUNK

"I WONDER IF HE HAS YET CALCULATED THE LIKELIHOOD OF HIS *OWN*."
GRRAAAR
OOMPH
CHIING

"FOR IT IS FAR CLOSER THAN HE MIGHT IMAGINE."
UNGH
"THE TRAP IS SET."
"THE BEAST CANNOT RESIST THE BAIT."
CRUNCH

RETURN TO THE ARENA! I COMMAND IT!
THWING
CRACK
THUD
FZZZZZZ
RAAAAAGGGHH!
YOU SHALL DIE FOR YOUR INSOLENCE!
COME NO CLOSER!

"AND WHILE THE MASTER SUCCUMBS TO HIS INEVITABLE FATE..."

"I MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE."

THUD
MUURRGH!
AH, SO NOW WE SEE HOW THEE MIGHT FAIR AGAINST AN UNSHACKLED PRISONER.
GAH!
SHUNK
GRAAGH!
CRACK
UNGH
SHRIIIP

AIIIEEE
THUD
SNAP
HUFF
THWIP
SCHLUP

I SHALL GRANT THEE FREEDOM.
I SHALL...
CRA-ACK
ARGHHHH
“IT IS AN UNDIGNIFIED END.”
“BUT TIS MORE THAN HE DESERVED.”

HARK!
HOLD!
I BEG OF THEE...DO NOT LEAVE US HERE TO PERISH IN THE COLD.
"THESE WRETCHED CREATURES HAVE NOT THE WILL NOR THE STRENGTH TO SURVIVE THE FRIGID WASTES BEYOND THESE WALLS. IT IS A KINDNESS THAT I IGNORE THEIR PLEAS FOR FREEDOM."
"TO SET THEM FREE WOULD BE A FAR WORSE SENTENCE THAN THE ONE THEY SERVE ALREADY."
I KNOW OF WHAT THOU SEEKS, TRAVELLER. I MIGHT OFFER YOU A WORD OF CAUTION.
PARNETHIA IS THE CRUELLEST OF MISTRESSES. HER HEART IS AS FROZEN AS THIS UNGODLY REALM.
HAVE A CARE AND FREE THIS AILING SOUL, SO THAT I MIGHT GUIDE THEE.
I SEEK NOT THE HEART OF A WOMAN, BUT A TRICKSTER OF A MAN. SAVE THY BREATH. I HAVE NEED OF NEITHER THY COUNSEL NOR THY SWORD.
"I SHALL NOT BE SLOWED BY THE PROTESTATIONS AND MEWLING OF OTHERS. WINTER BECKONS..."
"AND THE COLD CARESS OF THE SNOW SHALL BE MY ONLY COMPANION."

"I MAKE HASTE FOR THE MOUNTAINS, FOR I AM CERTAIN THAT AMONGST THEIR CRAGGY PEAKS I MIGHT ONCE AGAIN OBTAIN THE TRAIL OF THE NAMELESS WARRIOR I SEEK."
"YET MY LIMBS GROW LEADEN WITH THE SEEPING COLD; MY VERY THOUGHTS SLUGGISH."
"AND THE NIGHTMARISH CREATURES THAT INHABIT THESE BLIGHTED WASTES SEEK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY PLIGHT."
SKREEE

SKRAAA
SCHWIP
SKREEE
"MY REACTIONS ARE PONDEROUS, BUT MY RESOLVE IS UNBREAKABLE."
"BUT WHICH OF US IS THE HUNTER..."
SHUNK
"AND WHICH THE *HUNTED?*"

"THE COLD IS LIKE A WEAPON OF A THOUSAND BLADES, CUTTING DEEP WITH EVERY STEP."
"IT IS DECEITFUL AND INSIDIOUS, AND WORRIES AWAY UNTIL ALL STRENGTH IS GONE."
"I FEAR I CANNOT GO ON. THE BITE OF THIS CONJURED WINTER IS TOO FIERCE, TOO CONSTANT."
"MY VISION SWIMS."
"IT IS THEN, AT MY WEAKEST MOMENT, THAT SHE APPEARS TO ME OUT OF THE BLIZZARD."

"RADIANT AND SERENE, AS IF SUMMONED FROM THE VERY SNOW ITSELF. I KNOW NOT WHETHER SHE COMES TO TORMENT, OR TO OFFER ME HOPE."
"I KNOW ONLY THAT I MUST GO TO HER."
"THAT HER LIGHT IS A HARBOUR IN THE MIDST OF THIS ABOMINABLE STORM."

"DEMON OR ANGEL, I CANNOT DISCERN."
"YET SHE GUIDES MY WAY IN THIS FRIGID HELL."
"TO A DISTANT MANOR, WHERE I MIGHT HOPE TO FIND WARMTH AND SUSTENANCE, AND WORD OF MY QUARRY."

"YET THE CLIMB IS TREACHEROUS, AND MY STRENGTH EBBS."
"I MUST PRESERVE WHAT WARMTH REMAINS IN MY WEARY BODY, AND FIND A HAVEN UNTIL THE MORROW."
"ANOTHER TRAVELLER HAS PASSED THIS WAY IN RECENT DAYS. HIS TRAIL MIGHT YET REMAIN NAVIGABLE."
"MEANWHILE, I SHALL PROFIT FROM HIS EFFORT, AND REKINDLE HIS FLAME."
"AND, THOUGH THE THOUGHT OF CONSUMING SUCH A FOUL BEAST NEAR TURNS MY STOMACH, I MAKE GOOD ON MY BOUNTY, FOR THIS WINTERY HELL OFFERS LITTLE CHOICE."

CRUNCH
"IN THE STILLNESS I AM AWOKEN BY THE TREAD OF STIRRING FOOTFALLS."
"AND FEAR THAT MY BONFIRE HAS DRAWN SOME PROWLING BEAST."

"YET IN TRUTH, WHEN REVEALED, MY ENEMY IS FAR WORSE."
"FOR THE DEAD THINGS THAT LURK IN THE GLOAMING HAVE GATHERED AT MY DOOR, FOETID AND HUNGRY."
GRAAAAAA
"AND MY ONLY RECOURSE IS TO RAISE MY BLADE, AND *FIGHT*."

UNGH
SHUNK
GRAAAAAA
SCHLUP
ROAAAR

SCHLUP

ROAAAR
SKRIIING
THUD

TO TRESPASS UPON THE LANDS OF THE DUKE IS TO *DIE*, TRAVELLER. YOU WERE UNWISE TO TREAD THIS PATH.
HALT!
GRRRR
AND WHOM IS THIS, WHO SHOULD SAVE THE LIFE OF A STRANGER?

I AM *DUKE ETINGER* OF AMBERVALE.
AND YOU, TRAVELLER, BELONG TO *ME*.

"DEATH HOVERS LIKE A FROST-RIMMED SPECTRE, IMPATIENT FOR THE COLD TO DO ITS WORK."
"I HAVE LOST ALL SENSATION, SAVE FOR THE BITTER, STINGING PAIN; ALL THOUGHT, SAVE FOR THE BURNING SHAME OF MY PREDICAMENT."
SHURRRR
"SOON THE COLD WILL END ME, AND THESE FOUL CREATURES WILL BE DEPRIVED OF THEIR PRIZE."
"YET STILL I CONTRIVE TO ESCAPE. OUR DESTINATION NEARS."
"THE DOMAIN OF THE DEAD DUKE OF AMBERVALE."

"A MAN SO DERANGED BY THE TOUCH OF THE CURSE THAT HE HAS CONSTRUCTED A FANTASY OF CIVILIZATION AROUND HIMSELF."
"YET THERE IS NO CIVILIZATION HERE. NOT ANY MORE."
GRAAGHH
"JUST A TWISTED PARODY, A *REMEMBRANCE* OF THINGS NOW LOST."
CUT HIM LOOSE.
SHING
TAKE HIM TO THE DUNGEONS. AFTER DINNER, I SHALL PUT HIM TO THE QUESTION.

"ONCE AGAIN, I FIND MYSELF A PRISONER IN THIS MISERABLE DOMAIN."
OMPH
"YET I TAKE SOLACE IN THE FACT MY CAPTORS HAVE MADE A FUNDAMENTAL ERROR OF JUDGMENT."
"THEY HAVE ALLOWED ME TO *LIVE*."

"HOURS PASS BEFORE THEY COME FOR ME, AND ALL THE WHILE I DREAM OF HER, OF PARNETHIA, BECKONING TO ME FROM AFAR."
CLINK
"IT IS AS IF I CAN FEEL HER GAZE UPON ME AS I AM ESCORTED THROUGH THE GROTESQUE SPLENDOR OF THE CASTLE."
"IT IS A WARREN OF DECADENCE AND DELUSION, THE FANTASIES OF A BROKEN MIND RENDERED REAL."
"AND AT ITS HEART, LIKE A WORM TWISTING INSIDE A ROTTEN BUD..."

"THE DUKE AWAITS."
AH, THE *WARRIOR*.

PLEASE, CONSIDER THYSELF MY GUEST.
THY *GUEST?*
WOULDST THOU CARE FOR REFRESHMENT?
I WOULDST CARE FOR MY ***LIBERTY***.
THOU MIGHT THINK TO GRANT IT, BEFORE I TAKE IT FOR MYSELF.
AH, BUT ALAS, IT IS NOT WITHIN MY POWER TO GRANT.
THOU ART SOUGHT BY ***PARNETHIA*** HERSELF.
AND WHY SHOULD PARNETHIA SEEK SUCH AS I? I AM NEW TO THIS REALM, AND KNOW NOUGHT OF HER BEYOND THE WILD IMAGININGS OF PRISONERS AND MADMEN.
AH, THEN PRAY BE SEATED, AND I SHALL ENLIGHTEN THEE.

"THE LADY PARNETHIA WAS ONCE THE MOST DESIRED WOMAN IN ALL ALMERIA."
"SUITORS FLOCKED FROM AFAR TO PAY TRIBUTE TO HER ETHEREAL BEAUTY, YET SHE REMAINED UNMOVED BY THEM ALL."
"YET THERE WAS ONE, ABOVE ALL OTHERS, WHO FOUND A WAY TO HER HEART."
"THEY WERE MARRIED, AND WERE HAPPY, AND ALL AROUND THEM, OTHERS PROSPERED."
"IT WAS A GOLDEN AGE, A TIME OF PLENTY, BEFORE THE COMING OF THE CURSE."
"BUT THE CURSE DID COME, AND WHEN IT STRUCK, IT DID SO WITH APPALLING DISCRETION."
"PARNETHIA NURSED HER DYING HUSBAND, UNAWARE OF THE TRUE NATURE OF HIS CONDITION."
"BUT WITHIN DAYS, HE HAD PASSED BEYOND HER HELP."

"AS ALL AROUND HER BEGAN TO SUCCUMB, PARNETHIA - MERCIFULLY FREE OF THE DREADED CURSE - RETREATED TO HER TOWER."
"BUT EVEN THERE, SHE COULD FIND NO SOLACE FOR HER BROKEN HEART."
"SHE WISHED ONLY TO RETREAT FROM THE WORLD; TO SHUN BOTH THE LIVING AND THE DEAD; TO FIND PEACE IN SOLITUDE."
"SO THROUGH THE ORB OF ENTREMIS, SHE TOOK HER LIVING SOUL, AND WITH IT, FORGED A REALM OF HER OWN IMAGINING."
"A FRIGID REALM THAT REFLECTED THE CHILL THAT HAD SETTLED AROUND HER VERY HEART."
"HERE, HER UNDYING HUSBAND TOOK UPON HIMSELF AN ICY THRONE."
"WHILE THE SOULLESS PARNETHIA RETREATED TO THE HOUSE OF *WINTERSPITE*, TO MOURN FOR ALL ETERNITY."

SHE PRESIDES OVER THIS WINTRY REALM STILL, AWARE OF ALL THAT TRANSPIRES WITHIN ITS BOUNDS.
AND THOU HAST MET THIS WOMAN?
NOT I. BUT *SOON*... SOON I SHALL. FOR I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION THAT WHICH SHE SEEKS, AND I SHALL DELIVER IT UNTO HER, AND SHE SHALL GRANT ME GREAT FAVOR.
I SHALL BEG FOR A REPRIEVE FROM THIS... *AFFLICTION*, THIS CURSE.
IN EXCHANGE FOR *ME?*
AYE. FOR ART THOU NOT THE WARRIOR WHO CROSSES THE GREAT EXPANSE WITH A MIND TO *MURDER* HER?

I AM *NOT*. I SEEK ONLY THAT WHICH HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM ME.
WE HAVE *ALL* HAD SOMETHING TAKEN FROM US.
AYE, BUT PARNETHIA HERSELF GUIDES MY WAY.
THE SAME HAST BEEN DECLARED BY MANY A DELUDED SOUL THESE LONG YEARS.
DELUDED? I SEE ONLY ONE DELUDED SOUL IN THIS CASTLE OF ABOMINATION.
AND I SHALL SEND THEE TO THY OVERDUE REST.

SHIING
I SHOULD KILL THEE NOW, IF THOU WERE NOT SO VALUABLE.
GUARDS!
THUD
RETURN HIM TO HIS CELL.
ON THE MORROW, WE DELIVER HIM TO THE WHITE LADY.

"I SHALL NOT DIE HERE."
"NOT LIKE *THIS*. NOT WHILE MY WORK REMAINS UNFINISHED AND THE SWORD OF MY FOREFATHERS IS SO FAR FROM MY GRASP."
CLANG
CRICKLE
ARRGGH
SCHHHCING
CHUNG

KA-RUNCH
SHOOM
MRRAARGH
CRINCH
UNGH
SHRING

"THE SOUND OF BATTLE BRINGS THE GUARD..."
"...AS I HAD ANTICIPATED."
CRUNCH
CLICK
"AND SO, TO MY FATE."

"THE WOUND IN MY SIDE IS AN AGITATION I NEED NOT, YET I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO BEAR IT WHILE I SEARCH FOR MEANS OF ESCAPE."
"THE COURTYARD IS SWARMING WITH THE DEAD. I CANNOT TRAVERSE IT WITHOUT ALERTING THE GUARDS."
"SO I AM FORCED TO GO DEEPER INTO THE CASTLE."
"MINDFUL OF THE BROKEN WINDOW IN THE LIBRARY, AND THE SNOWY EXPANSE THAT BECKONS BEYOND."
"THE SOUNDS OF REVELRY ARE INCONGRUOUS HERE, AMONGST THE STENCH OF DEATH AND DECAY."
"AND THE SIGHT OF WHAT TRANSPIRES IN THE GREAT HALL..."

"IS ENOUGH TO TURN MY STOMACH."

"IT IS BUT A SHORT WALK TO MY LIBERTY. BEYOND THAT DOOR LIES FREEDOM..."
"...AND MY *TRUE* ENEMY."
GRAAGHH
STAND DOWN, WARRIOR. THY BID FOR FREEDOM IS AT AN END.
SHIING
CLANG
SO, TOO, IS THY GROTESQUE CHARADE.

CAW
CAW
CAW
SCRIITCH
SHHLOK
CRAASH

I SHALL BE SORRY TO KILL THEE, WARRIOR, YET I AM CERTAIN THAT YOUR ***CORPSE*** WILL NEVERTHELESS CURRY FAVOR WITH THE WHITE LADY.
BETTER A CORPSE THAN A SHAMBLING ECHO. THOU HAST ALREADY SUFFERED THE WORSE FATE.
AND I LEAVE THEE TO IT.
ARRRGH
SCRIITCH
THUD

"I KNOW HE SHALL COME AFTER ME. ABOVE ALL ELSE, HE DESIRES HIS PRIZE, HIS REPRIEVE. THIS, I UNDERSTAND ALL TOO WELL."
"NOW, THOUGH, I MUST END THIS. I MUST SEEK OUT THE WARRIOR AND TAKE BACK WHAT IS MINE. I MUST HONOR MY FOREFATHERS."
"I KNOW NOW WHY MY ENEMY HAS VENTURED TO THIS UNGODLY REALM."
"HE SEEKS TO MURDER THE LADY PARNETHIA."

"AND I SHALL FIND HIM ***HERE***, AT THE DREADED HOUSE OF ***WINTERSPITE***."

"IN THIS FORLORN, FORSAKEN PLACE, I HEAR ITS CALL."
"THE *PYREBLADE* KNOWS THAT I AM CLOSE. IT WHISPERS TO ME, TAUNTS ME WITH PROMISES UNFULFILLED."
"MY ENEMY HAS BROUGHT IT HERE IN SEARCH OF BLOOD AND GLORY."
"BUT HE WILL FIND ONLY THE KISS OF MY STEEL AS I RECLAIM WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE."

"THIS IS AN ABODE OF CREEPING THINGS. A FRIGID HAVEN FOR THE SOULLESS DEAD."
"I HAVE NO PLACE HERE."
CREAK
HEHEEHEEHEH
"AND THE THINGS THAT DWELL HERE INTENDED TO ENSURE IT."

HEEHEE
UNNGHH
SNAP
ARGGH
I HAVE NOT COME SO FAR TO FALL *HERE*, ON THE THRESHOLD OF MY *VICTORY*.
SHUNK
SCHWIP

"MY ENEMY HAS PASSED THIS WAY."
"AND RECENTLY, TOO. THE WOUNDS ARE FRESH, THE BODY NOT YET LEECHED OF ITS WARMTH BY THE GELID AIR."
"I RECOGNISE THE MARKS UPON THE CORPSE."
"I HAVE SEEN THEM MANY TIMES BEFORE."

WHOA, THERE!
WHERE ART THOU HIDING, BOY?
UNCLE! I HOPE THOU HAST COME BEARING STORIES, OF FEROCIOUS BEASTS, AND HOW THOU USED THINE ***BLADE*** TO SMITE THEM!
AYE, CHILD! I HAVE ***SUCH*** TALES TO TELL.
"AND SO THE BEAST DIDST COME ON AGAIN, ITS FOETID BREATH WITHERING MY COMPANIONS WHERE THEY STOOD."
BUT THOU MUST HAVE STOPPED IT!
THE PYREBLADE WAS DEFENCE ENOUGH AGAINST ITS EVIL. I REMOVED ITS HEAD, AND SO ENDED THE CURSE THAT HAD SEEN IT TERRORISE THE VILLAGE FOR NIGH ON SEVEN MONTHS.

CREAK
I HEAR THY CALL.
SHUNK
GRAAAAA....

ANDRED! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
ANDRED...?
SHRIPP
"THE MEMORIES BURN LIKE WHITE FIRE. LIKE ***WOUNDS***."
"ONLY THE BLADE ITSELF MIGHT CAUSE ME TO ***FORGET***."

"YET NOW I HEAR THE SIREN CALL OF A DIFFERENT MISTRESS."
"*PARNETHIA*, THE HOST OF THIS BLIGHTED REALITY."
SCRIITCH
SCRIITCH

"HER BEAUTY STEALS MY BREATH AND QUICKENS MY BLOOD."
"YET I SENSE THE DANGER HERE, ALSO; THE CHILL IN HER HEART, THE CALCULATION IN HER SMILE."
"I KNOW NOT FOR WHAT PURPOSE SHE HAS GUIDED ME HERE. ONLY THAT, IN HER PRESENCE, THERE IS THE FRAGRANT STENCH OF DEATH."
"HAS SHE LURED ME HERE TO DIE?"
WELCOME, MY WARRIOR.
THOU ART ***EXPECTED***.

ACROSS THE WILDS THOU HAST COME, AT MY BEHEST.
A SAVIOR. A *GUARDIAN*. A WARRIOR IN MY NAME.
THOU ART ***MISTAKEN***, MY LADY. I AM NO GUARDIAN. I SEEK ONLY THAT WHICH HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM ME.
WE SHALL SEE.

STAND ASIDE, MISTRESS PARNETHIA. LISTEN NOT TO THE FALSE PROMISES OF THIS IMPOSTER. HE COMES TO THEE WITH WORDS OF COMFORT, BUT HARBORS THOUGHTS OF *MURDER*.
I, DUKE ETINGER, SHALL SEE THOU DEFENDED UNTIL MY LAST.

CLAAANG
KEEP BACK, FOOL!
THUD
UNGH!
CHING
NOW, THOU JOINS THE RANKS OF THE UNLIVING.

MY WARRIOR IS CORRECT, DUKE ETINGER.
THOU ART A FOOL.
WHISSHT
HOLD!
"IT IS CLOSE BY; THE OBJECT OF MY TRUE AFFECTION, THE SOURCE OF MY POWER. IT SPEAKS TO ME FROM THE SHADOWS."
ONCE MORE WE MEET, ANDRED OF ITHVALE.

YET KNOW THIS: THOU SHALL NOT DISSUADE ME FROM MY TASK.
"I SEE NOT THE DETERMINATION IN HIS EYES; THE STEEL OF HIS RESOLVE. I SEE ONLY THE BLADE OF MY FOREFATHERS IN HIS HEATHEN GRIP."
"AND I KNOW THAT IT WILL ONCE AGAIN BE *MINE*."

I SHALL RECLAIM WHAT THOU HAST STOLEN FROM ME.
AND THOU SHALL PAY RECOMPENSE WITH THINE LIFE.
I DO ONLY WHAT MUST BE DONE.
I COME TO *LIBERATE*, TO UNBIND THE WARPED MAGIC OF THIS BLIGHTED REALM.
TO FREE THOSE WHO CANNOT FREE THEMSELVES.

KA-RUNCH

THOU ART NOUGHT BUT A THIEF, OVERDUE THY EXECUTION.
SEE YOU NOT WHAT *I* SEE? THIS DEMONIC CREATURE BINDS THE WORLD TO HER WILL. SHE SHAPES THIS REALM SO THAT OTHERS MIGHT SUFFER AS SHE DOES.
ONLY THE PYREBLADE MIGHT DESTROY HER, AND END HER NIGHTMARISH LEGACY.
ALLOW ME TO STAND, SO THAT I MIGHT FINISH MY WORK AND FREE THOSE WHOM SHE HOLDS PRISONER. AFTER, I SHOULD GLADLY RETURN THY BLADE.
THE TIME HAS COME, MY GUARDIAN. KILL HIM, AND RECLAIM THY LEGACY. TAKE WHAT IS YOURS.
HAVE I NOT MADE IT CLEAR? I AM NO GUARDIAN, NO SAVIOR.

YOU MEAN TO LET ME *LIVE?*
WHAT GAME IS THIS, THAT MY ***CHOSEN ONE*** MIGHT BETRAY ME?
AIIIEEEE

ARRGGHHH
SHUNK
AND SO, THE TRUTH IS REVEALED.
AT LAST, THEE ARE RETURNED TO ME. *AT LAST*.

NOT A GUARDIAN, PERHAPS, BUT A ***MASTER?***
I SEE THOU HAST THE NATURE FOR IT. THOU ART CRUEL AND COLD ENOUGH FOR MY DOMAIN. THEY WOULD SERVE YOU, IN THE ARENA, AND ABROAD.
I HAVE SEEN WHAT BECOMES OF YOUR MASTERS.
IF THERE WAS A BARGAIN BETWEEN US, LADY PARNETHIA, MY PART IN IT IS NOW DISCHARGED. THOU ***SHALL*** RELEASE ME, AND SEND ME BACK FROM WHENCE I CAME.
VERY WELL, MY WARRIOR.
"BUT BE WARNED..."

"IN THE AUTUMN OF THIS WORLD, THE ONLY SURETY IS DEATH."
"THOU SHALL RETURN TO ME BEFORE LONG..."
"...AND *WINTERSPITE* SHALL AWAIT THEE."
THE END

DARK SOULS™

WINTER'S SPITE

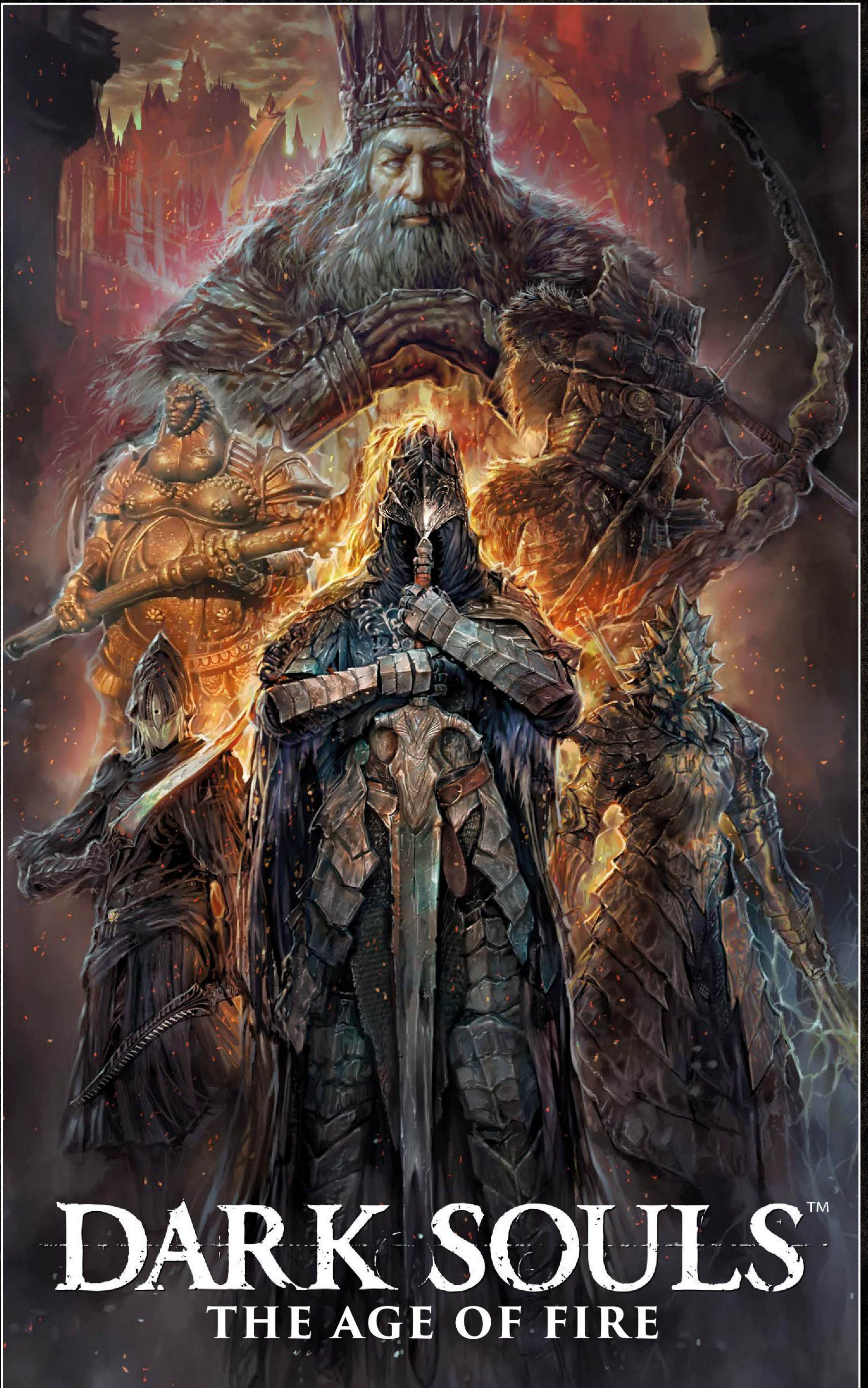
WRITTEN BY
GEORGE MANN

ARTWORK BY
ALAN QUAH

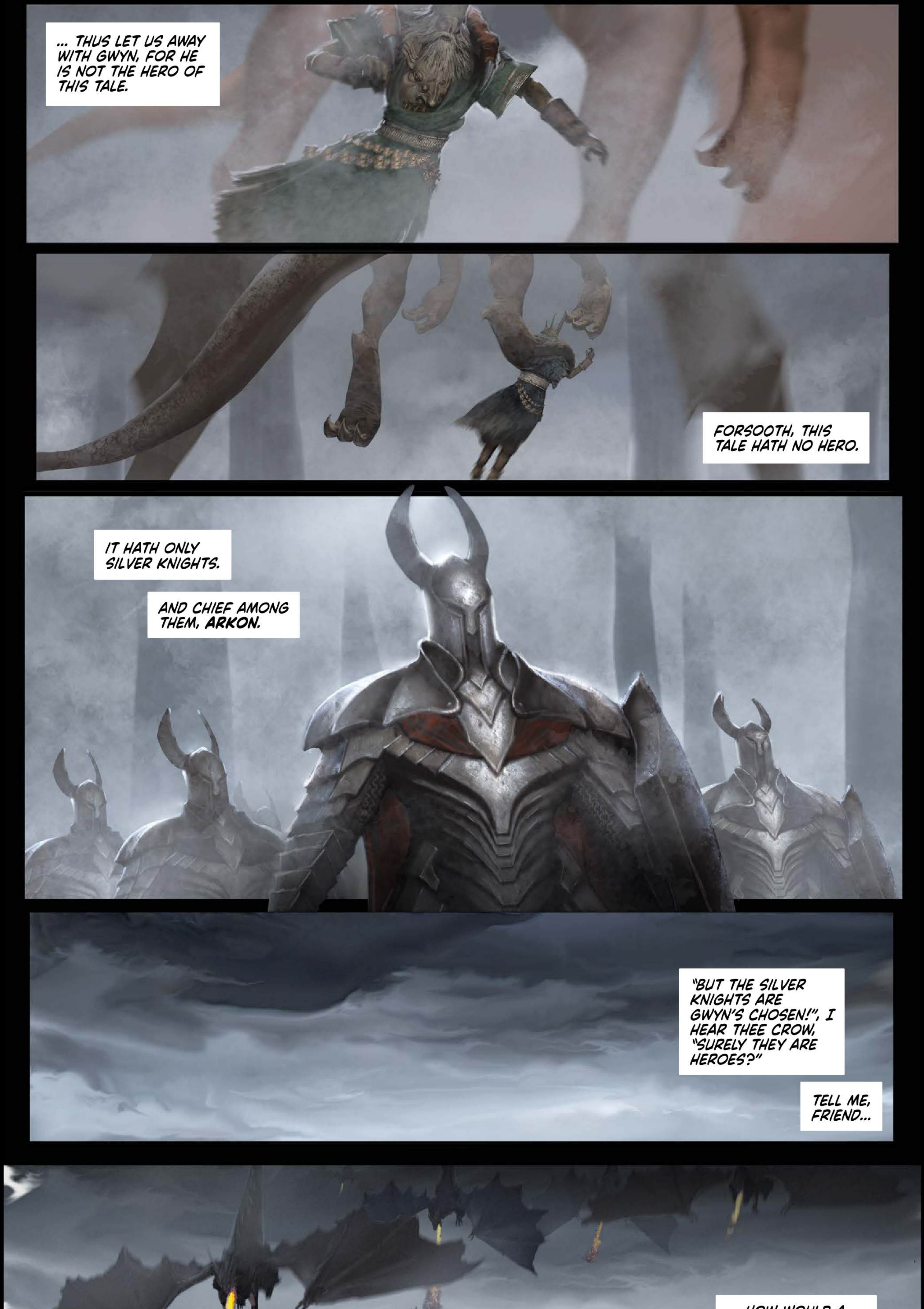
COLORS BY
Komikaki Studio feat.
Norah Khor & Sean Lee TCS

LETTERING BY
Rob Steen

ORIGINAL GAME:
PRODUCED BY
Bandai Namco Entertainment Inc.
DEVELOPED BY
FROMSOFTWARE, Inc.


DARK SOULS™
THE AGE OF FIRE

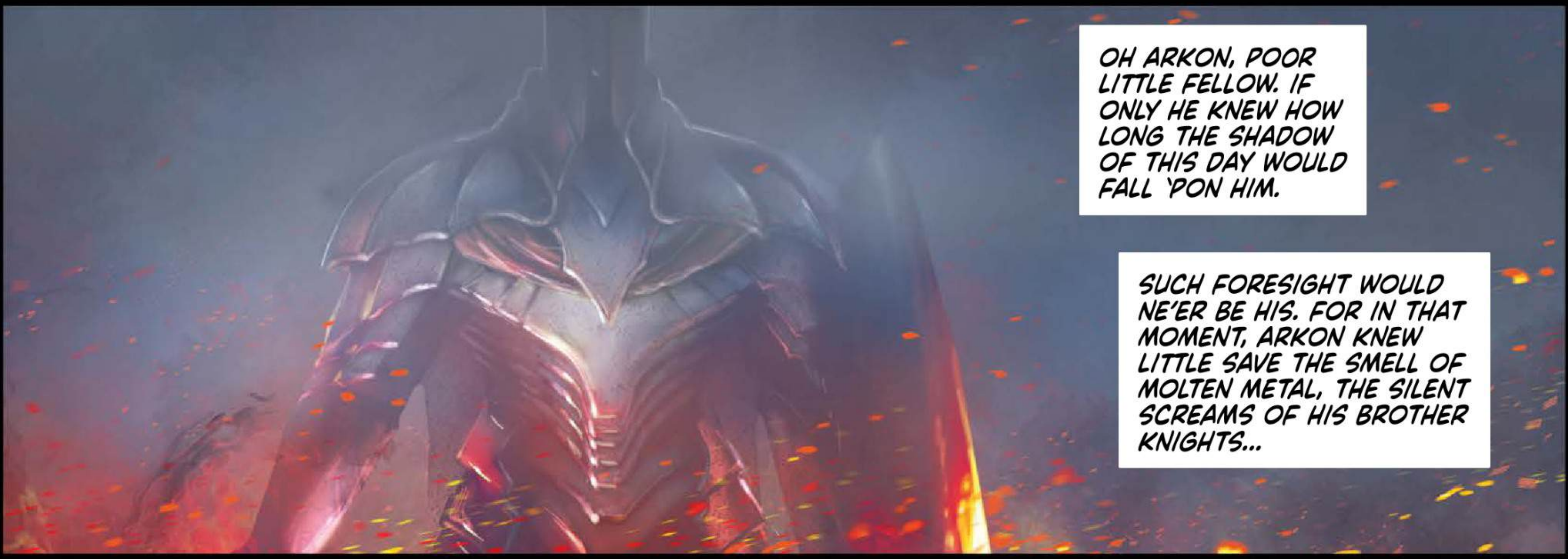
BEHOLD THEE GWYN, LORD OF LIGHT! CREATOR OF--
FZZZ
THE UNFORMED WORLD
OH... SURELY, THOU ALREADY KNOWEST THIS STORY OF YORE?
THAT OF THE UNFORM'D WORLD...
KRRKOW
... THE DRAGONS WHO ROAM'D THERE...
... AND THE LORD OF LIGHT THAT FELL'D THEM FROM THE SKY?
AYE, 'TIS CERTAIN THOU ART ALREADY FAMILIAR WITH SUCH A YARN...

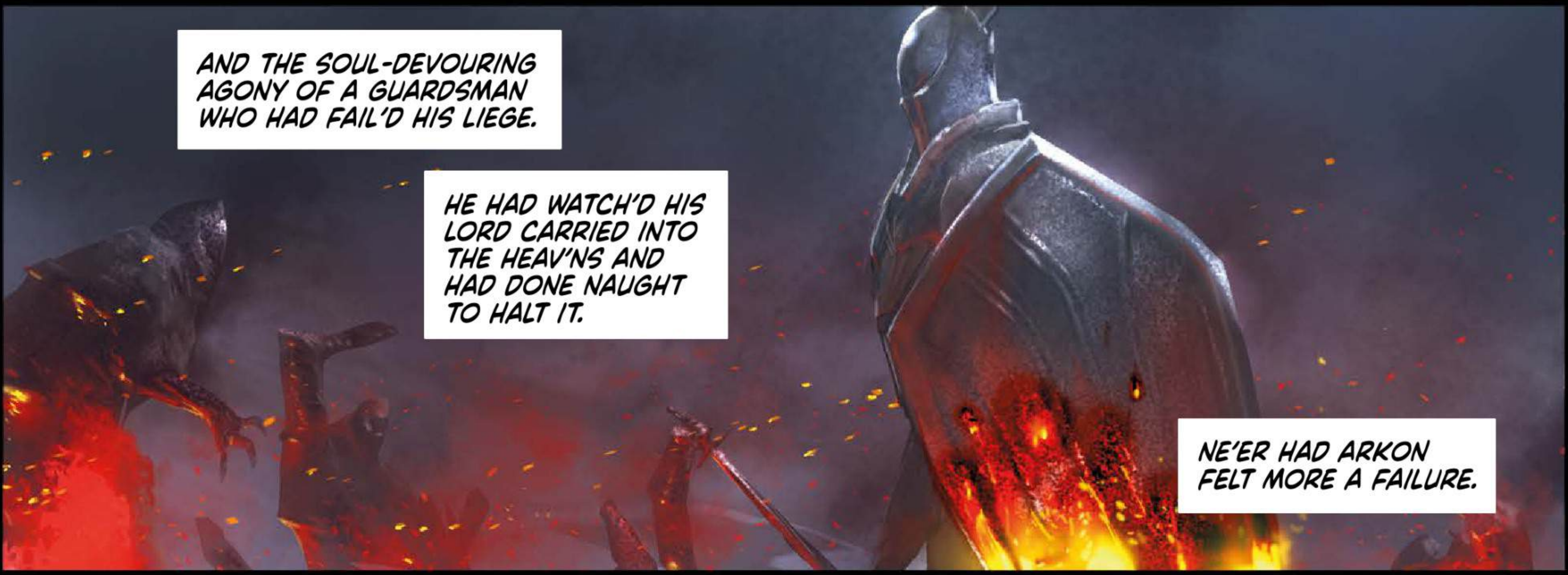

... THUS LET US AWAY WITH GWYN, FOR HE IS NOT THE HERO OF THIS TALE.
FORSOOTH, THIS TALE HATH NO HERO.
IT HATH ONLY SILVER KNIGHTS.
AND CHIEF AMONG THEM, **ARKON.**
"BUT THE SILVER KNIGHTS ARE GWYN'S CHOSEN!", I HEAR THEE CROW, "SURELY THEY ARE HEROES?"
TELL ME, FRIEND...
... HOW WOULD A HERO GREET FLAME FROM THE SKY?

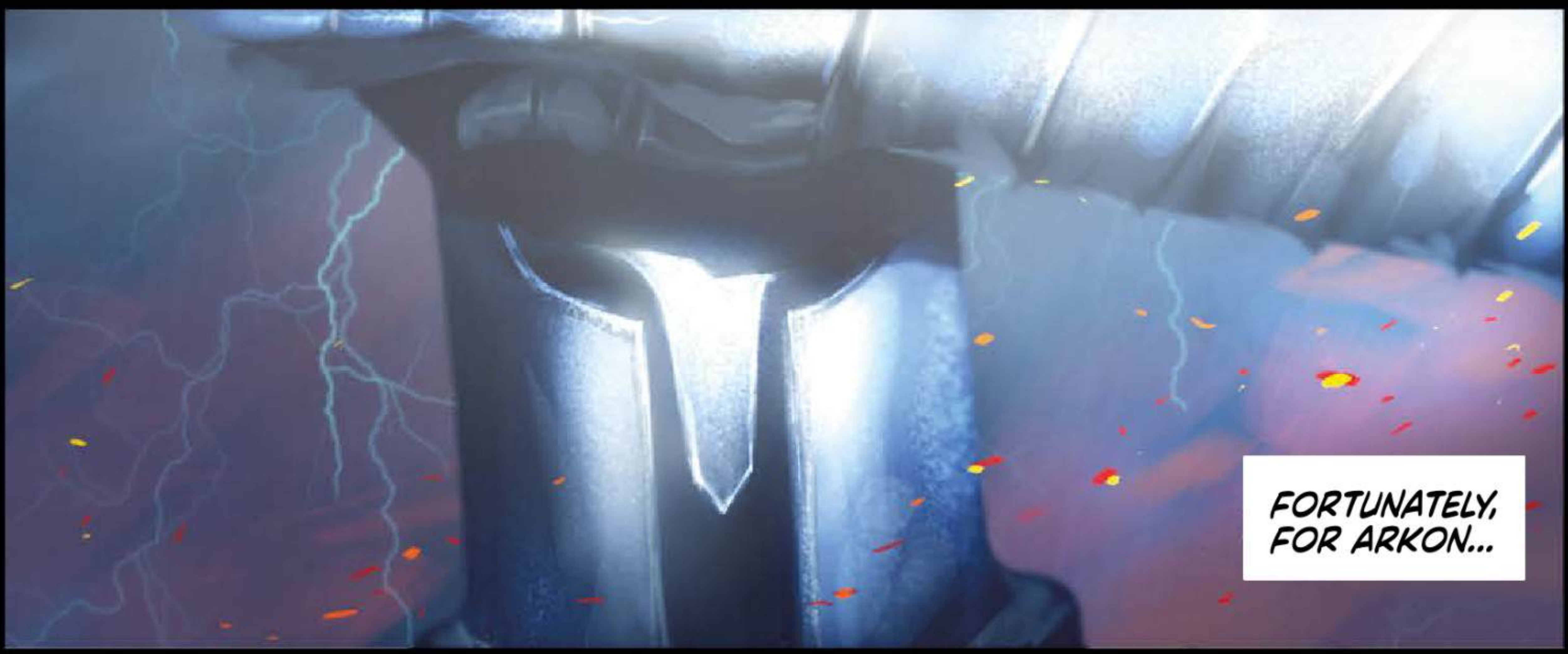
WOULD A HERO COWER?
FWOOOM
WOULD A HERO BURN?
WOULD A HERO WATCH HIS BROTHERS DIE?
FWOOOM
NAY, FRIEND.
A HERO WOULD **ACT.**

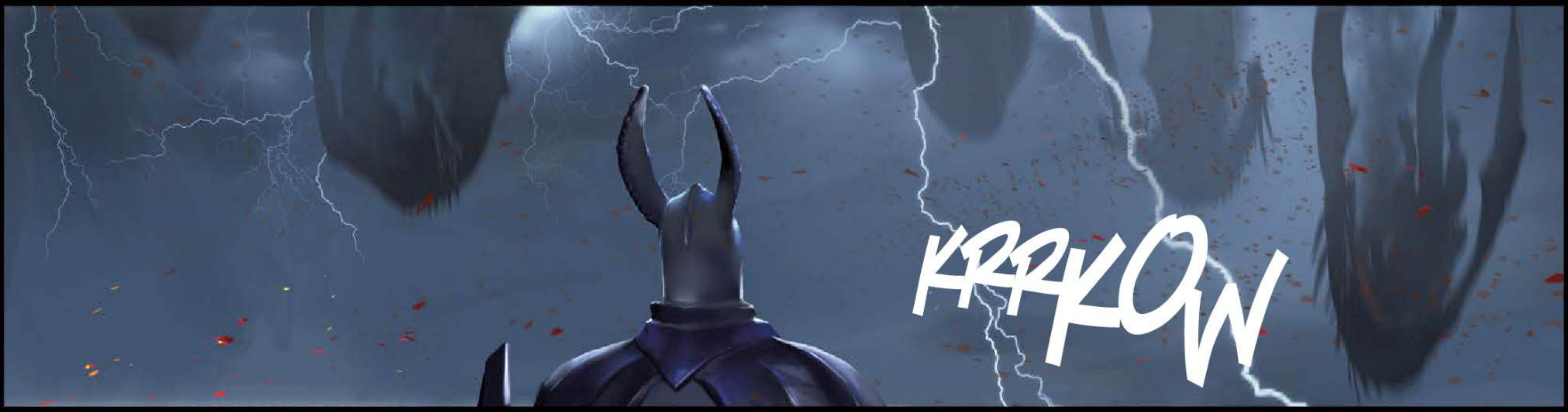
FOR IF E'ER THERE WAS A HERO, 'TWAS THE WOLF KNIGHT.
THE GREATEST OF US, YET ALSO THE MOST TRAGIC. A DESTINY TOUCH'D BY INEVITABLE DARK, FOUGHT WITH A LIGHT ALL ITS OWN.
SLLTCHH
I OFT WONDER WHAT DROVE HIM TO AID ARKON THAT DAY.

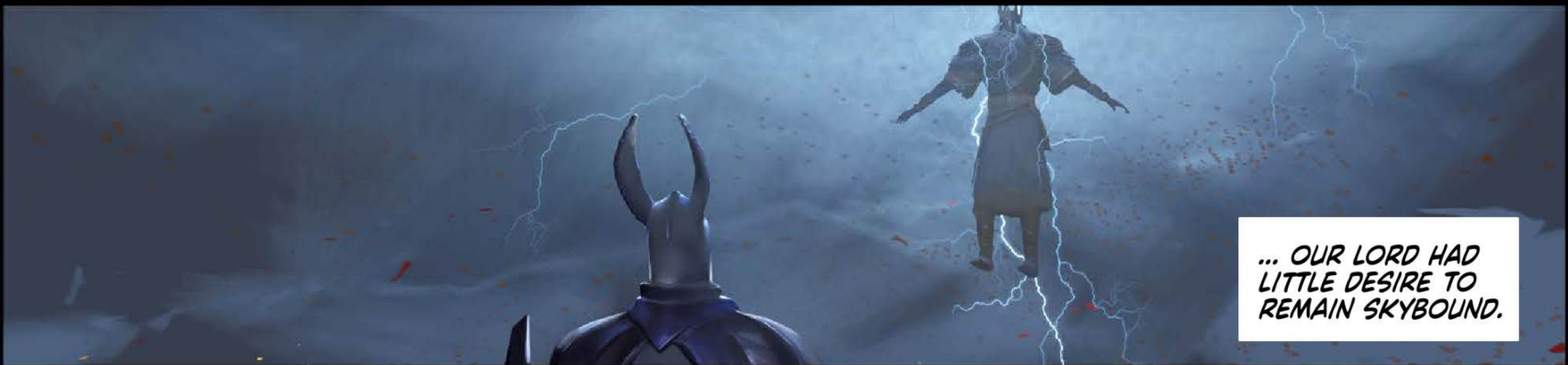
EVEN AFORE THE AGE OF FIRE, **ARTORIAS** WAS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD...
HAD HE SEEN IN THE YOUNG SILVER KNIGHT, A HIDDEN POTENTIAL?
THANK YOU.
ARTORIAS WATCH'D THE WORLD THROUGH EYES WISER THAN THINE OR MINE. MAYHAP HE KNEW WHAT WAS TO FOLLOW?
OR MAYHAP HE SIMPLY SAW THE OPPORTUNITY TO SLAY A DRAGON AND CLAIM'D IT.

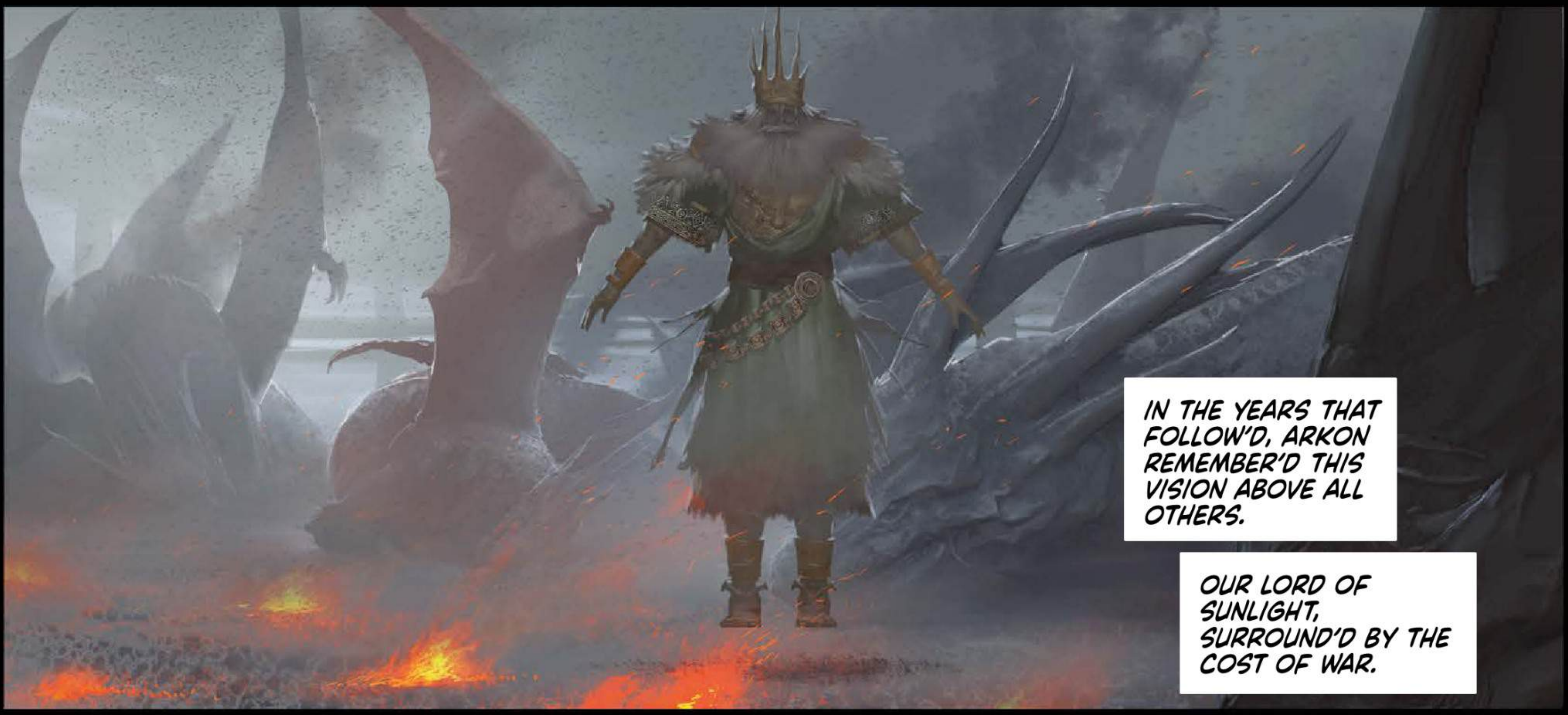

OH ARKON, POOR LITTLE FELLOW. IF ONLY HE KNEW HOW LONG THE SHADOW OF THIS DAY WOULD FALL 'PON HIM.
SUCH FORESIGHT WOULD NE'ER BE HIS. FOR IN THAT MOMENT, ARKON KNEW LITTLE SAVE THE SMELL OF MOLTEN METAL, THE SILENT SCREAMS OF HIS BROTHER KNIGHTS...

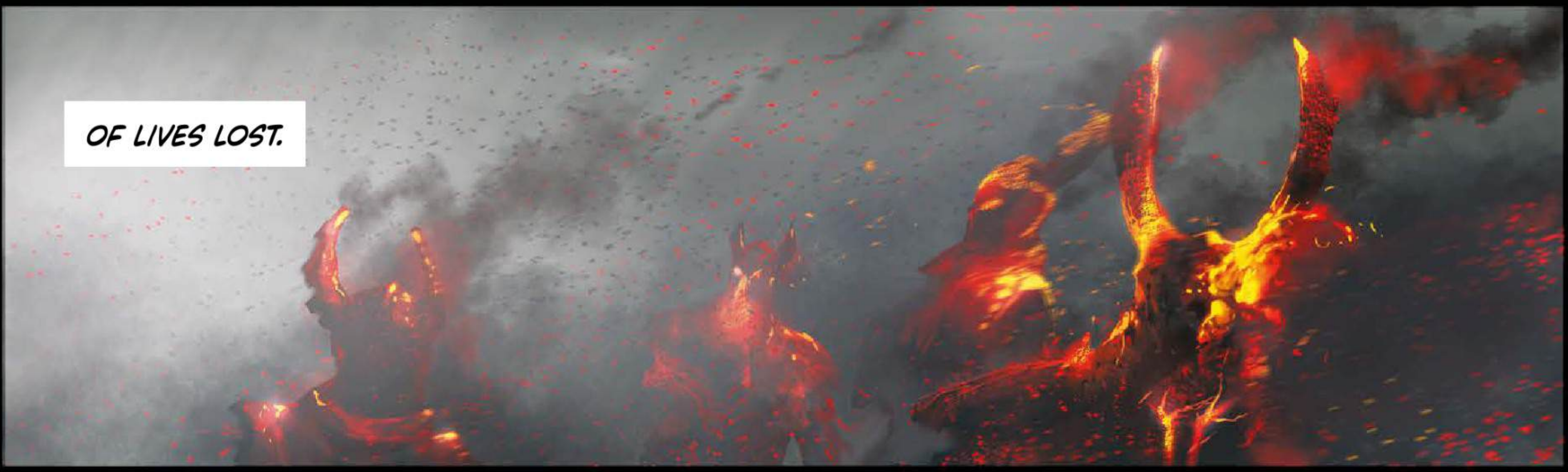

AND THE SOUL-DEVOURING AGONY OF A GUARDSMAN WHO HAD FAIL'D HIS LIEGE.
HE HAD WATCH'D HIS LORD CARRIED INTO THE HEAV'NS AND HAD DONE NAUGHT TO HALT IT.
NE'ER HAD ARKON FELT MORE A FAILURE.

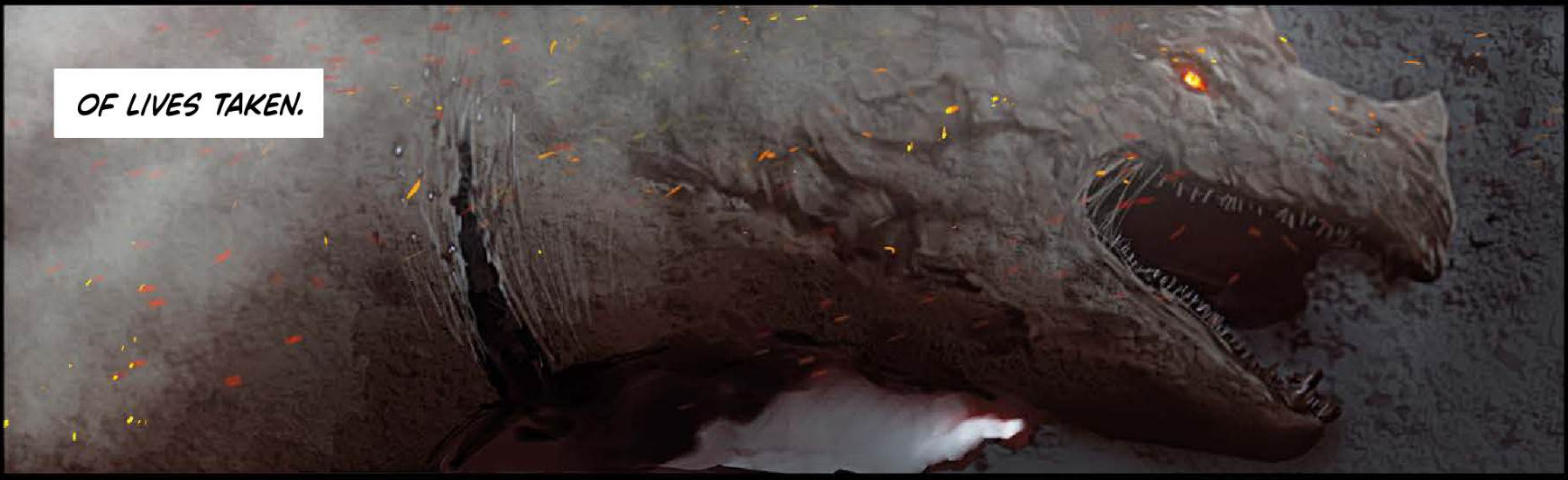

FORTUNATELY, FOR ARKON...

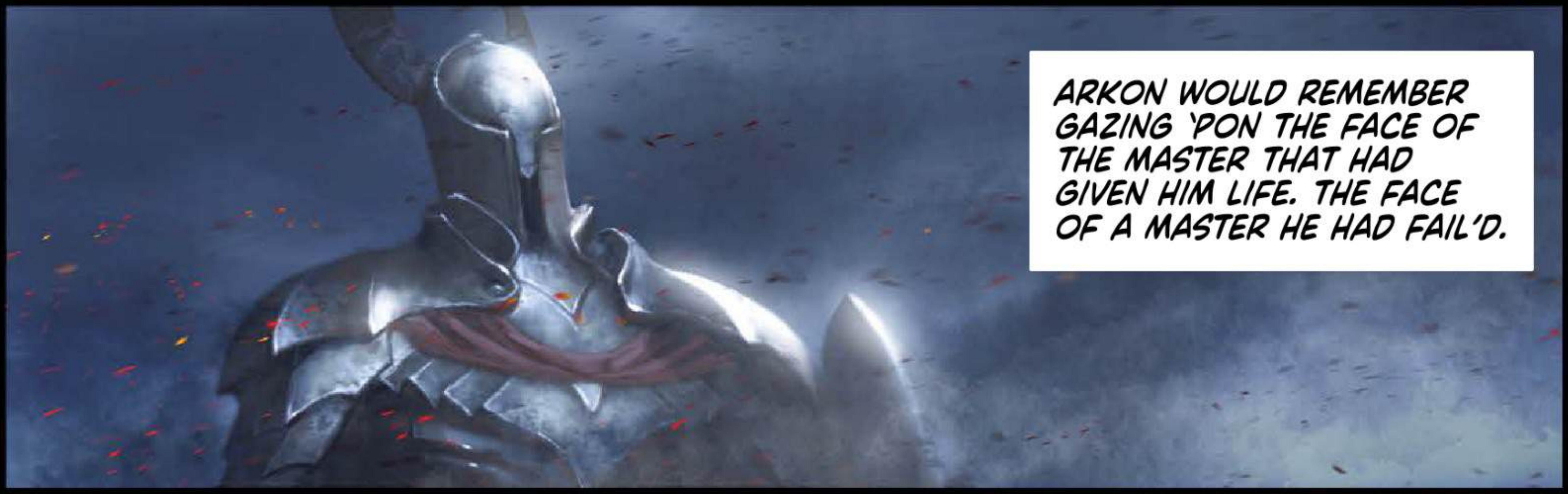

KRRKOW

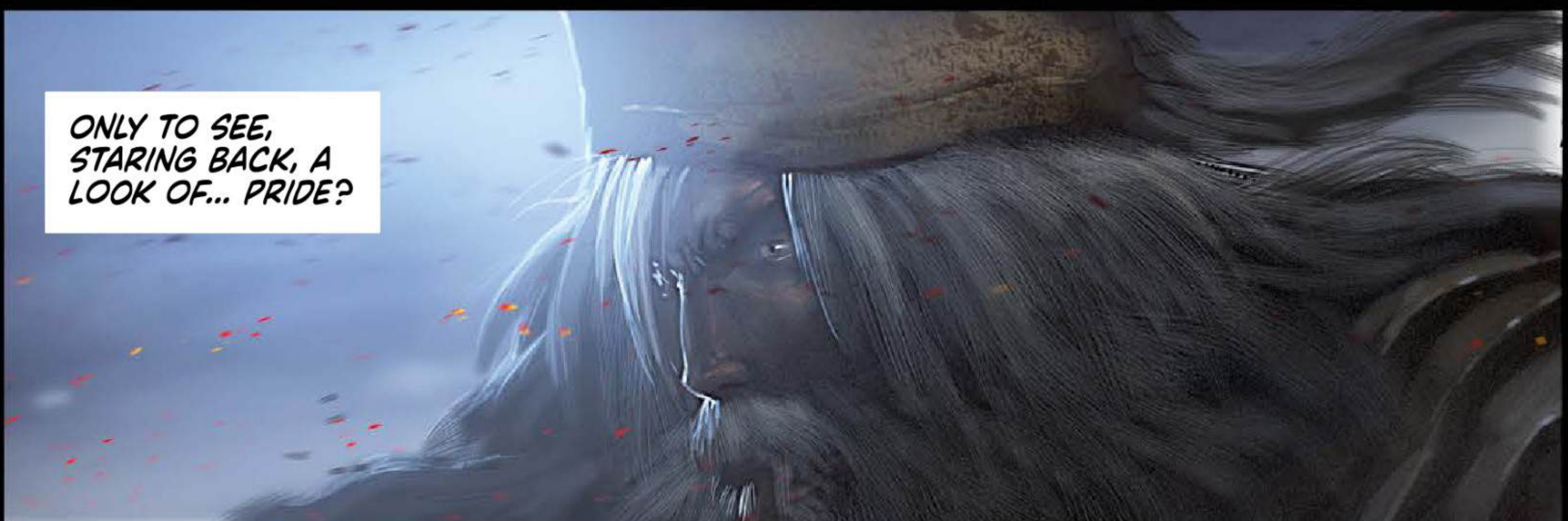

... OUR LORD HAD LITTLE DESIRE TO REMAIN SKYBOUND.

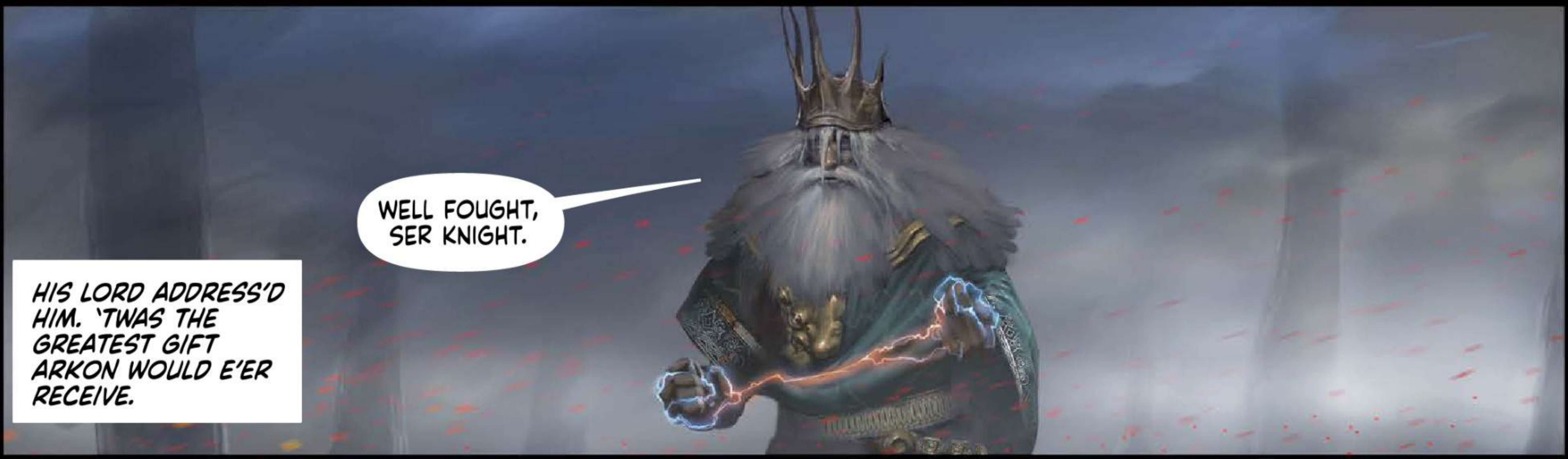

IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOW'D, ARKON REMEMBER'D THIS VISION ABOVE ALL OTHERS.
OUR LORD OF SUNLIGHT, SURROUND'D BY THE COST OF WAR.

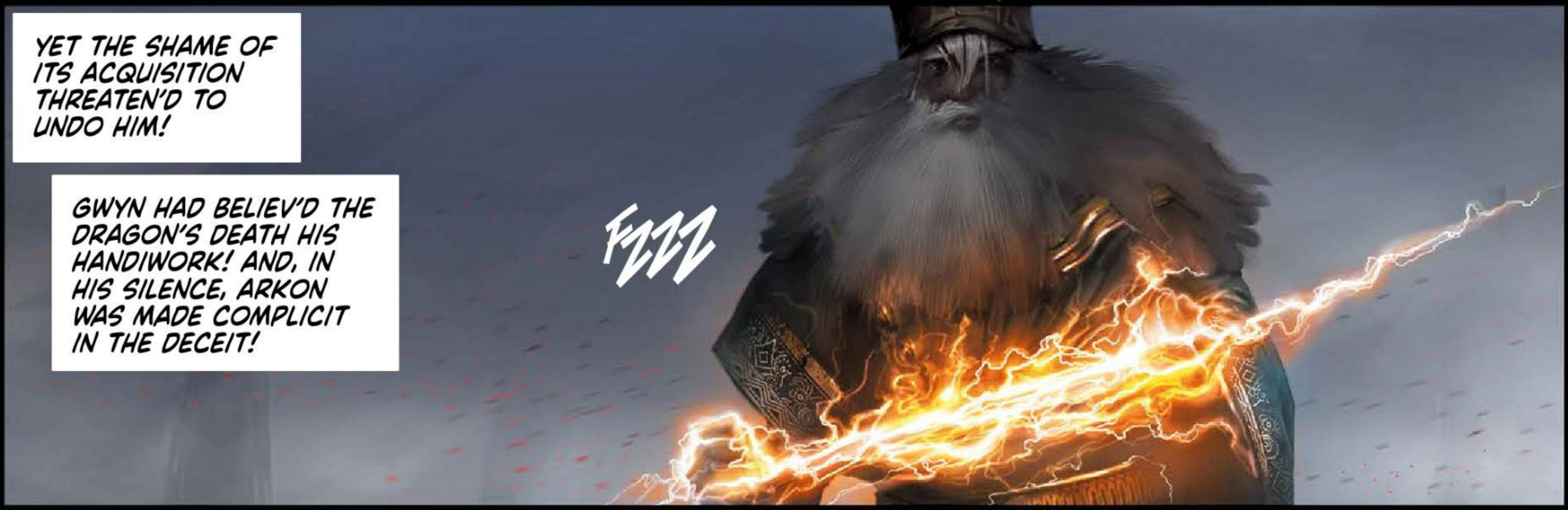

OF LIVES LOST.

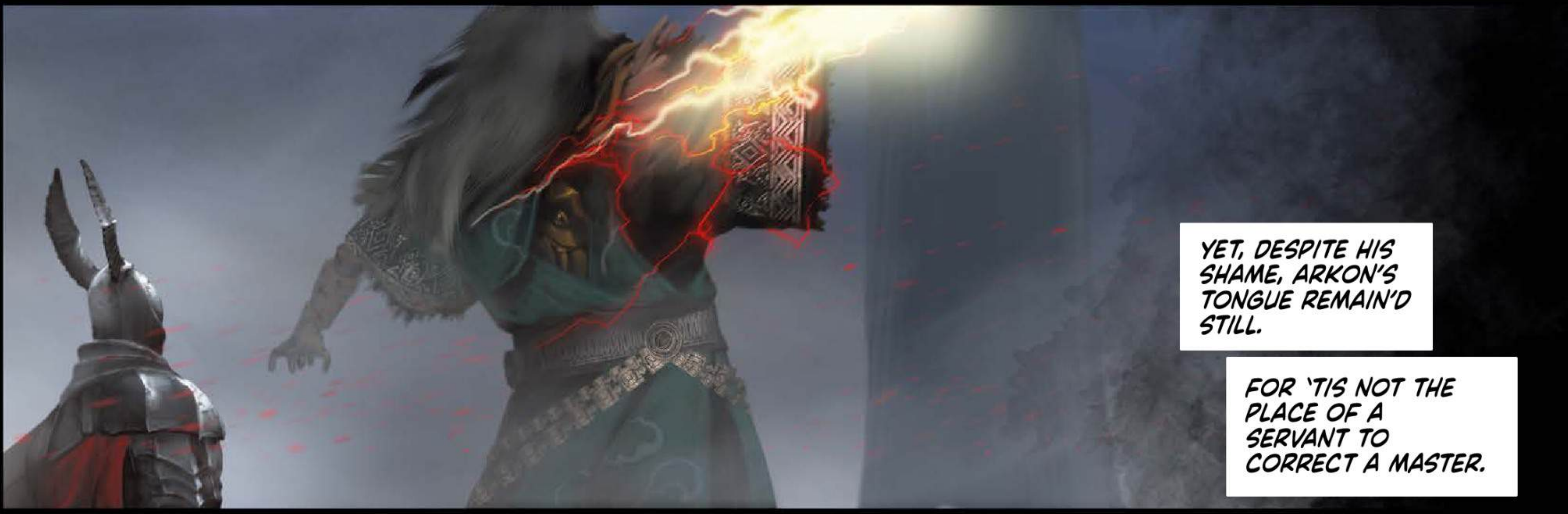

OF LIVES TAKEN.

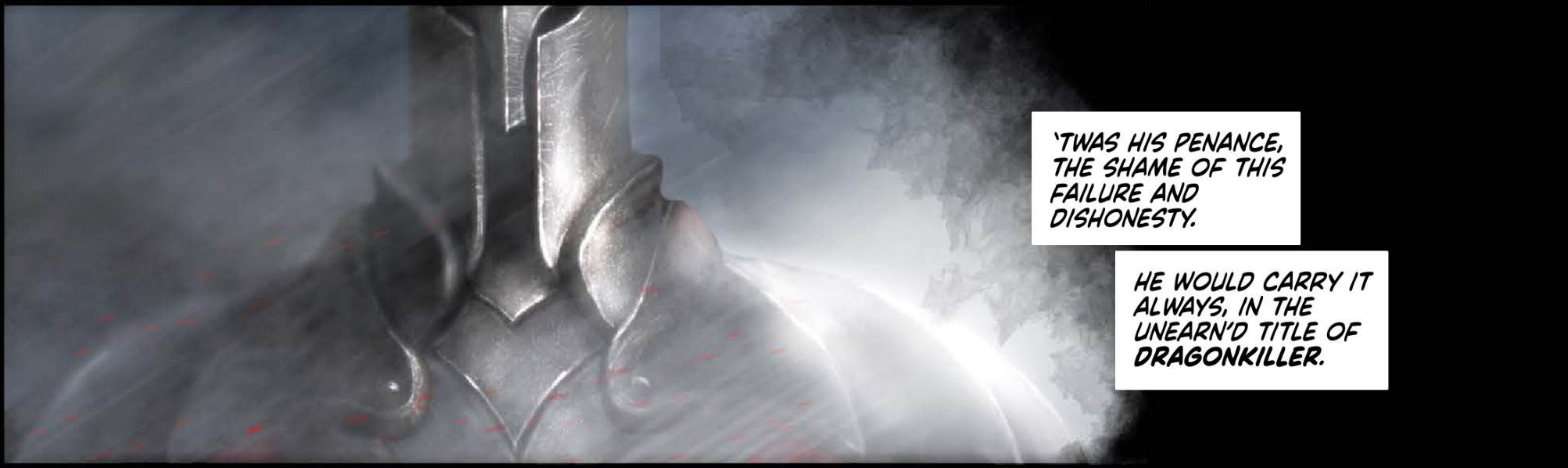

ARKON WOULD REMEMBER GAZING 'PON THE FACE OF THE MASTER THAT HAD GIVEN HIM LIFE. THE FACE OF A MASTER HE HAD FAIL'D.

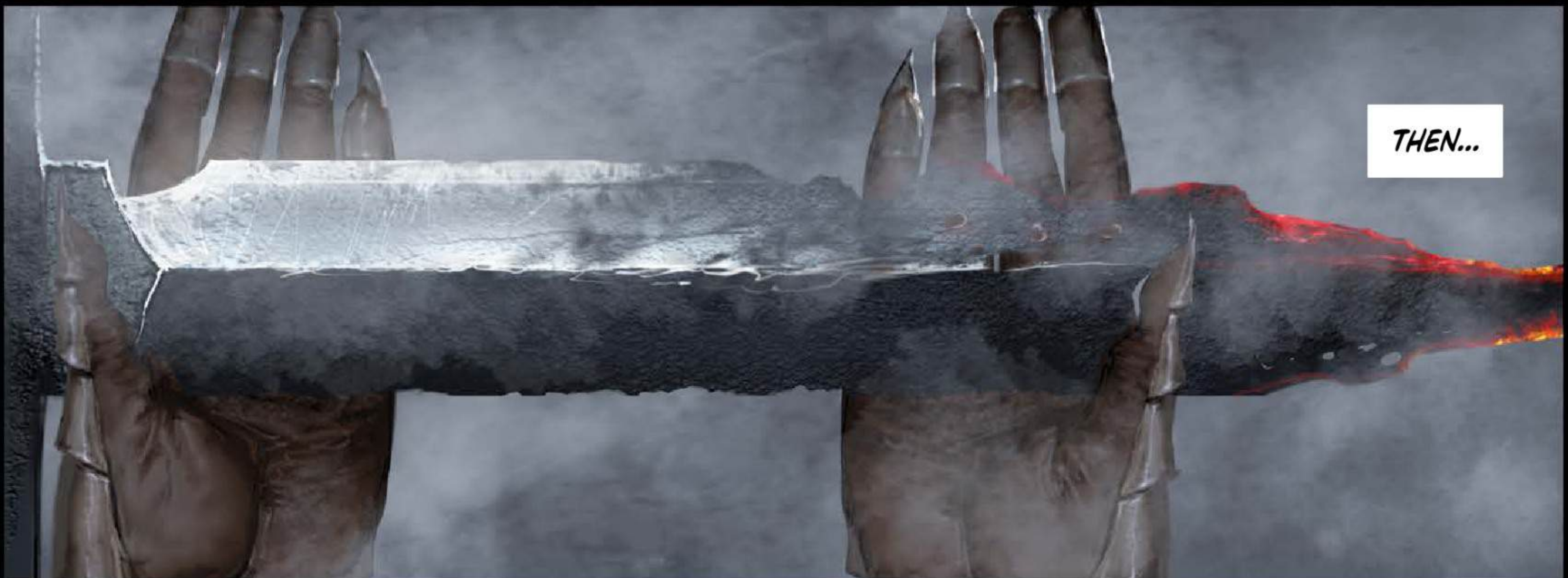

ONLY TO SEE, STARING BACK, A LOOK OF... PRIDE?


HIS LORD ADDRESS'D HIM. 'TWAS THE GREATEST GIFT ARKON WOULD E'ER RECEIVE.
WELL FOUGHT, SER KNIGHT.


YET THE SHAME OF ITS ACQUISITION THREATEN'D TO UNDO HIM!
GWYN HAD BELIEV'D THE DRAGON'S DEATH HIS HANDIWORK! AND, IN HIS SILENCE, ARKON WAS MADE COMPLICIT IN THE DECEIT!
FZZZ

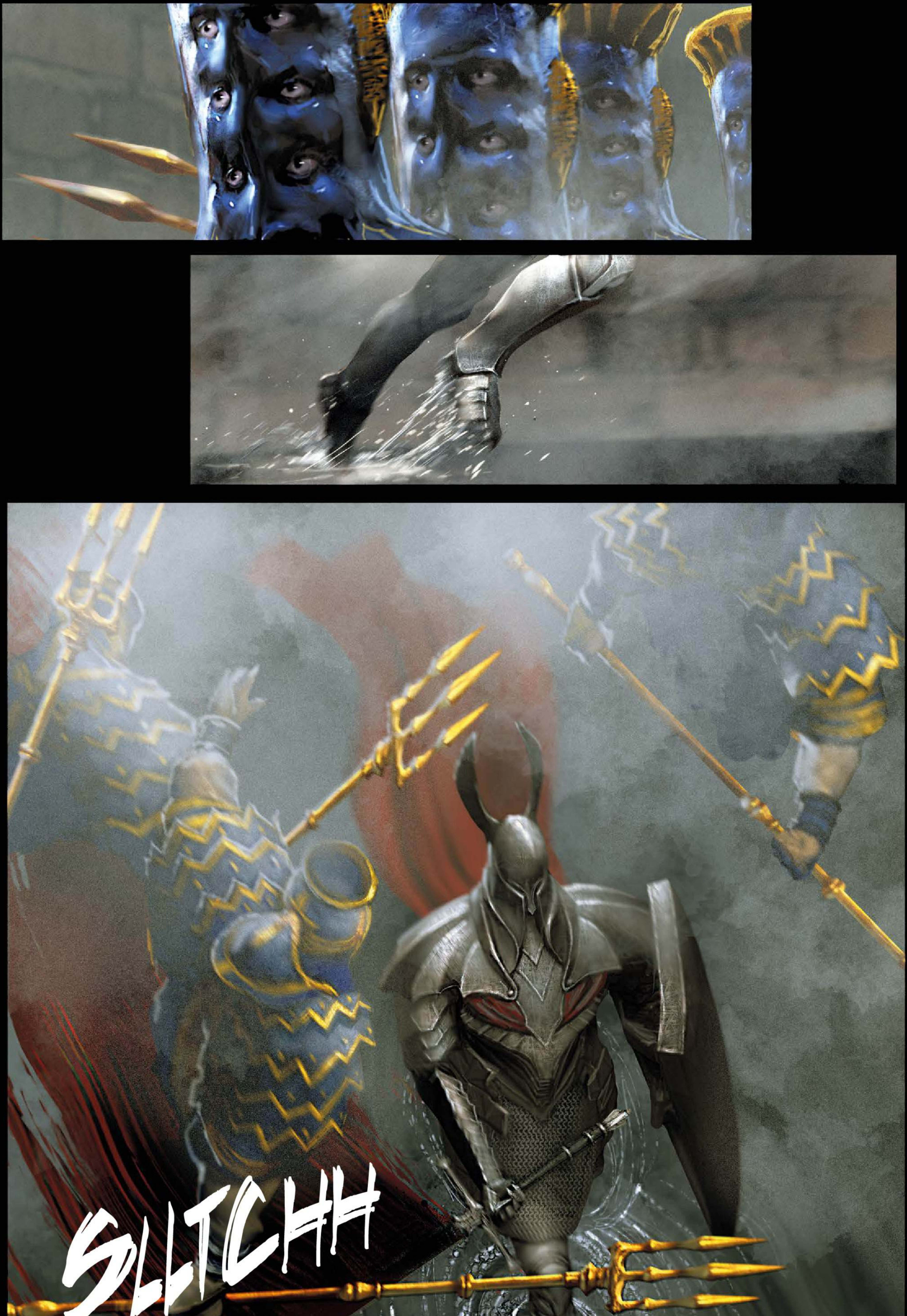

YET, DESPITE HIS SHAME, ARKON'S TONGUE REMAIN'D STILL.
FOR 'TIS NOT THE PLACE OF A SERVANT TO CORRECT A MASTER.


'TWAS HIS PENANCE, THE SHAME OF THIS FAILURE AND DISHONESTY.
HE WOULD CARRY IT ALWAYS, IN THE UNEARN'D TITLE OF **DRAGONKILLER**.


THEN...

... AND IN ALL THE CENTURIES THAT FOLLOW'D
ARKON?
ARKON, SIR, THERE ARE CHANNELERS UP AHEAD.
NO SIGN OF THE HANDMAIDENS?
GRAND ARCHIVES' SEWERS
SHOW ME WHERE YOU FOUND THAT.

HWOORN-NYA. HWOORN-NYA. HWOORN-NYA...
RELEASE THE HANDMAIDENS.
HWOORN... NYA?


SLLTCHH

SPLTCH
I ASK AGAIN.
RELEASE THE HANDMAIDENS.

I'M AFRAID WE CANNOT HELP THEE, ARKON.
FOR THERE ARE NO HANDMAIDENS HERE.
ONLY NAKED STREET URCHINS CAST ADRIFT IN THE SULLIED WATERS OF THE SEWERS OF THE GRAND ARCHIVES.
GRAND ARCHIVES WHICH, IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, ARE THE DOMAIN OF THE DUKE.
THOU HAST NO AUTHORITY HERE, ***DRAGONKILLER.*** RETURN TO ANOR LONDO.
DO NOT PLAY GAMES WITH ME, LISTE.

GAMES? GOOD SER KNIGHT, I'M AFRAID I DON'T--?!
--OH! OF COURSE! PLEASE FORGIVE ME. I DID NOT REALISE THY KIND SUFFERED FROM SUCH BASE NEEDS.
HOW FOOLISH OF ME.
WHY ELSE WOULD A SILVER KNIGHT OF ANOR LONDO TRAVERSE THE SEWERS?
HERE. A PEACE OFFERING.
I'LL TELL THE DUKE THIS ONE DID NOT SURVIVE THE JOURNEY.
SHE IS NOT TO THY LIKING?
A PITY, ALBEIT NOT A SURPRISING ONE.
PRITHEE, SER KNIGHT, LEAVE THIS PLACE. THE SEWERS ARE NO PLACE FOR THEE.
ALTHOUGH, IF THESE DANK DEPTHS HATH GIVEN THEE A TASTE FOR SQUALOR...

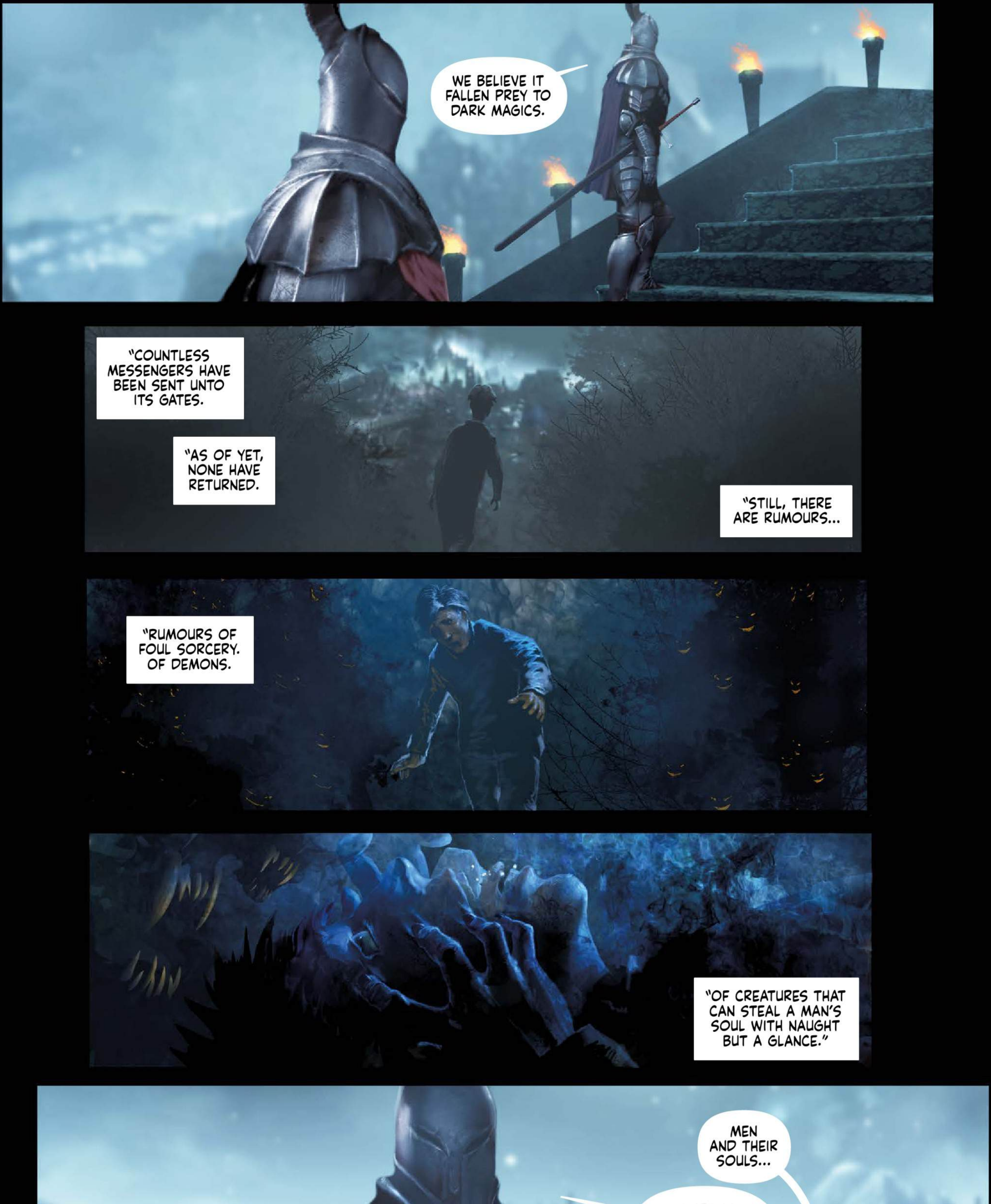
THE LOWER WARD
"...I'M SURE THOU NEEDN'T LOOK FAR TO FIND FURTHER FILTH."
ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT SOMETHING TO DRINK?
MY KIND DO NOT INDULGE IN SUCH THINGS.
THAT EXPLAINS WHY YOU NEVER TAKE YOUR HELMET OFF.
HMM?
WHY ARE YOU HERE?
WE ARE FRIENDS, GRAVIS. I WISHED TO SEE YOU.
AH. THE SEWERS DIDN'T GO WELL, THEN?
LISTE WAS THERE.

CHANNELER LISTE?! THE DUKE'S RIGHT-HAND? I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU CAUGHT HIM IN THE ACT!
HAVE YOU TOLD CAPITAN SIEFER?
IT'S LISTE'S WORD VERSUS MINE. I DOUBT SIEFER WILL LISTEN.
NOW WHY WOULDN'T HE LISTEN TO THE INFAMOUS *DRAGONKILLER?*
COULD IT BE THAT, WITH NO DRAGONS LEFT IN THE WORLD, YOUR WORD IS NOW WORTHLESS?
SHUT UP, WURDOW.
EXECUTIONER WURDOW.
REACHING FOR YOUR SPEAR, KRAKEN-SPAWN?

PLEASE-- DO NOT TEASE ME SO. TODAY HAS BEEN EXTREMELY DULL.
RAISE YOUR WEAPON, GRAVIS. I BEG YOU. LET ME CUT YOU DOWN WHERE YOU STAND. PLEASE.
ARKON! WHAT LUCK!
I'VE KILLED MONSTERS, MADMEN, AND GIANTS. BUT NEVER A SILVER KNIGHT.
THANK YOU, BRAVE HERO. YOU HUMBLE ME WITH SUCH AN OFFER!
FORGIVE ME, SER KNIGHT, I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU!

ALL SILVER KNIGHTS ARE TO RETURN TO ANOR LONDO AT ONCE!
ON WHOSE AUTHORITY?
LORD GWYN.
THAT MAN IS NO DRAGONKILLER.
THAT *MAN?* OH, WURDOW...

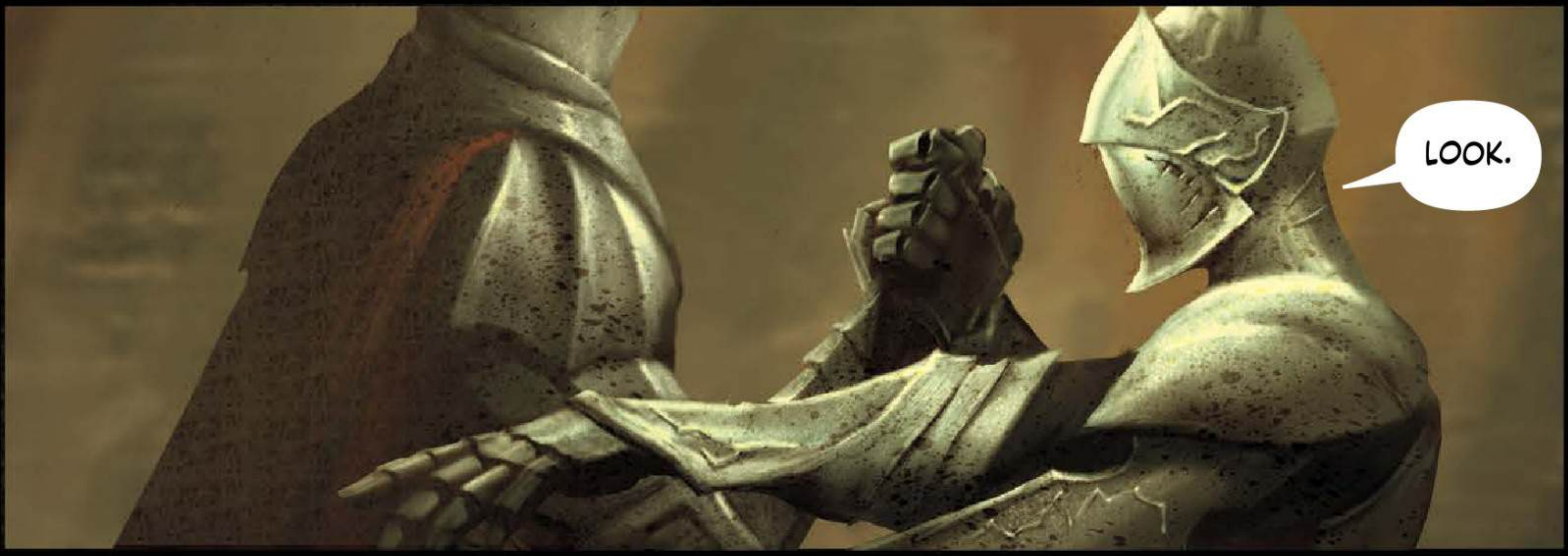
ANOR LONDO
"...YOU KNOW NOTHING OF THE SILVER KNIGHTS."
ARKON! 'TIS GOOD TO SEE THEE!
AND YOU, CAPITAN SIEFER. THOUGH I BRING GRAVE NEWS CONCERNING THE HANDMAIDENS OF GWYNEVERE.
WOULD THAT WE COULD STILL WORRY OVER SUCH MATTERS, BROTHER KNIGHT.
WE FIND OURSELVES ALREADY EMBROILED IN SOMETHING FAR MORE SINISTER.
HMM?
DOST THOU KNOWEST THE CITY OF IZALITH?
WHAT OF IT?

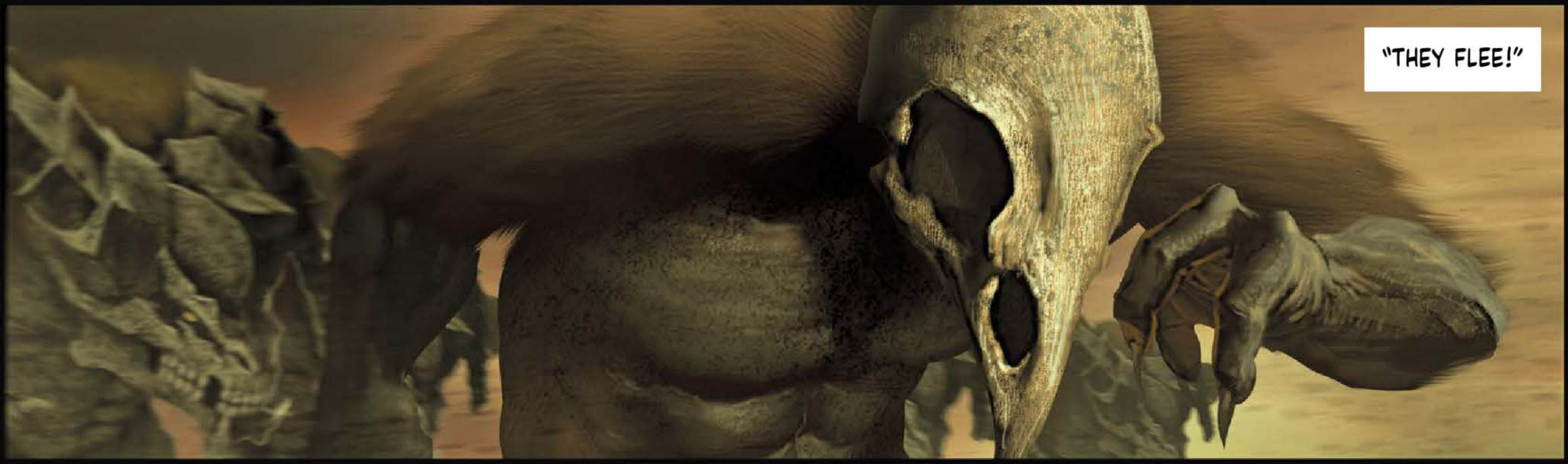

WE BELIEVE IT FALLEN PREY TO DARK MAGICS.
"COUNTLESS MESSENGERS HAVE BEEN SENT UNTO ITS GATES.
"AS OF YET, NONE HAVE RETURNED.
"STILL, THERE ARE RUMOURS...
"RUMOURS OF FOUL SORCERY. OF DEMONS.
"OF CREATURES THAT CAN STEAL A MAN'S SOUL WITH NAUGHT BUT A GLANCE."
MEN AND THEIR SOULS...
IT SEEMS WE ARE DESTINED TO FOREVER FIGHT THEIR BATTLES, AYE ARKON?
WHEN DO WE MARCH?

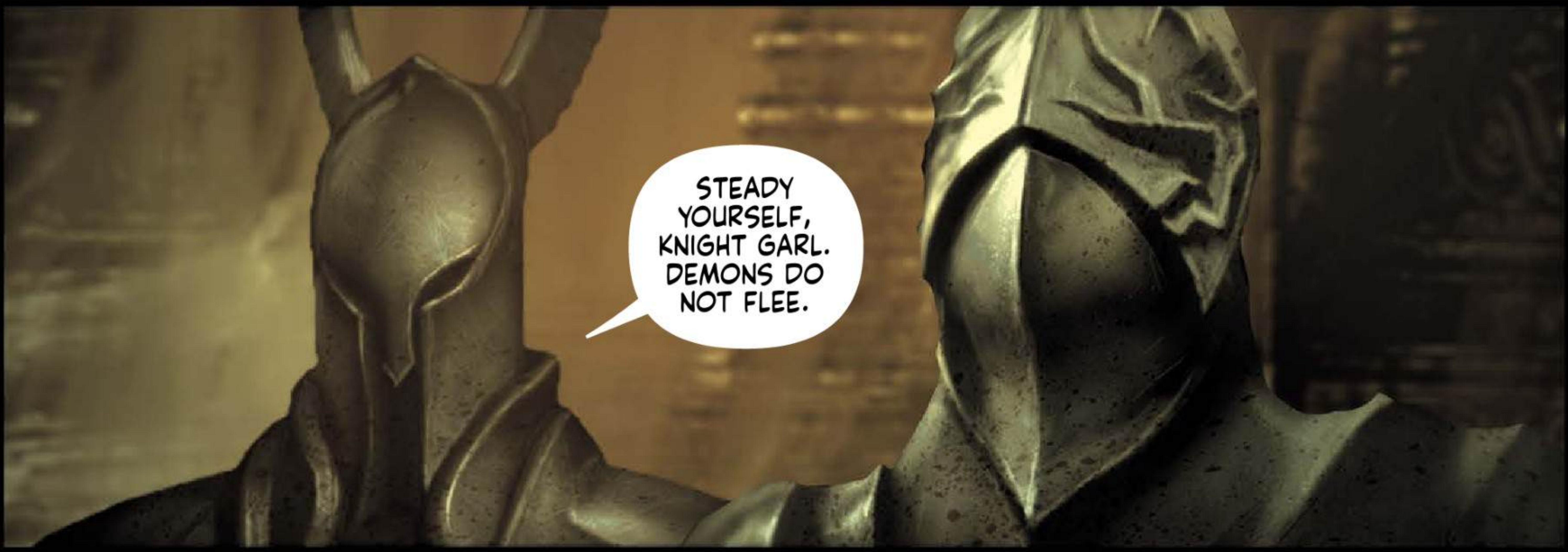
ON THE MORROW. THOU ART TO TAKE HALF OF OUR NUMBER AND ADVANCE UPON IZALITH.
MORE THAN ENOUGH, I'D WARRANT, FOR WHAT AWAITS THEE THERE.
YOU INTEND SILVER KNIGHTS TO TRAVEL TO IZALITH?
I CANNOT SEND REGULAR MEN.
BUT WHAT IF ANOR LONDO IS ATTACKED?
I WILL GARRISON THE REMAINING KNIGHTS HERE WITHIN THE CATHEDRAL. WE SHALL BE SECURE DURING THY ABSENCE.
I DO NOT LIKE THIS, SIEFER.
COME, ARKON. WHAT ARE A FEW PALTRY DEMONS TO A SLAYER OF DRAGONS? I CAN THINK OF NO OTHER AMONG OUR NUMBER MORE SUITED TO THE TASK!
INDEED.
THOU ART FIRE-TOUCHED...

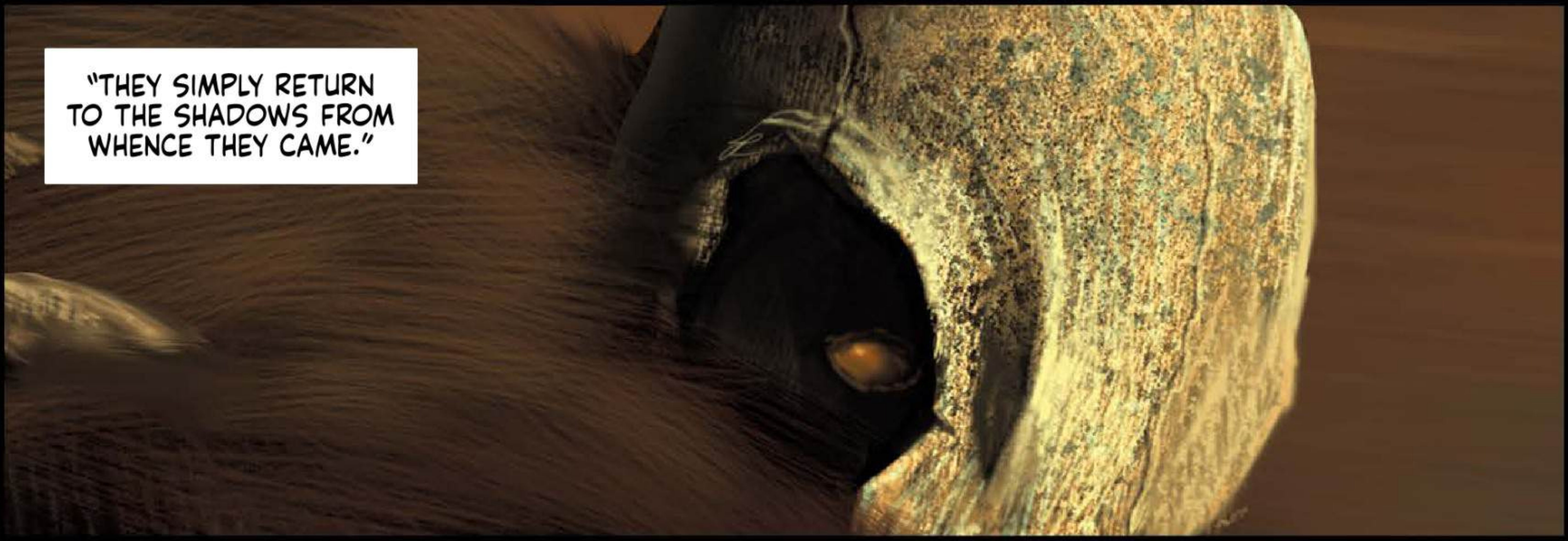
...WHO BETTER TO LIGHT THE WAY?

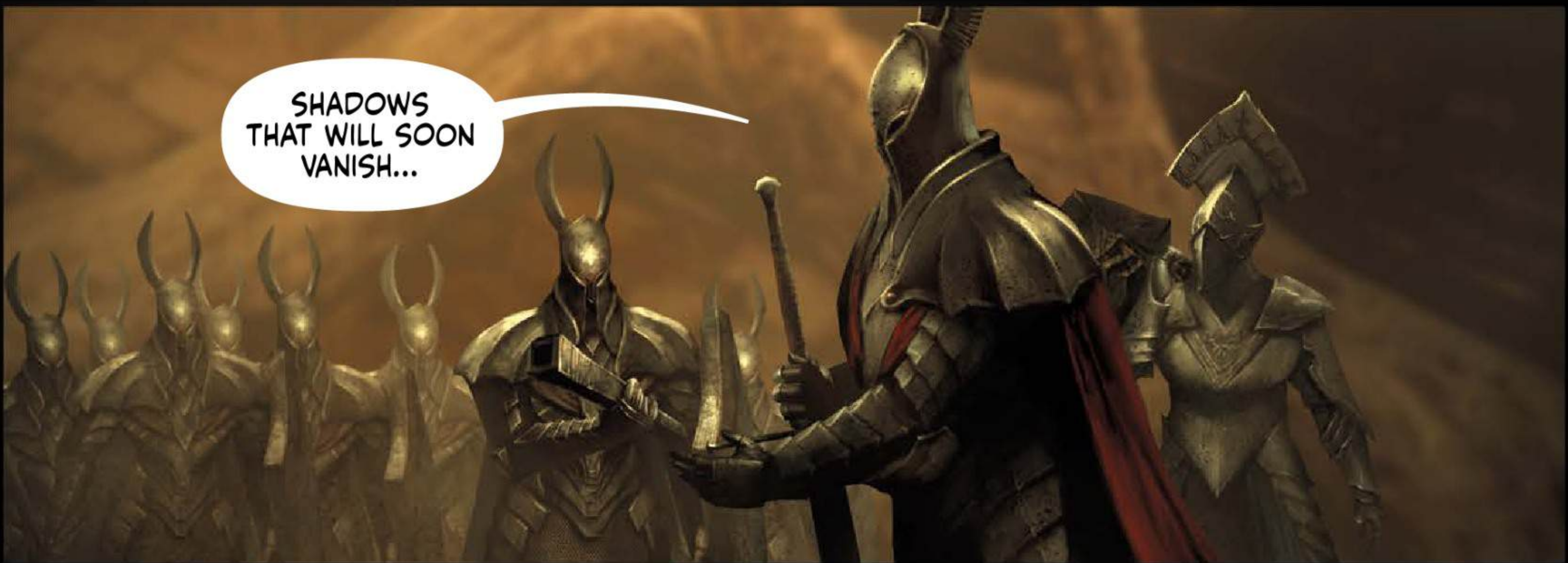
ARKON! THERE ARE TOO MANY!
SLLTCHH
THERE ARE ALWAYS...
...TOO MANY.
SLLTCHH
THAT HAS NEVER STOPPED US BEFORE.


LOOK.


"THEY FLEE!"

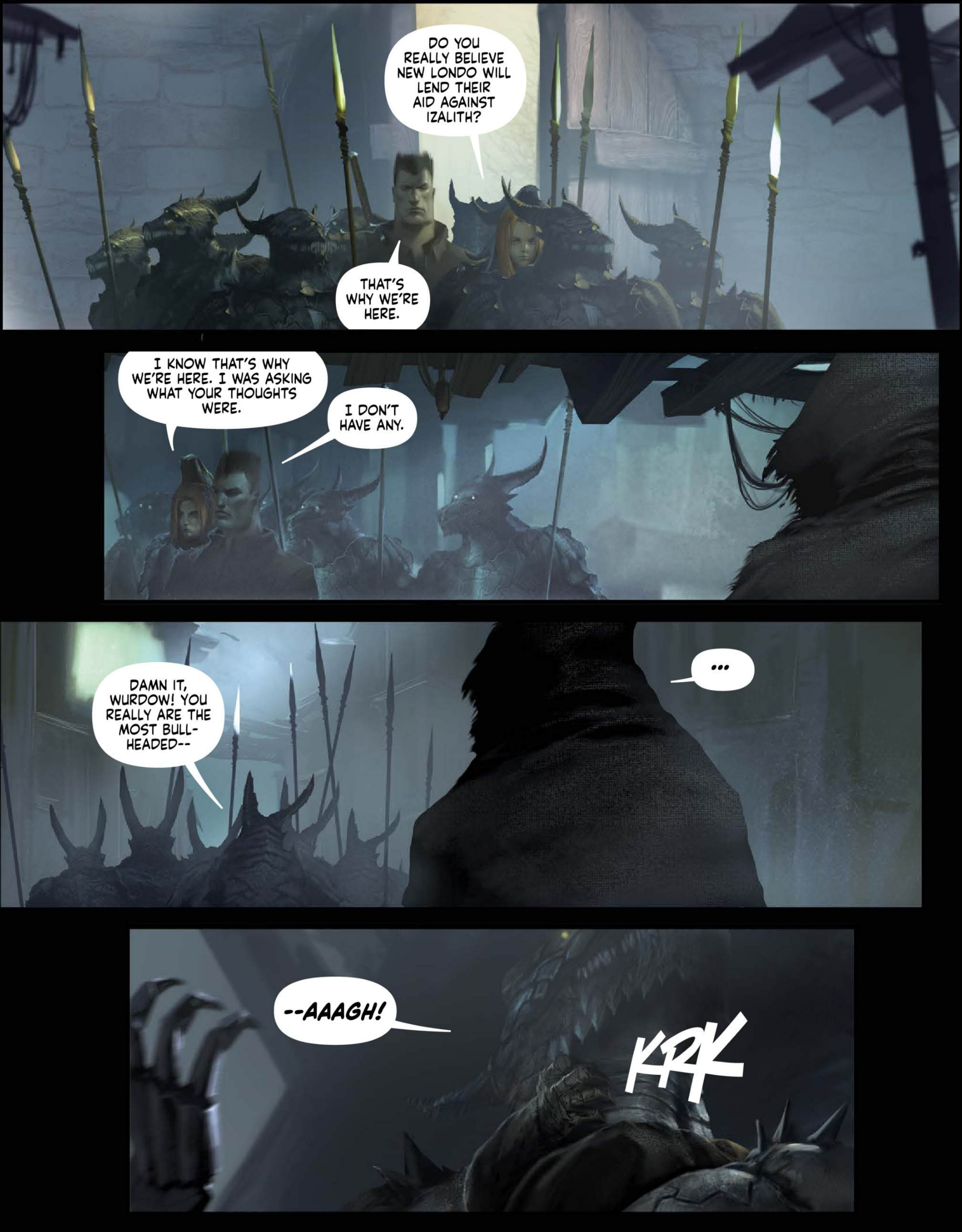

STEADY YOURSELF, KNIGHT GARL. DEMONS DO NOT FLEE.


"THEY SIMPLY RETURN TO THE SHADOWS FROM WHENCE THEY CAME."


SHADOWS THAT WILL SOON VANISH...

IZALITH
...WHEN FACED WITH FLAME.

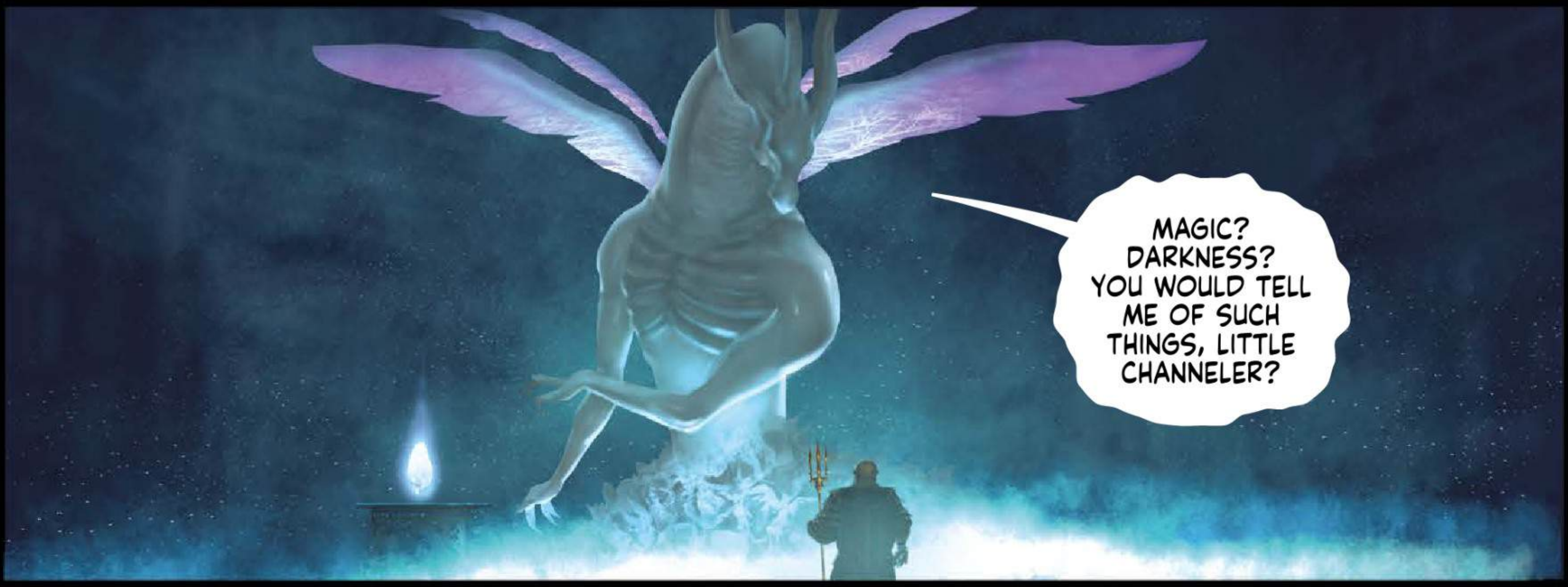
NEW LONDO
I TIRE OF THIS ENDLESS WALKING.
YOU MUST COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS, EXECUTIONER WURDOW. IT IS THE LUXURY OF THE LIVING TO BE BORED.
THE ROAD IS LINED WITH THE BODIES OF DEAD MEN WHO ENJOYED EVENTFUL JOURNEYS.
THEN LET US FIND THESE MEN OF EVENTFUL JOURNEYS, AND LET ME ADD TO THE NUMBER OF THEIR DEAD!
SIGH
YOUR ORDERS, GRAVIS?
ENTER.

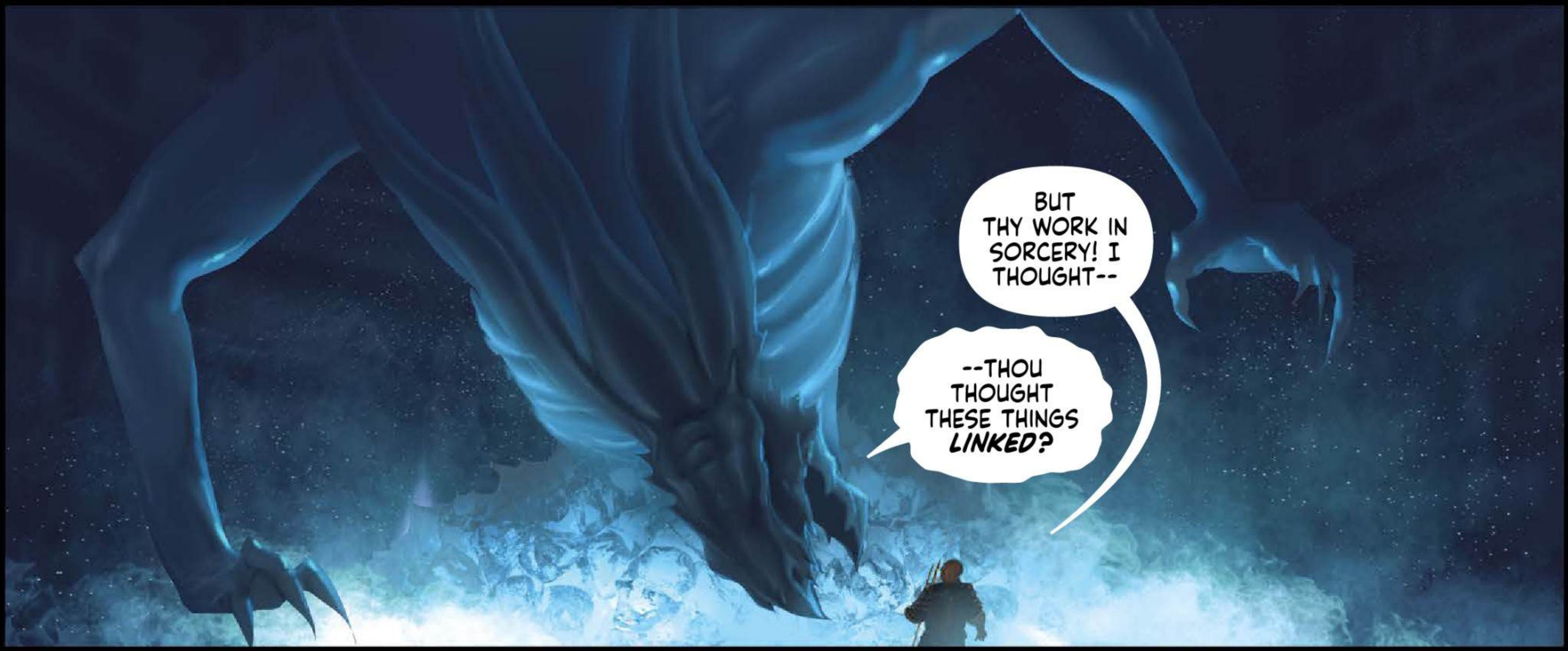

DO YOU REALLY BELIEVE NEW LONDO WILL LEND THEIR AID AGAINST IZALITH?
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE.
I KNOW THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. I WAS ASKING WHAT YOUR THOUGHTS WERE.
I DON'T HAVE ANY.
DAMN IT, WURDOW! YOU REALLY ARE THE MOST BULL-HEADED--
...
--AAAGH!
KRK
FINALLY!

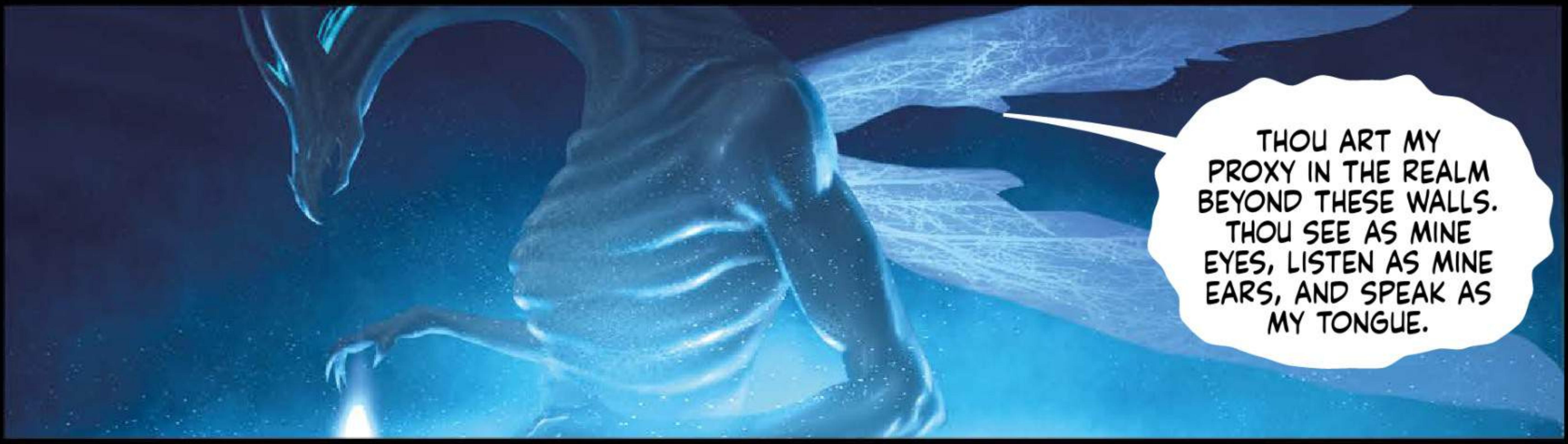
WHAT ARE THESE THINGS?!
DEAD THINGS.
WHACK
WELL... DEAD AGAIN AT ANY RATE.
UGH!
SHNNNK

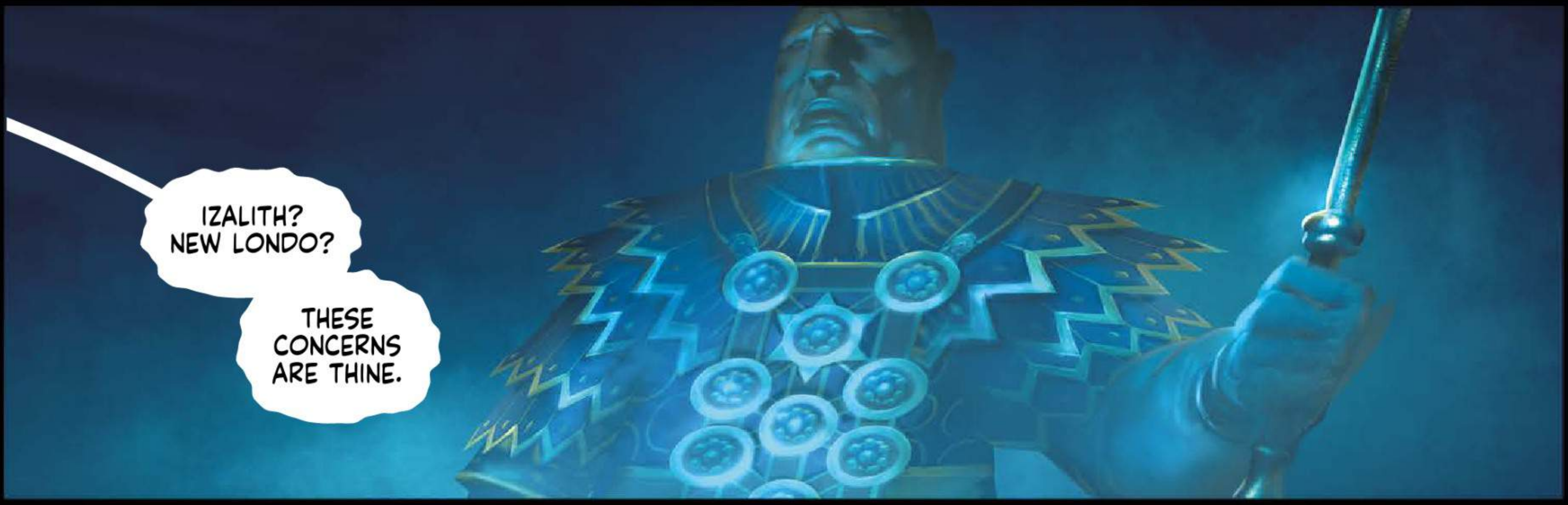
SLTCHH
GR-GRAVIS--
H-HELP...
OFF HIM, DEMON.
SLTCHH
GET UP, WURDOW!
AAAK!
PLEASE...

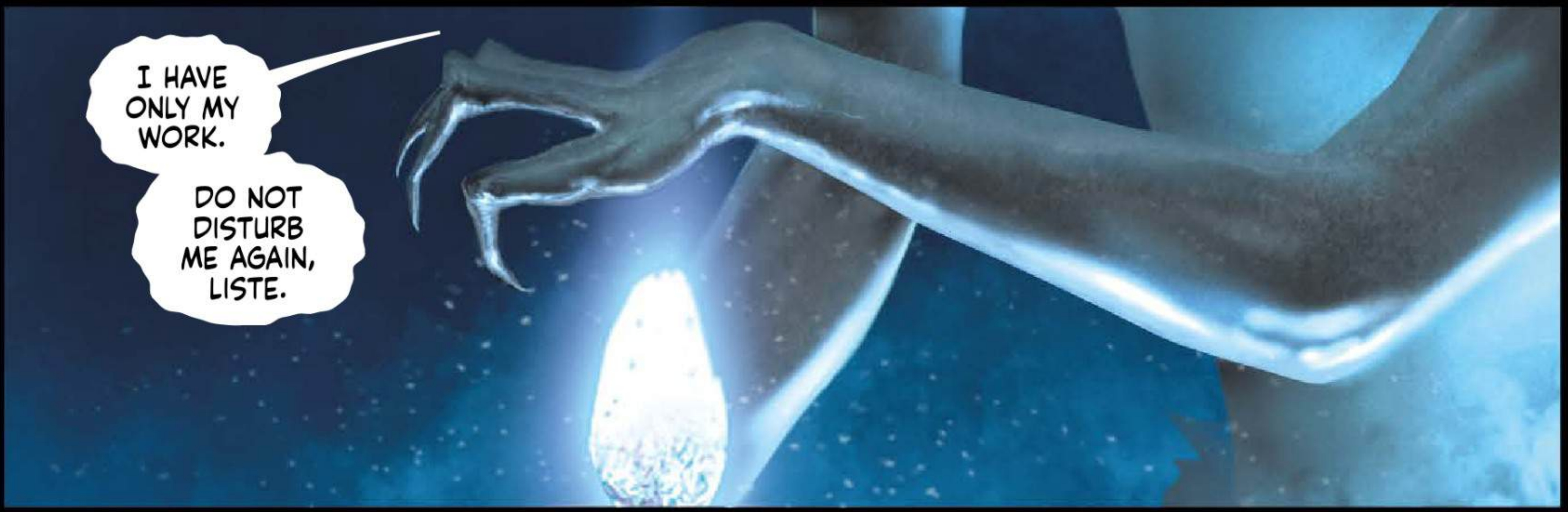
"...I CANNOT DO THIS ALONE."
THE GRAND ARCHIVES
I DO NOT REQUIRE ASSISTANCE.
FORGIVE ME, SER DUKE. BUT I BRING GRAVE NEWS. OF IZALITH AND OF NEW LONDO.
I RAISE THEE ABOVE ALL OTHERS AND YET THOU QUESTION ME?
IS THIS HOW I AM TO BE REWARDED? WITH *COUNSEL?*
SER DUKE... SEATH...I...PLEASE FORGIVE...BUT THERE IS TALK OF DARK MAGIC, OF A SPREADING ABYSS...AND A WOLF KNIGHT WHO--
HAHAHA!

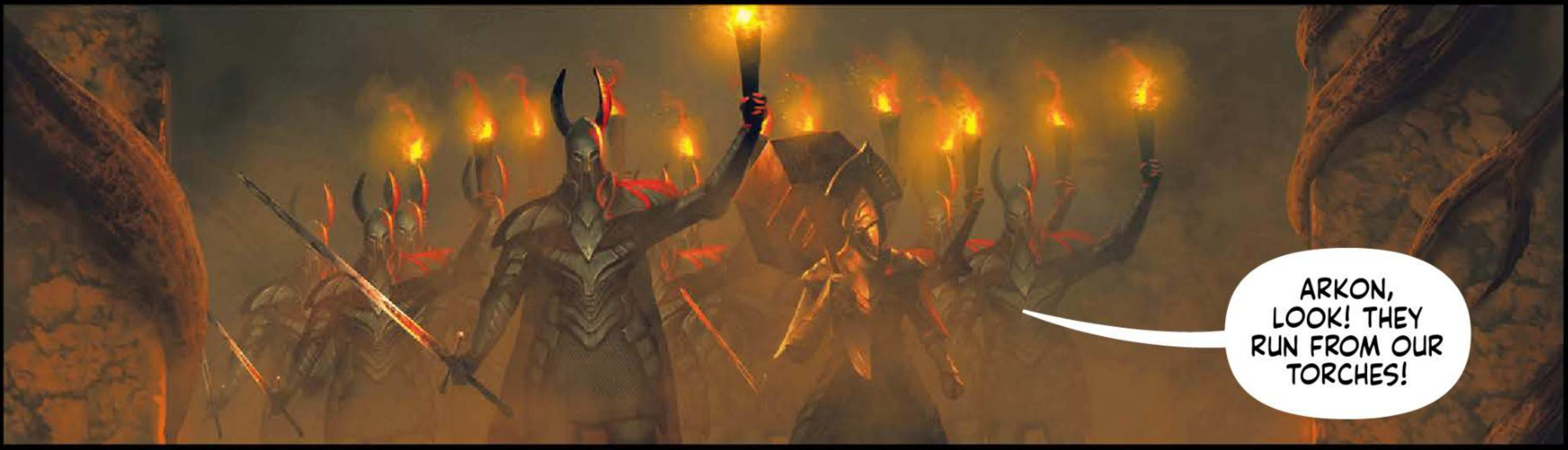

MAGIC? DARKNESS? YOU WOULD TELL ME OF SUCH THINGS, LITTLE CHANNELER?

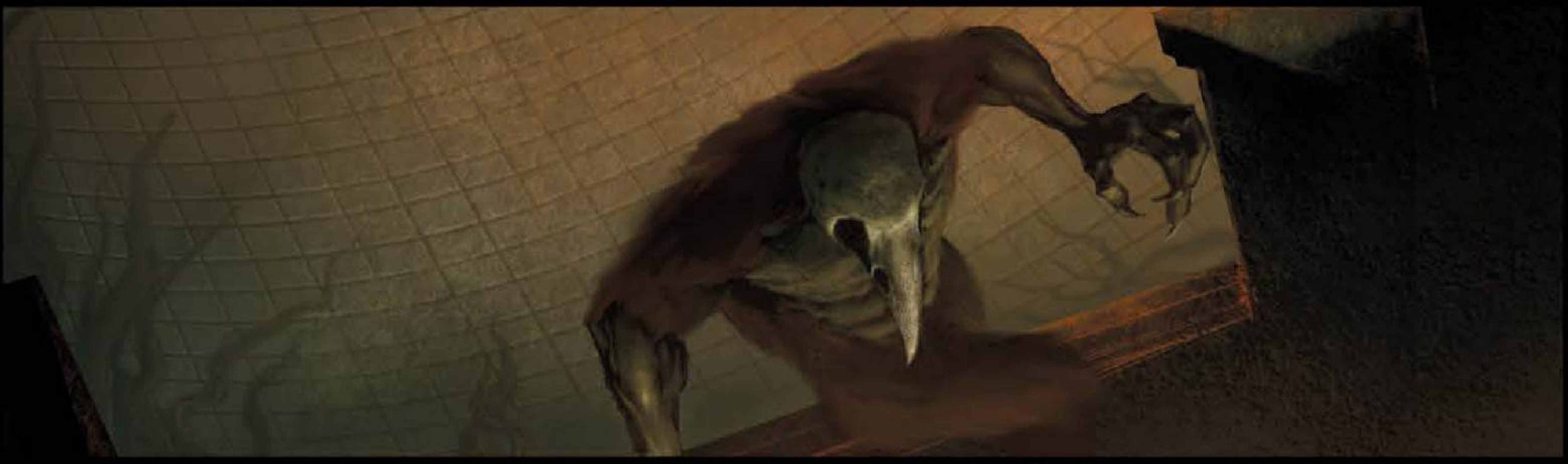

BUT THY WORK IN SORCERY! I THOUGHT--
--THOU THOUGHT THESE THINGS *LINKED?*

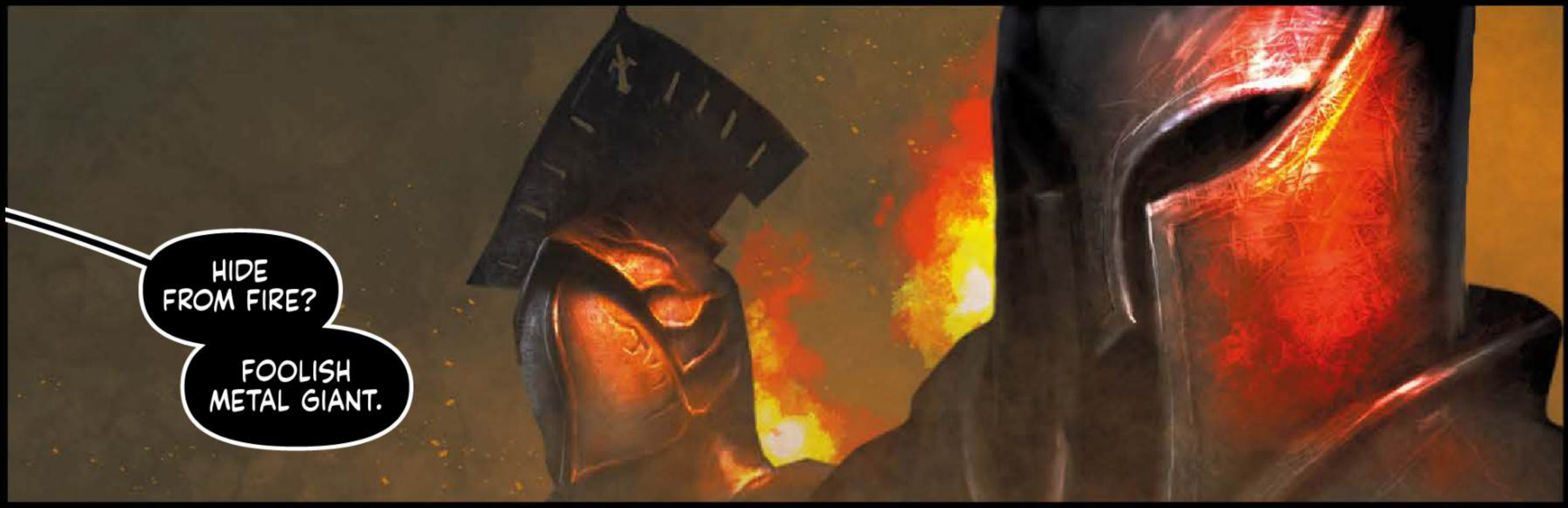

THOU ART MY PROXY IN THE REALM BEYOND THESE WALLS. THOU SEE AS MINE EYES, LISTEN AS MINE EARS, AND SPEAK AS MY TONGUE.

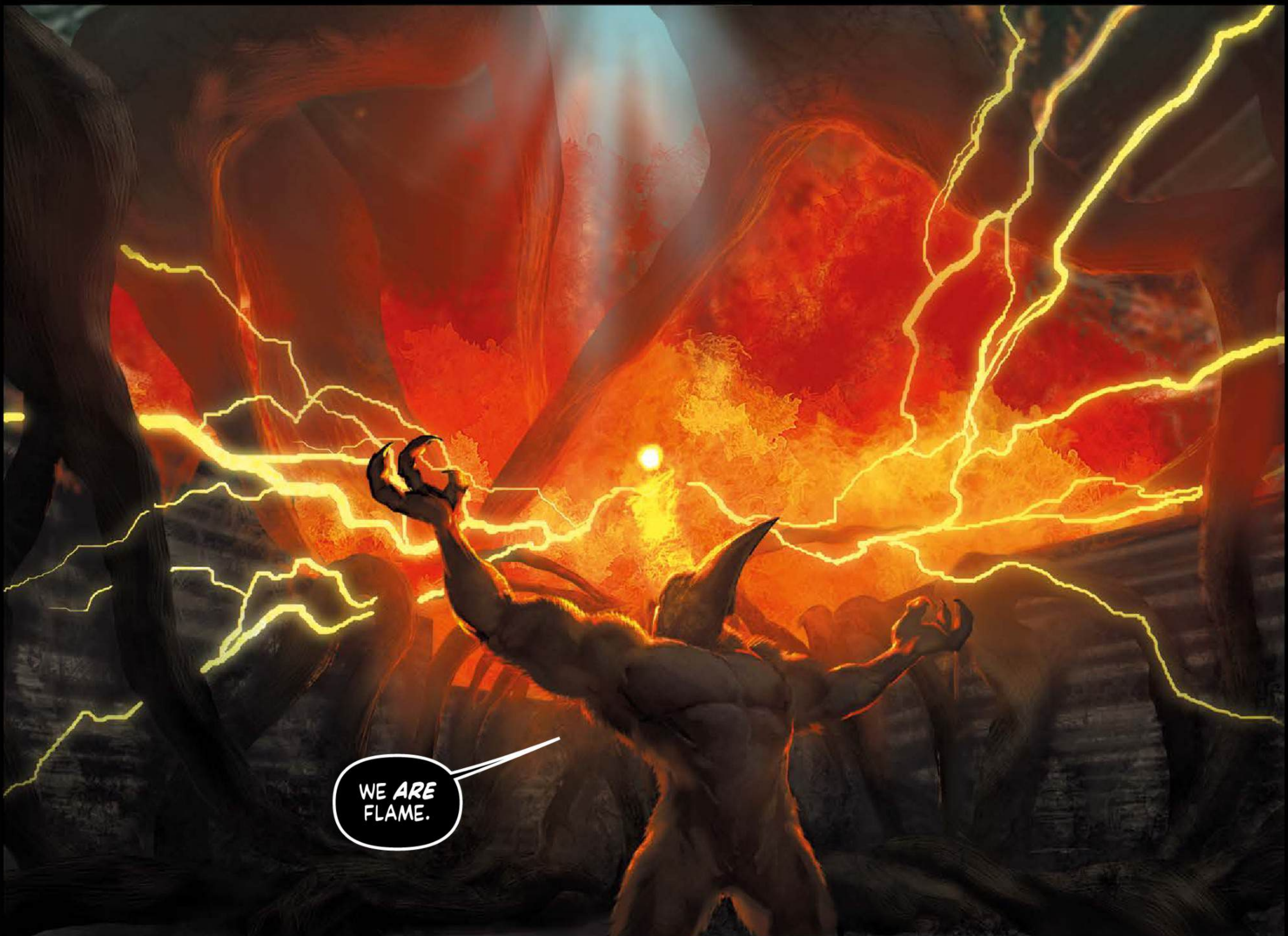

IZALITH? NEW LONDO?
THESE CONCERNS ARE THINE.


I HAVE ONLY MY WORK.
DO NOT DISTURB ME AGAIN, LISTE.


ARKON, LOOK! THEY RUN FROM OUR TORCHES!




HIDE FROM FIRE?
FOOLISH METAL GIANT.

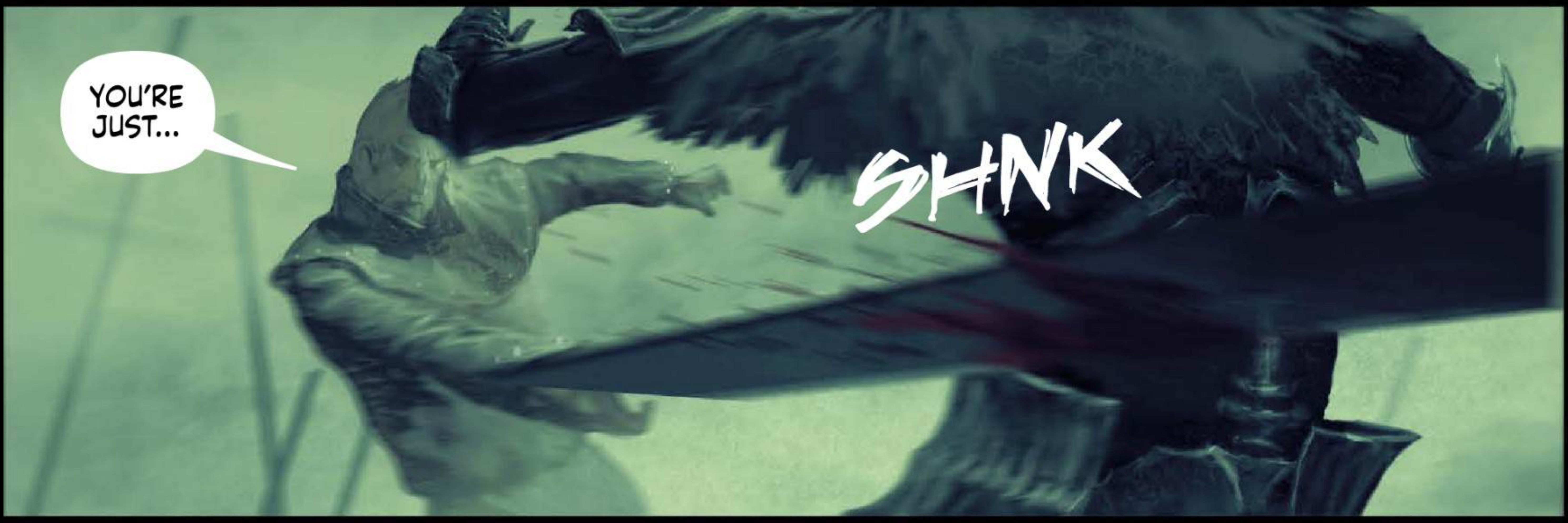

WE *ARE* FLAME.

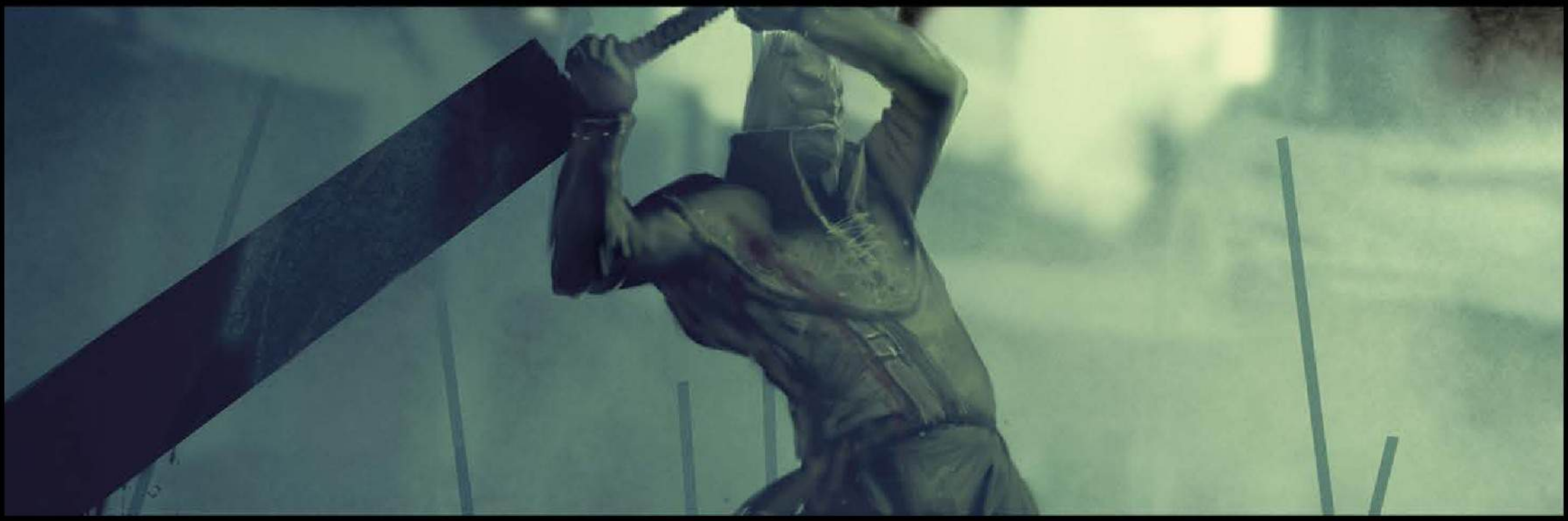
FWOOOM
AAAGH!
GARL! NO!
FRET NOT, SER KNIGHT.
THY FRIEND IS STILL OF THIS WORLD, ONLY CHANGED.
COME, LET ME GIFT THEE THE SAME...

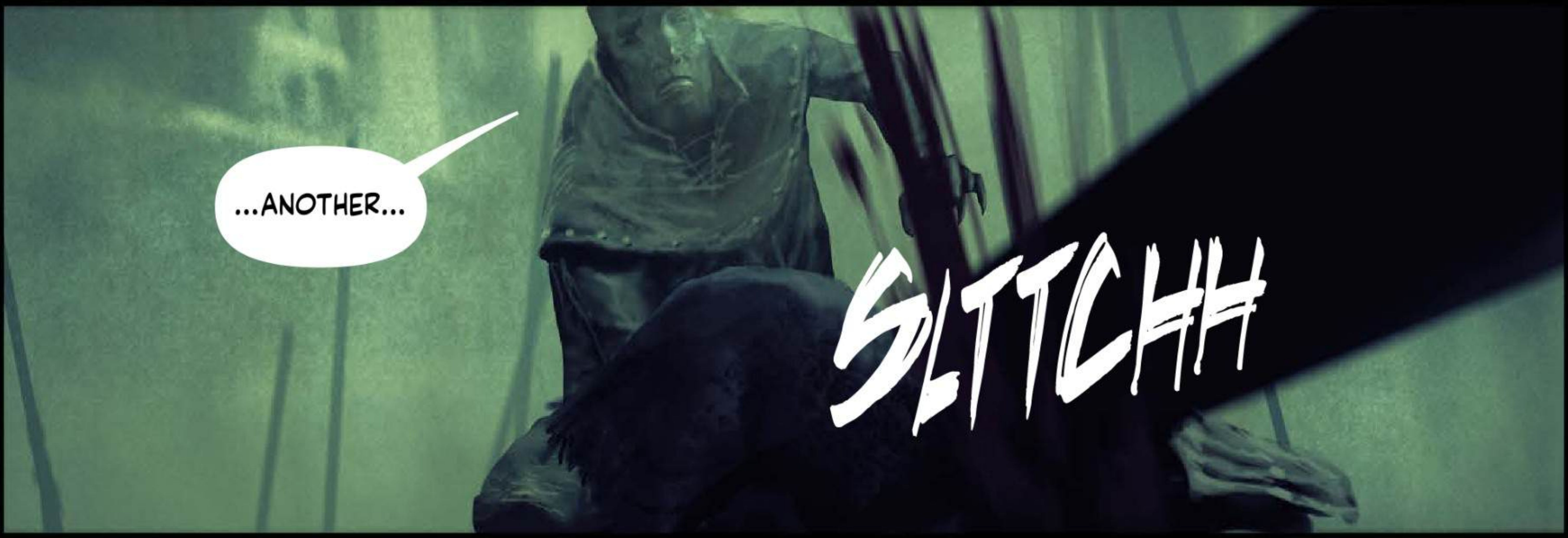
WHERE HAVE YOU...
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
THE UNFORMED WORLD
WHAT IS THIS PLACE?
AN ODD THING TO PONDER. SURELY *WHEN* WOULD BE MORE APT?
NO...IT CANNOT BE...NOT AGAIN...
AGAIN?
AGAIN IS ALL THERE IS, DEAREST ARKON. IT IS ALL MY KIND KNOWETH.

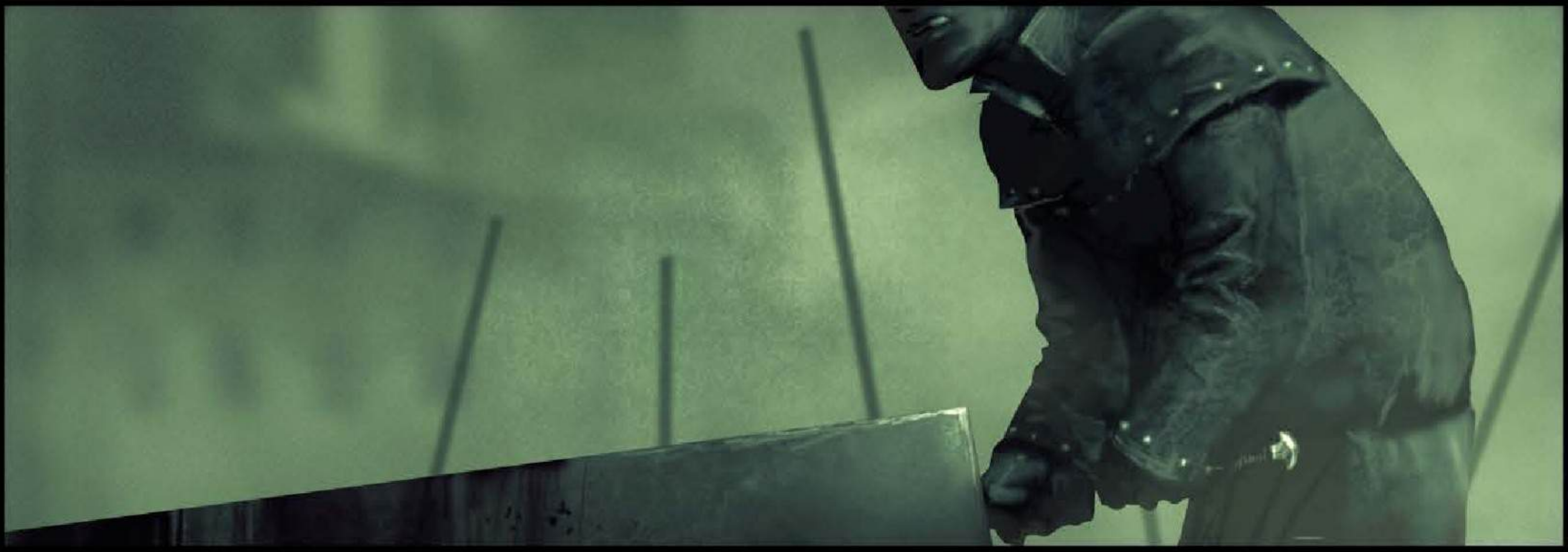
OVER AND OVER, THE CYCLE EVERLASTING. OLD ENEMIES IN NEW FORMS. ALL WARS THE SAME.
AN ENDLESS TALE OF A SERPENT DEVOURING ITS ENDLESS TAIL.
TASTE LIFE. TASTE DEATH.
DEVOUR THYSELF.
NO! THIS IS AN ILLUSION! THIS IS SORCERY! I DEFY IT!
THOU ACCUSED MY KIND OF HIDING IN SHADOWS.
ALLOW ME TO GRANT THEE SUCH A BOON.

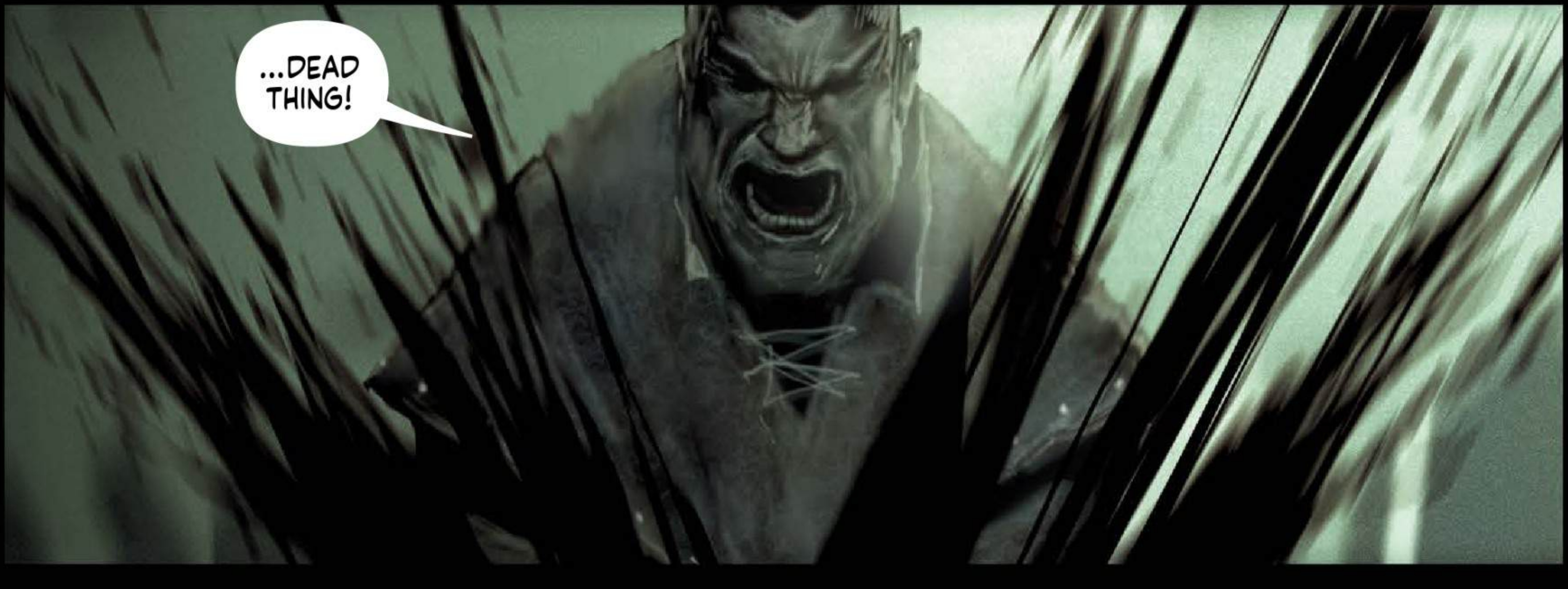
COME THEN...
NEW LONDO
... FACE A DRAGON!
SLTTCHH
HNN!
AARGH!
SLTTCHH
YOU HAVE THE LOOK OF AN IMMORTAL.
YET YOU CARRY A BLADE?


YOU'RE JUST...
SHNK




...ANOTHER...
SLTTCHH




...DEAD THING!

NO TRUE IMMORTAL NEEDS A WEAPON.
WUDOW, LOOK...
MORE OF THEM!
STEEL YOURSELF...
FSSS

SLITCHH
SLCCHH
WHO...?
BY THE GODS...

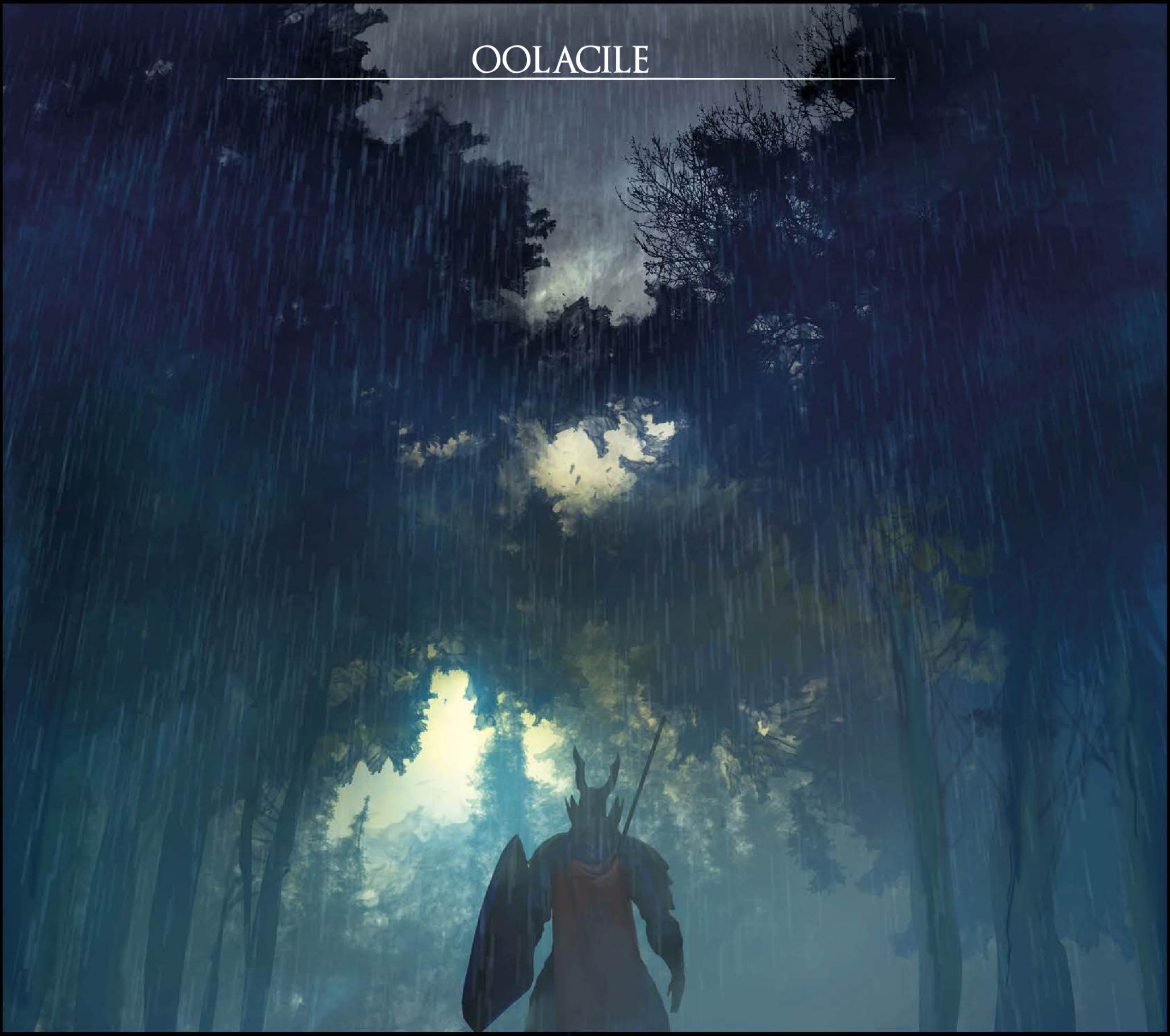
... MY LORD ARTORIAS!
IT IS AN HONOR!
HAVE YOU COME TO AID US IN SPEAKING WITH--?

IZALITH
GOOD MORROW, ARKON! DIDST THOU ENJOY THY SLUMBER?

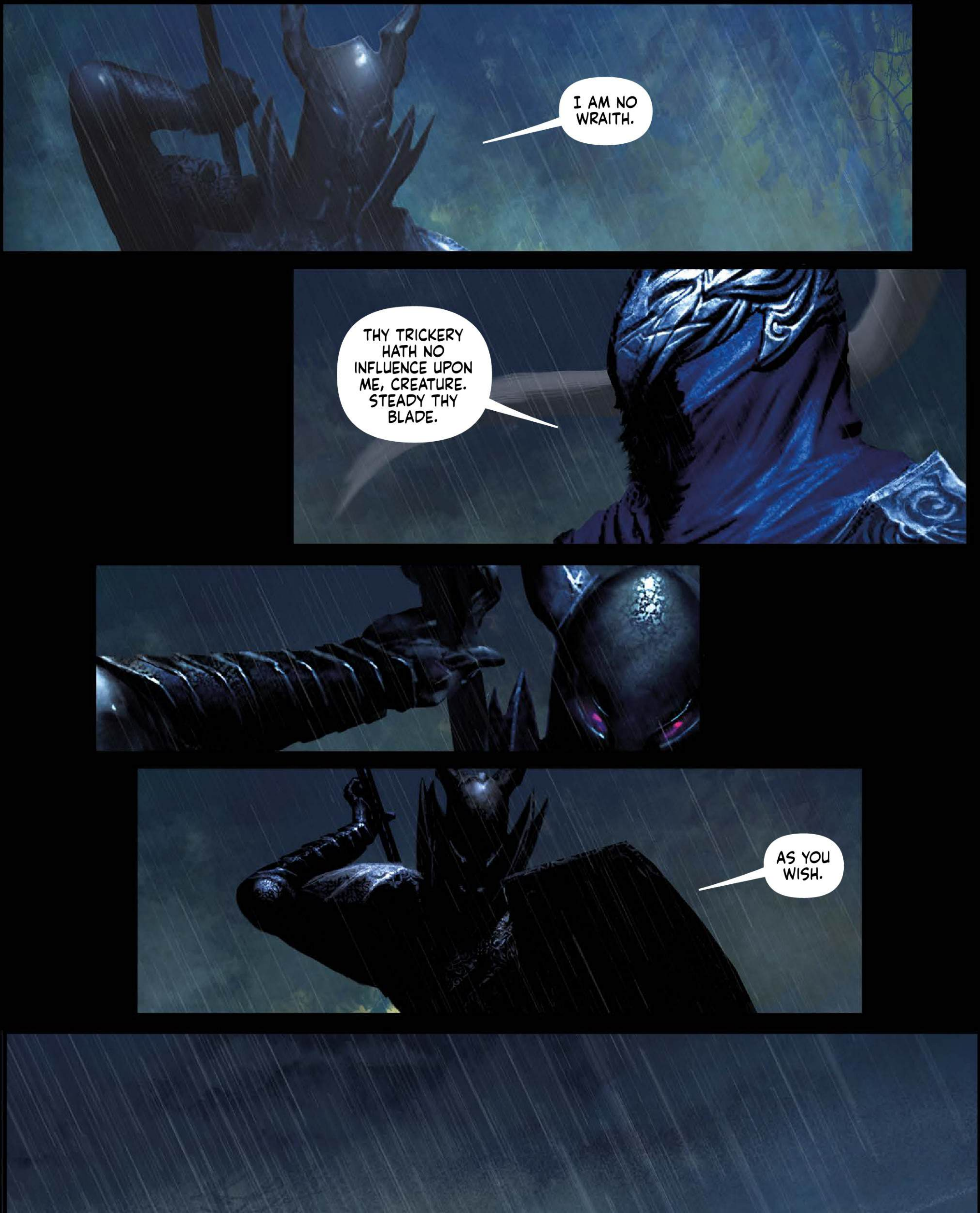
MY ARMOUR IS BLACK.
ALL FLAMES CAST A SHADOW, SER KNIGHT.
YOU DID THIS?
MAYHAP IT WAS MINE EMBERS. MAYHAP IT WAS ANOTHER'S.
WHO IS TO SAY? THY ARMOUR REMAINS BLACK REGARDLESS THE CAUSE. THY BROTHERS TOO ART CURSED IN THIS WAY.
MY BROTHERS?!
AYE, ARKON. THY BROTHER-KNIGHTS STILL LIVE. THOUGH NOT HERE.
THEY'VE LONG-SINCE LEFT THIS REALM. MARCHING PAST THY SLUMBERING FORM, SEEING THEE CONTENT TO LAY HERE AS MINE-OWN BEDFELLOW.
THEY... LEFT...ME...

ARKON! PRITHEE HALT THY MOVEMENTS! I BEG OF THEE! I DID NOT CAUSE THY BROTHERS TO FLEE! THIS ACTION WILT NOT HALT THY CURSE!
KRUNCH
NO.
BUT IT WILL IMPROVE MY MOOD.

OOLACILE



THOU STRAY FAR FROM NEW LONDO, WRAITH.


I AM NO WRAITH.
THY TRICKERY HATH NO INFLUENCE UPON ME, CREATURE. STEADY THY BLADE.
AS YOU WISH.

KRK

SHNK

ARKON?
THOU ART... CHANGED.

WHAT MADE THEE THIS WAY?
FIRE AND BETRAYAL.
FROM THOSE I USED TO CALL BROTHERS.
THY BROTHERS RETURNED TO ANOR LONDO ON ORDERS OF OUR LORD GWYN. WOULDST THOU DISMISS HIM THE SAME?
I WOULD NEVER ABANDON THE LORD OF LIGHT.
THEN GO TO HIM. FOR HE NEEDS THEE, ARKON. NOW MORE THAN EVER.
A GREAT DARKNESS HAS FALLEN UPON LORDRAN, AND I FEAR WE ARE TOO FEW TO STOP THE SPREAD OF IT.
GOODBYE, WOLF KNIGHT.
FARE THEE WELL, BLACK KNIGHT...

"...MAY THY HOME BE AT PEACE UPON THY RETURN."
LOWER WARD
WHAT HAPPENED TO THESE PEOPLE?
NO IDEA. LISTE HAS US ROUNDING THEM UP AND PLACING THEM IN ASYLUMS.
HONESTLY...
"...I DON'T SEE WHY WE DON'T JUST EXECUTE THEM. THEY'RE HARDLY HUMAN."
DON'T SAY THAT. WE MIGHT YET FIND A CURE.

CURE? OH GRAVIS, EVER THE OPTIMIST.
THESE CREATURES HAVE NO ***SOULS.*** THERE IS NO CURE FOR SUCH A CURSE.
SAVE FOR THE EXECUTIONER'S BLOCK.
AND ***YOUR*** SOUL IS WORTH SO MUCH?
YOU'RE A BRUTE, WURDOW. A HIRED SWORD AND NOTHING MORE.
...
GOODBYE, KRAKEN SPAWN.
PRAY WE NEVER MEET AGAIN.

GRAVIS? SHOULD WE FOLLOW--
--LEAVE ME.
I MUST NOT FALTER...

ANOR LONDO
"OUR LORD GWYN IS NO LONGER IN ANOR LONDO..."

...HE HATH LEFT THE SUNLIT CITY SO THAT HE MIGHT SLOW THE SPREAD OF DARKNESS TO OUR LAND.
A DARKNESS WHICH HATH ALREADY BEFALLEN IZALITH, NEW LONDO, AND OOLACILE.
AND, ALAS, NOW TOO LOWER WARD.
LOWER WARD
BUT FRET NOT, CITIZENS. FOR IN THE ABSENCE OF LORD GWYN, MY LORD SEATH HATH OFFERED HIS PROTECTION TO THEE.
I, YE HUMBLE SERVANT, AS WELL AS THE CHANNELERS AND THE EXECUTIONERS, WILL ENSURE LOWER WARD DOES NOT FULLY FALL INTO SHADOW.
WE SHALL KEEP THE FLAME BURNING.
CAPITAN SIEFER?
SO... LOWER WARD BECOMETH THE PROVINCE OF A ***DRAGON.***
TELL ME, GRAVIS. HAST THOU HEARD THE TALE OF SEATH THE SCALELESS?

"... UNLIKE OTHERS OF HIS KIND, SEATH WAS BORN MORTAL AND WITHOUT SCALES. HE HATED HIS SIBLINGS, FOR HE KNEW THEY WOULD ALL OUTLIVE HIM.
"WHEN THE GODS AND THEIR ALLIES FOUGHT THE DRAGONS, TWAS SEATH WHO TURNED THE TIDE OF BATTLE.
"FOR HE WHISPERED INTO THE EAR OF OUR LORD OF LIGHT THE VERY MEANS BY WHICH TO SLAY HIS SCALEBOUND BROTHERS AND SISTERS.
"AS REWARD, SEATH WAS NAMED DUKE, AND WAS GIFTED THE GRAND ARCHIVES.
"WHERE HE HATH REMAINED, UNDISTURBED, EVER SINCE.
"IT IS A STRANGE COINCIDENCE. THAT A DRAGON WHO BETRAYED HIS OWN KIND...
"NOW BENEFITS THE MOST FROM HUMANITY TURNING ON ITSELF."
DO YOU THINK SEATH IS RESPONSIBLE FOR SPREADING THIS...*UNDEAD* CURSE?
SEATH IS A LOYAL ALLY TO LORD GWYN. AND I, CAPITAN OF THE SILVER KNIGHTS, WOULD NEVER QUESTION MY LORD'S JUDGEMENT.
STILL...
"THE MIND DOTH WANDER."

ANOR LONDO

LOWER WARD
THAT ALL OF 'EM?
BUNCHA UNDEAD FREAKS. NO WONDER THEY WEAR THOSE FANCY HELM--
OVER THERE! ANOTHER ONE!

GRAVIS...
YOU. START RUNNING.
WHUMP
COME BACK! ONE OF THE PRISONERS IS ESCAPING!

HEY! GET BACK HERE!
COWARD.

THE GRAND ARCHIVES
MY LORD, I BRING GOOD NEWS!
THE FRUITS OF OUR PLAN RIPEN BY THE HOUR.
OUR PLAN?
HAVE I NOT TOLD THEE THE MACHINATIONS BEYOND THESE WALLS ART OF NO INTEREST TO ME? DID I NOT INSTRUCT THEE TO ACT SOLELY AS MINE EARS, THAT MINE OWN MIGHT BE FOREVER FREE OF DISTRACTION?

I... THOUGHT...
THOUGHT? ***THOUGHT?!*** THOU DID NO SUCH THING. THOU SIMPLY ***FELT.***
WHICH MEANS EITHER THOU HAST NO WILL, BECAUSE THOU CANNOT CONTROL THY PASSIONS, OR THOU HAST NO MIND, BECAUSE, THOUGH THOU MAY CONTROL THY PASSIONS, THOU HAST NO MIND WITH WHICH TO ACT BEYOND THEM.
THE WILL AND THE MIND... EVER THE BURDEN TO A MORTAL SOUL.
COME, LET ME FREE THEE OF SUCH RESTRAINTS.
LET ME UNCREATE THY CONSCIENCE...

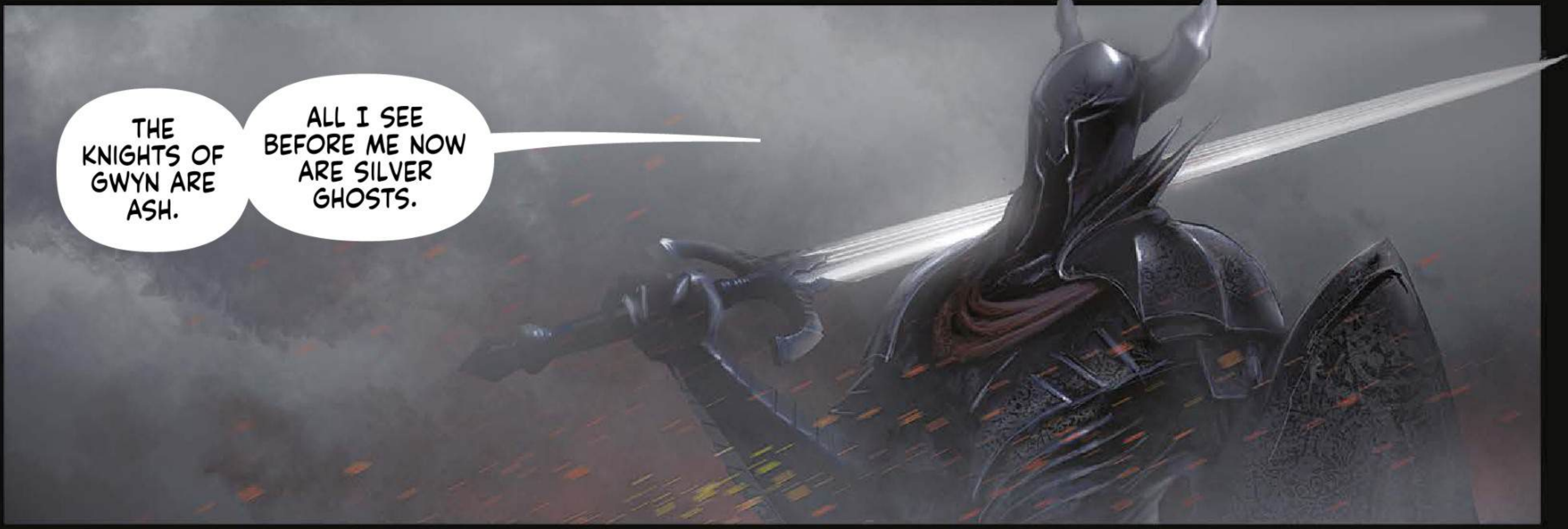
"...AND FORGE A PATH INTO THE SMITHY OF THY SOUL."
THE KILN OF THE FIRST FLAME

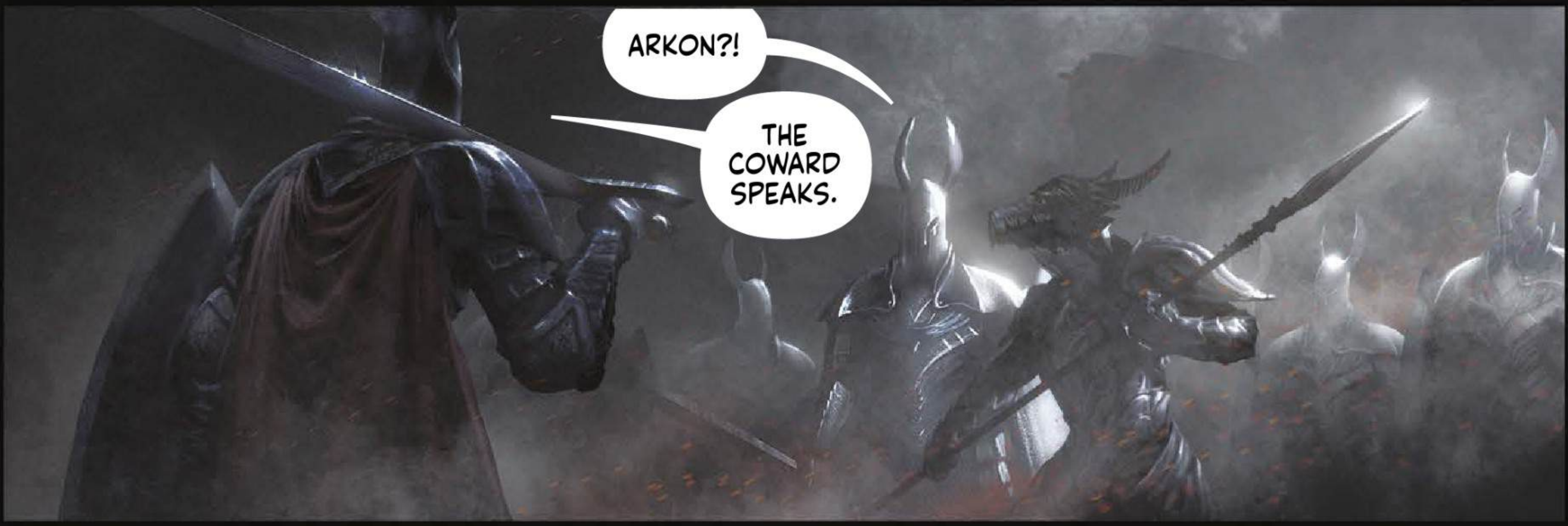
KLANG

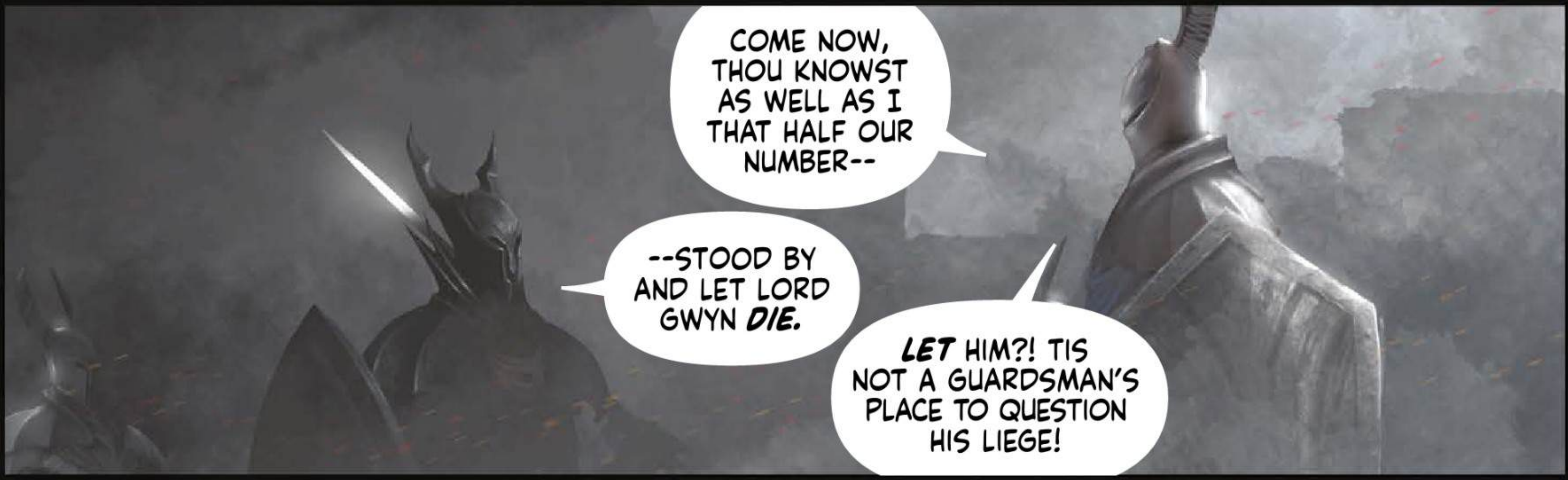
THE GRAND ARCHIVES
...HAND...
...MAID...
...ENS...
...HAND...
...MAID...
...ENS...
WURDOW, WI'RESPECT, THIS'S POINTLESS.
LOWER WARD
NOBODIES TRYNA BREAK INTA LOWER WARD. WHY D'WE EVEN HAFTA GUARD THIS--
...HAND...
...MAID...

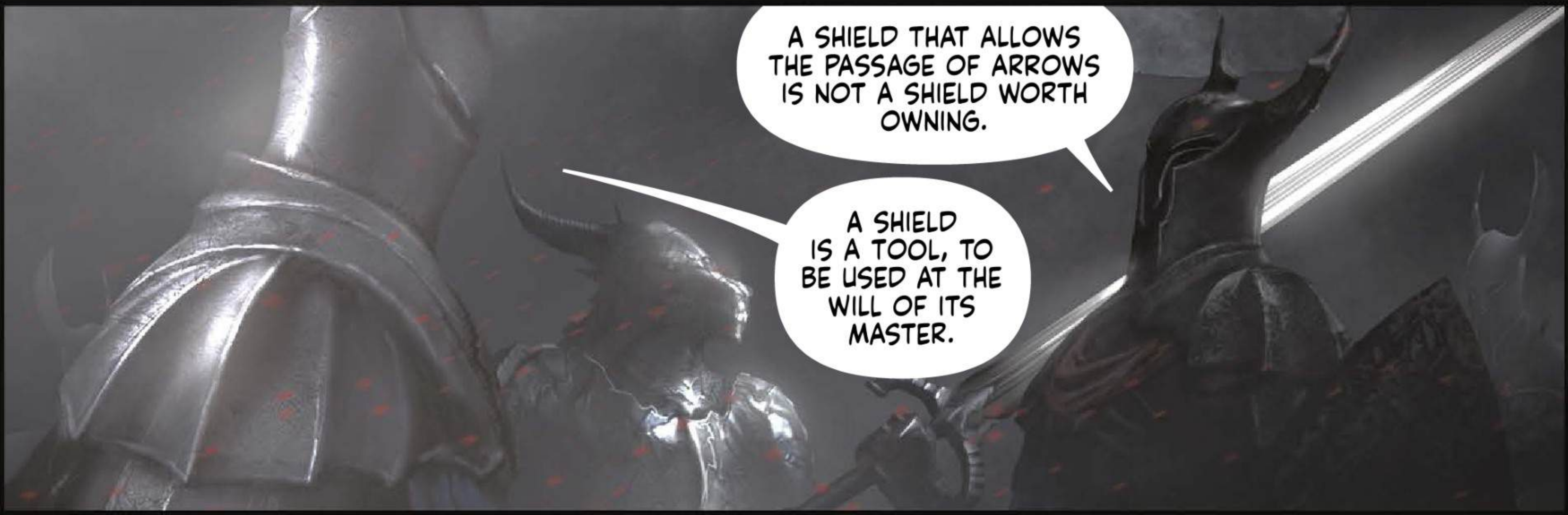
WHY DIDST THOU REMAIN, KNIGHT GRAVIS? ALL THAT AWAITS THEE HERE IS DEATH.
I WILL... NOT ABAN...DON... LOWER WARD...IT IS...MY HOME...
I...MUST PRO...TECT IT... FROM THE... CURSE...
THOU *SUFFER* THE CURSE, KRAKEN-SPAWN.
BUT FRET NOT, WE SHALL RID THEE OF THY BURDEN.
YOU... HAVE A... CURE?

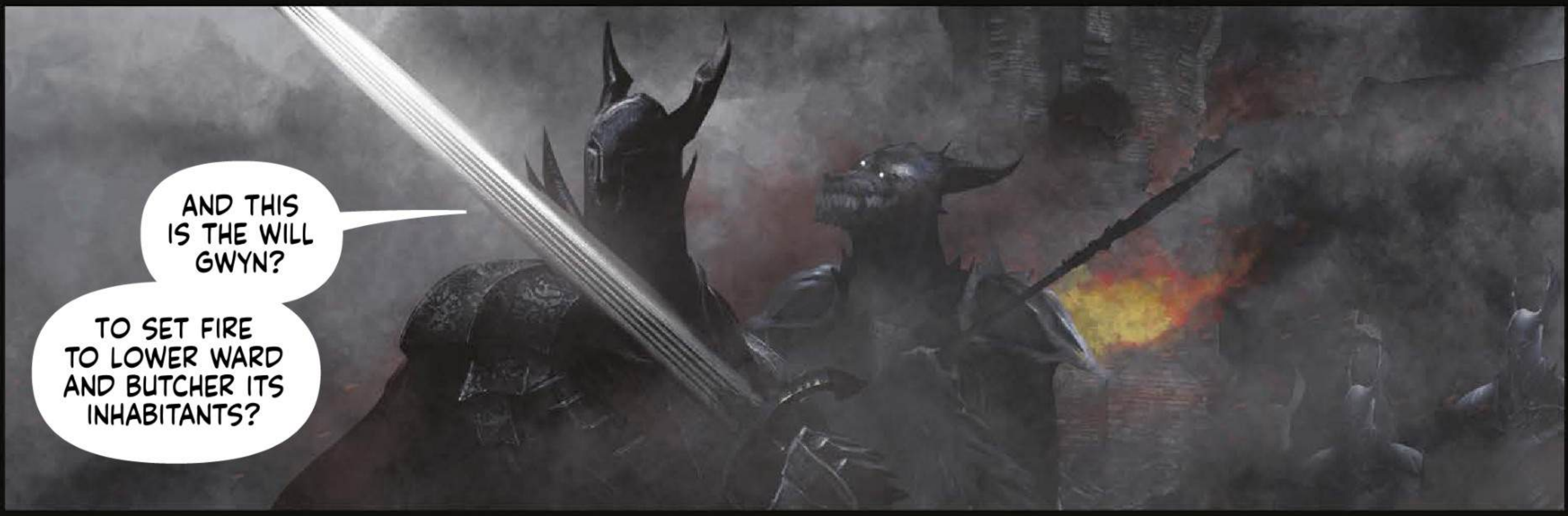
OF A SORT.
ARM HER.
HUH...?
THE ASYLUMS ARE NO PLACE FOR A KNIGHT.
COME, GRAVIS, DIE ON THY FEET.
FORM A WALL, BROTHER KNIGHTS.
BROTHER KNIGHTS?

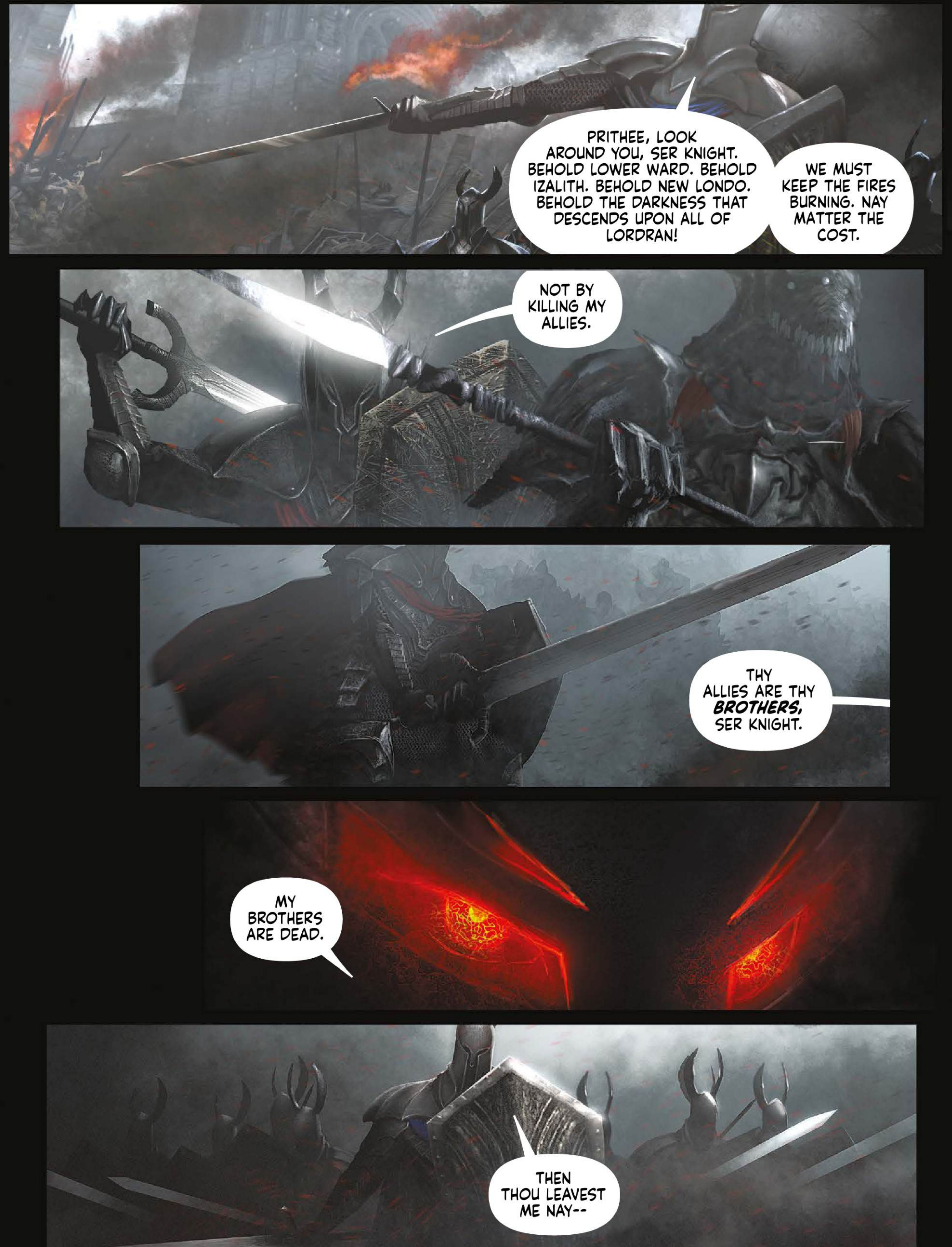

THE KNIGHTS OF GWYN ARE ASH.
ALL I SEE BEFORE ME NOW ARE SILVER GHOSTS.

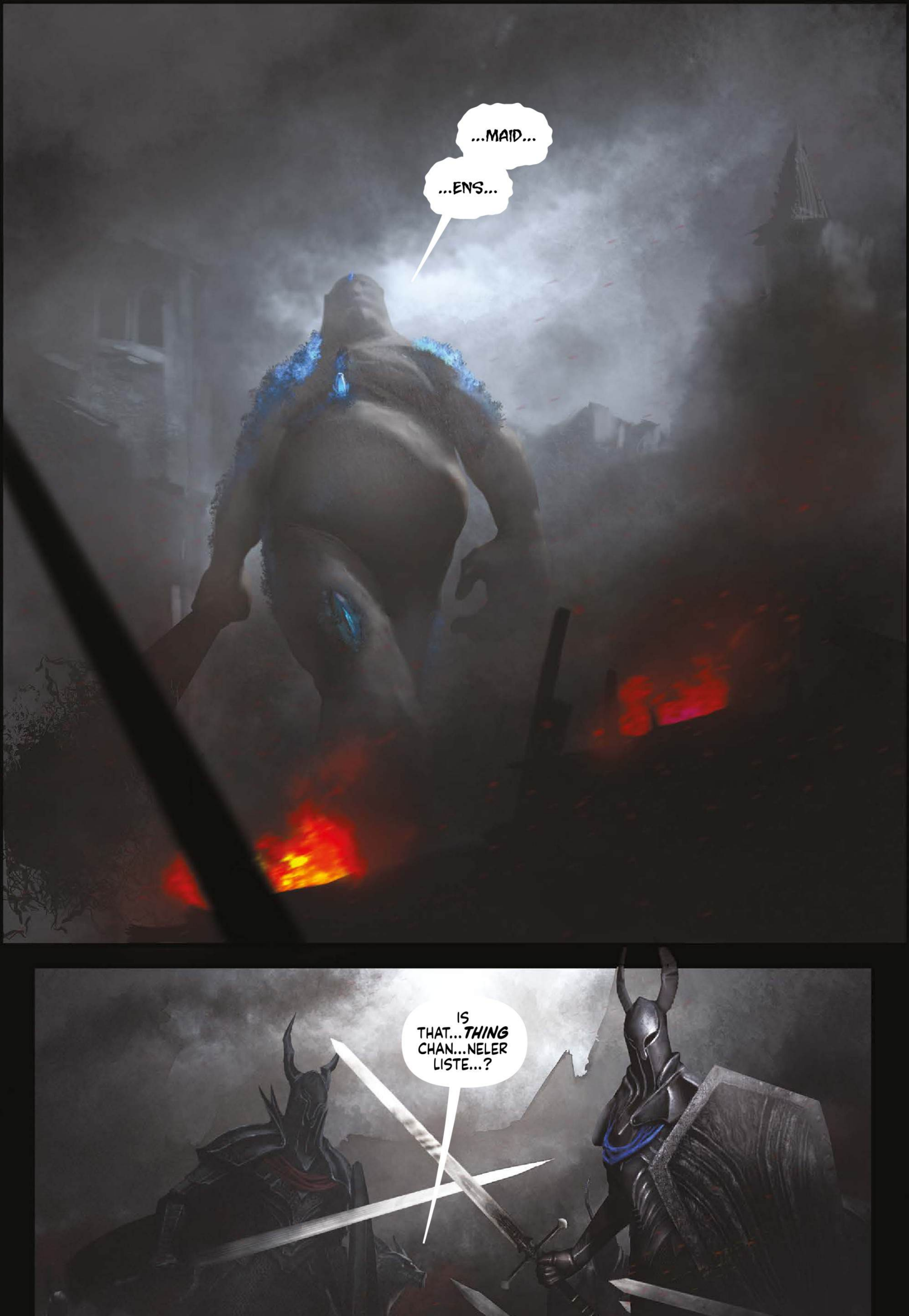

ARKON?!
THE COWARD SPEAKS.


COME NOW, THOU KNOWST AS WELL AS I THAT HALF OUR NUMBER--
--STOOD BY AND LET LORD GWYN *DIE.*
LET HIM?! TIS NOT A GUARDSMAN'S PLACE TO QUESTION HIS LIEGE!


A SHIELD THAT ALLOWS THE PASSAGE OF ARROWS IS NOT A SHIELD WORTH OWNING.
A SHIELD IS A TOOL, TO BE USED AT THE WILL OF ITS MASTER.


AND THIS IS THE WILL GWYN?
TO SET FIRE TO LOWER WARD AND BUTCHER ITS INHABITANTS?


PRITHEE, LOOK AROUND YOU, SER KNIGHT. BEHOLD LOWER WARD. BEHOLD IZALITH. BEHOLD NEW LONDO. BEHOLD THE DARKNESS THAT DESCENDS UPON ALL OF LORDRAN!
WE MUST KEEP THE FIRES BURNING. NAY MATTER THE COST.
NOT BY KILLING MY ALLIES.
THY ALLIES ARE THY ***BROTHERS,*** SER KNIGHT.
MY BROTHERS ARE DEAD.
THEN THOU LEAVEST ME NAY--
...HAND...


...MAID...
...ENS...
IS THAT...*THING* CHAN...NELER LISTE...?

WE MUST RETURN TO ANOR LONDO! THIS CREATURE MUST NOT REACH THE CATHEDRAL!
COME, BROTHER KNIGHT, PRITHEE LET US FORGET THIS FOOLISHNESS BETWIXT US JUST NOW.
NE'ER BEFORE HATH I NEEDED THEE MORE.
I CANNOT DO THIS...
...ALONE.

WHY DID...YOU?
WHAT HAPP...ENED ARK...ON?

"MANY CENTURIES AGO, GWYN BESTOWED A TITLE UPON ME THAT WAS NOT MINE TO TAKE.

"BUT I DID NOT SPEAK UP, FOR IT WAS NOT MY DUTY TO DEFY MY MASTERS.

"LATER, CAPITAN SIEFER SENT MY BROTHERS AND I TO IZALITH TO FIGHT THE DEMONS THERE.

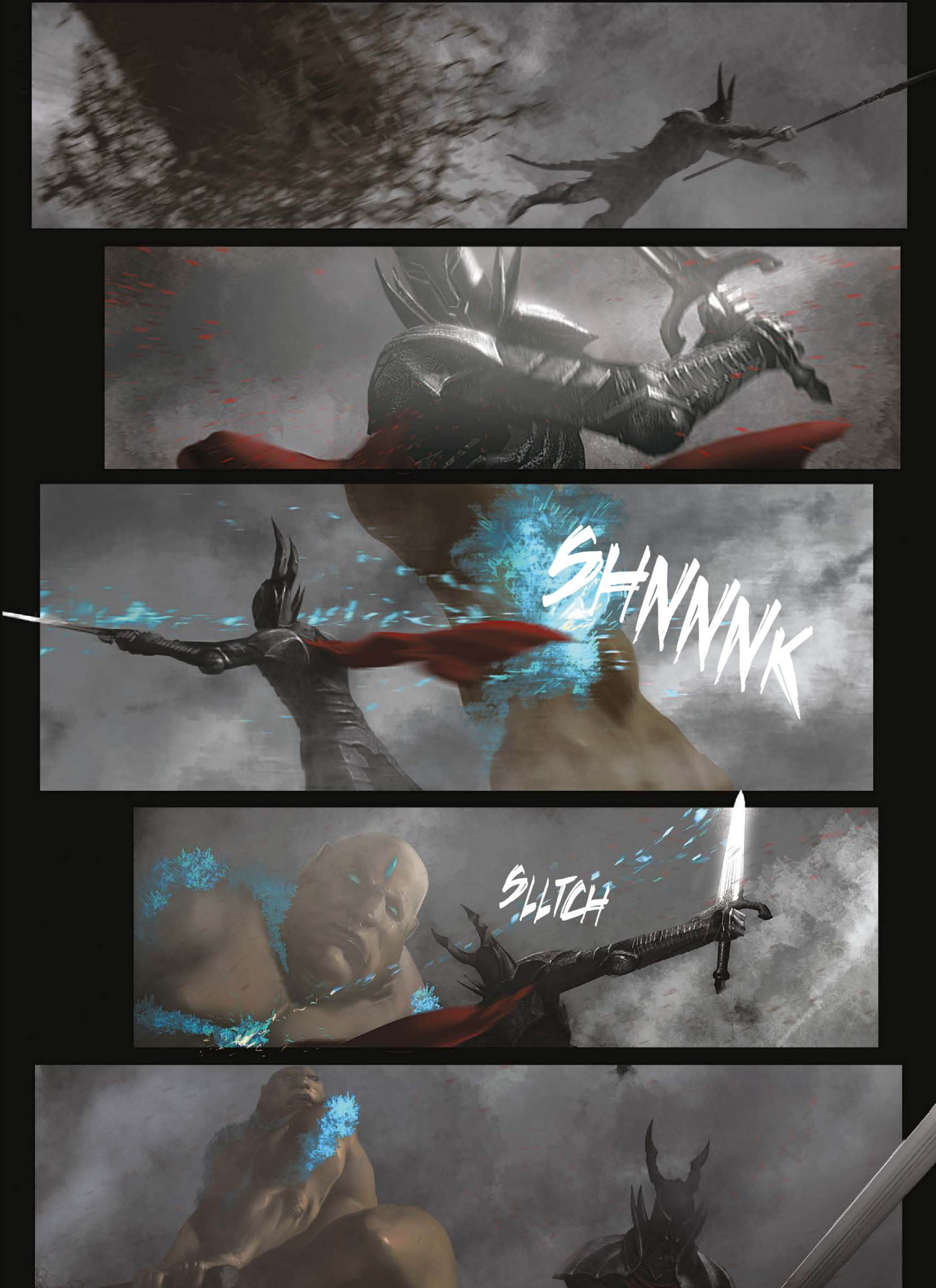
"AGAIN, I DID NOT SPEAK UP, FOR IT WAS NOT MY DUTY TO DEFY MY MASTERS."

AND NOW I AM WITHOUT A LORD TO SERVE AND WITHOUT BROTHERS TO FIGHT BESIDE.
I HAVE DONE MY DUTY AND IT HAS LED ME TO RUIN.
THEN WHY... ARE YOU...STILL FIGH...TING?
"ON THE ROAD FROM IZALITH I MET AN OLD FRIEND. HE TOLD ME A GREAT DARKNESS HAS FALLEN UPON LORDRAN.
"THE VAST SHADOW OF THE FORGOTTEN BEINGS WHO SHAPED OUR WORLD HAD AWOKEN. A LONG NIGHT SET TO DEVOUR US ALL."
YOU ASK WHY I STILL FIGHT?
IT IS SIMPLE...
HAND... MAID...ENS...
...I HAVE NO INTENTION OF BEING DEVOURED.

THNNNK
KRUNCH

HAND... MAID...EN?
KRRRSH

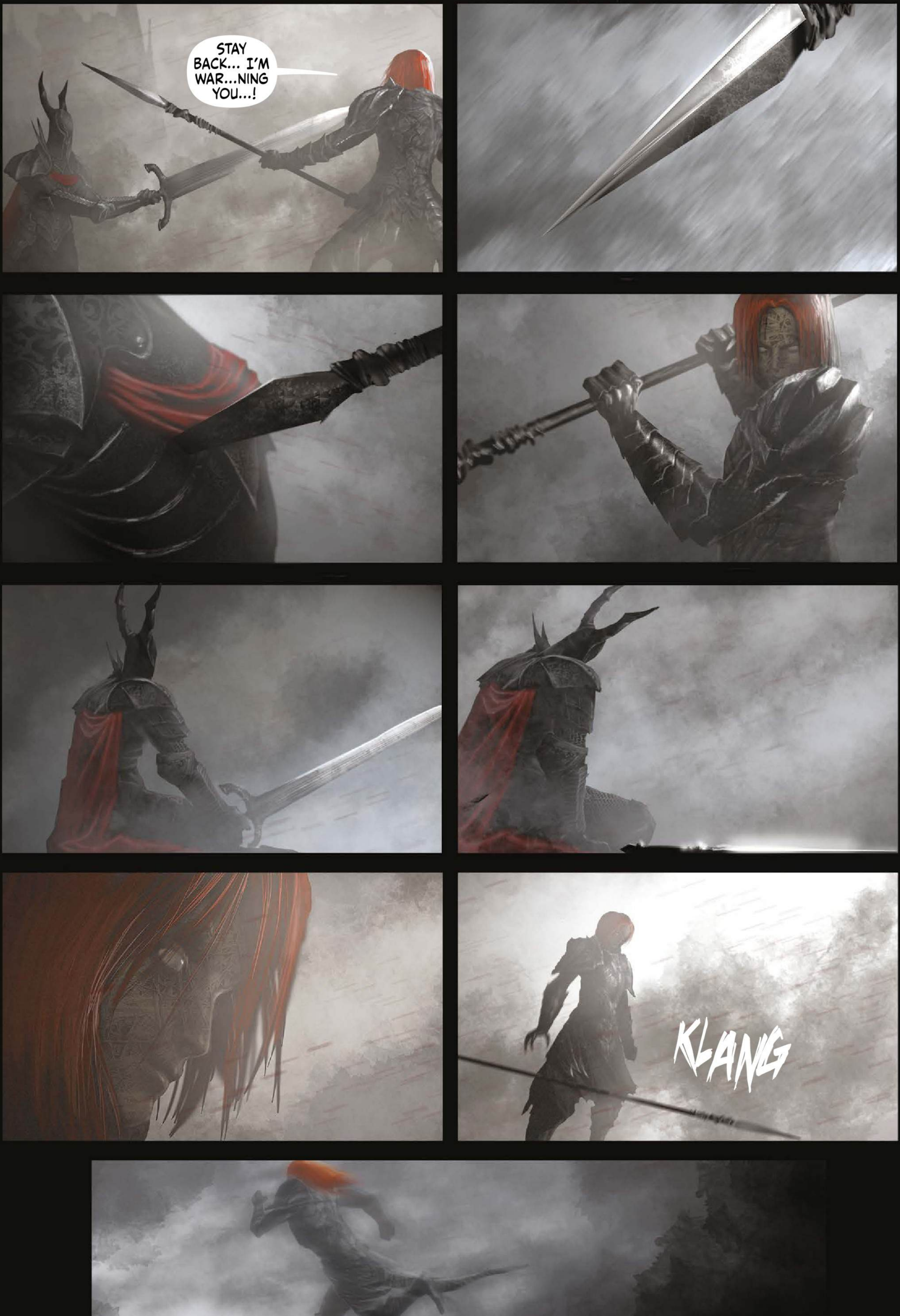
SLTCH
THIS IS SEATH'S HANDIWORK.
AIM FOR THE CRYSTALS.

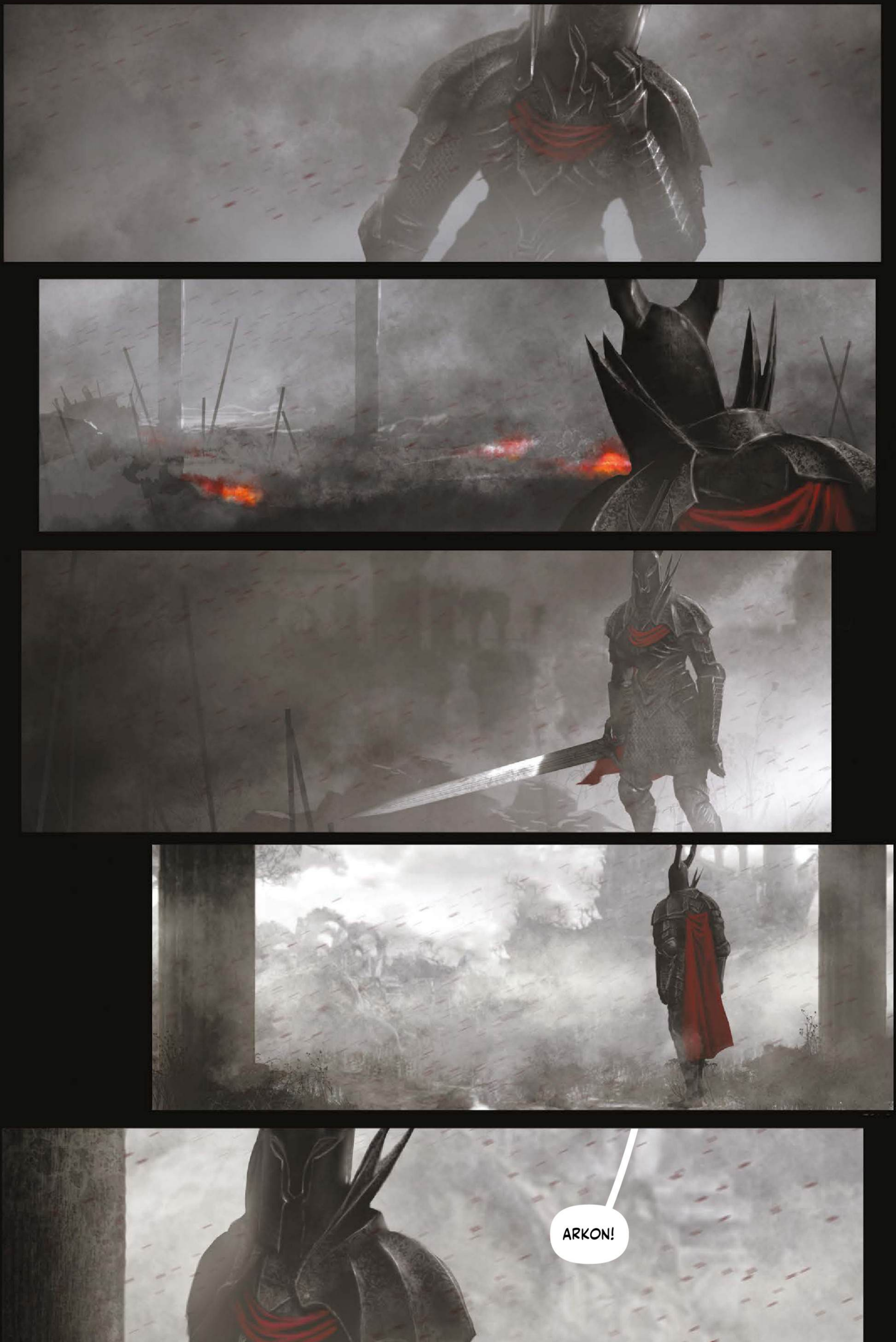

SHNNNK
SLLTCH

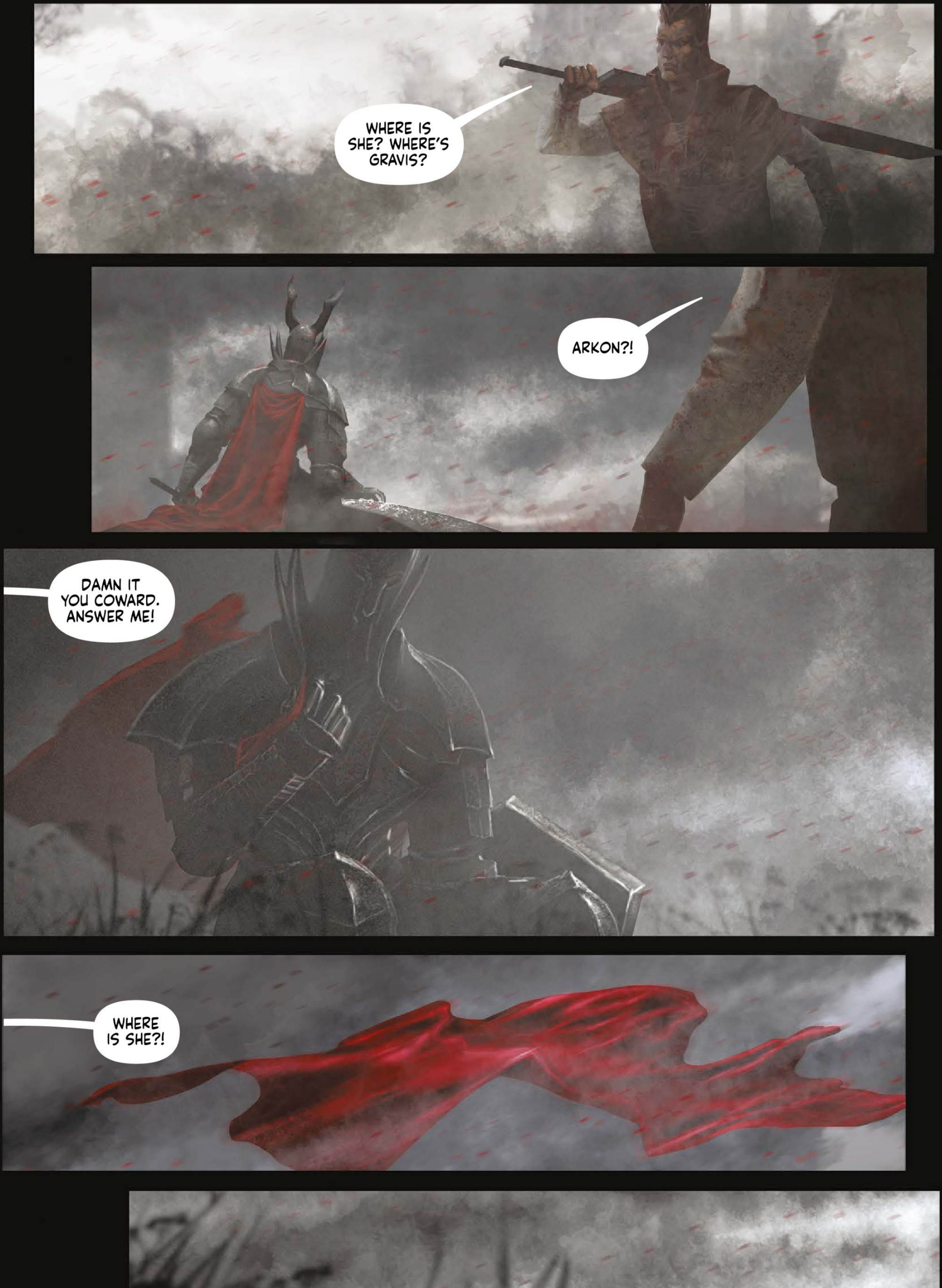
THNNNK
KRUNCH

THDUMMM
HAND... MAID...EN?
NO.
SHLLKK

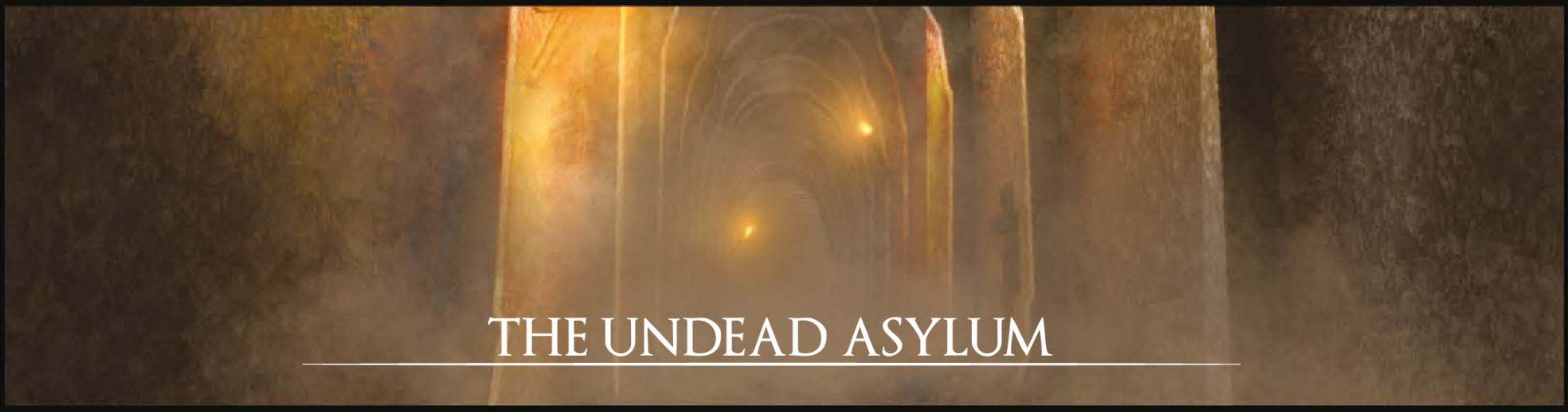
ARKON?
ARE YOU... ALIVE?
YOU WOR...RIED ME...THERE FOR...A MOM--

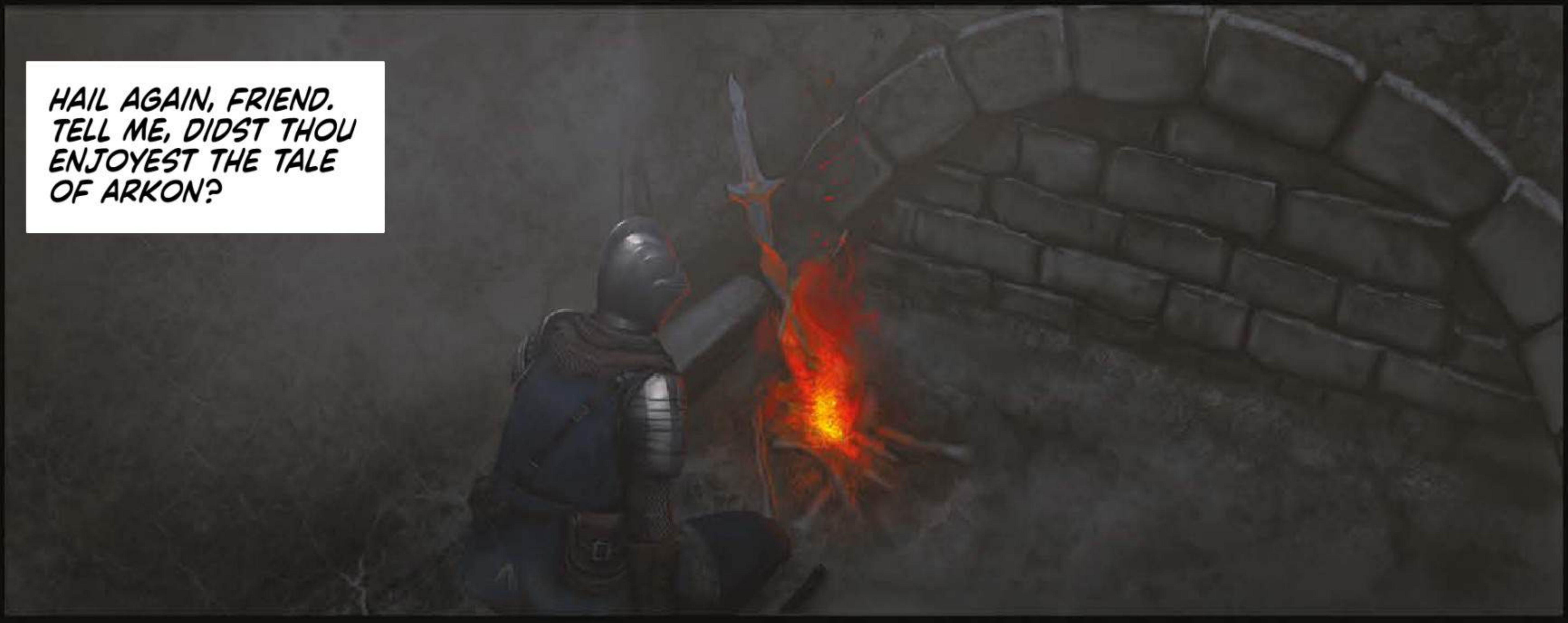

STAY BACK… I'M WAR…NING YOU…!
KLANG

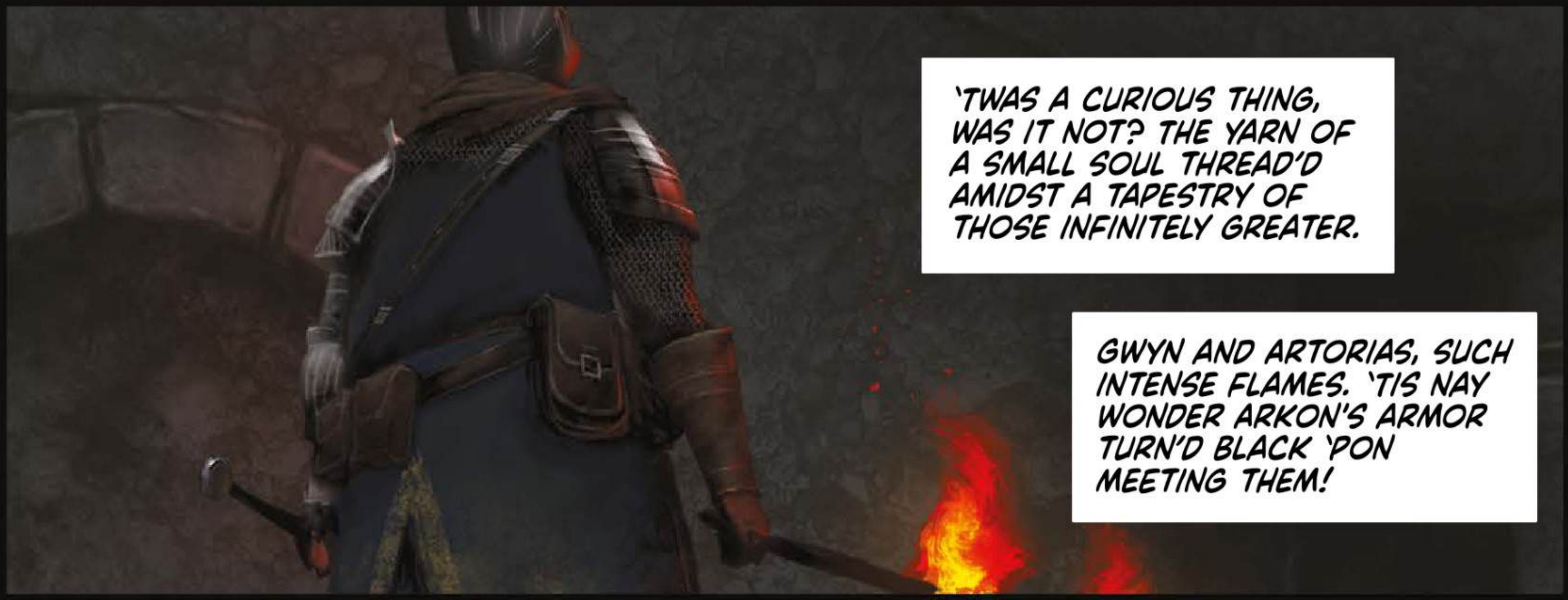

ARKON!

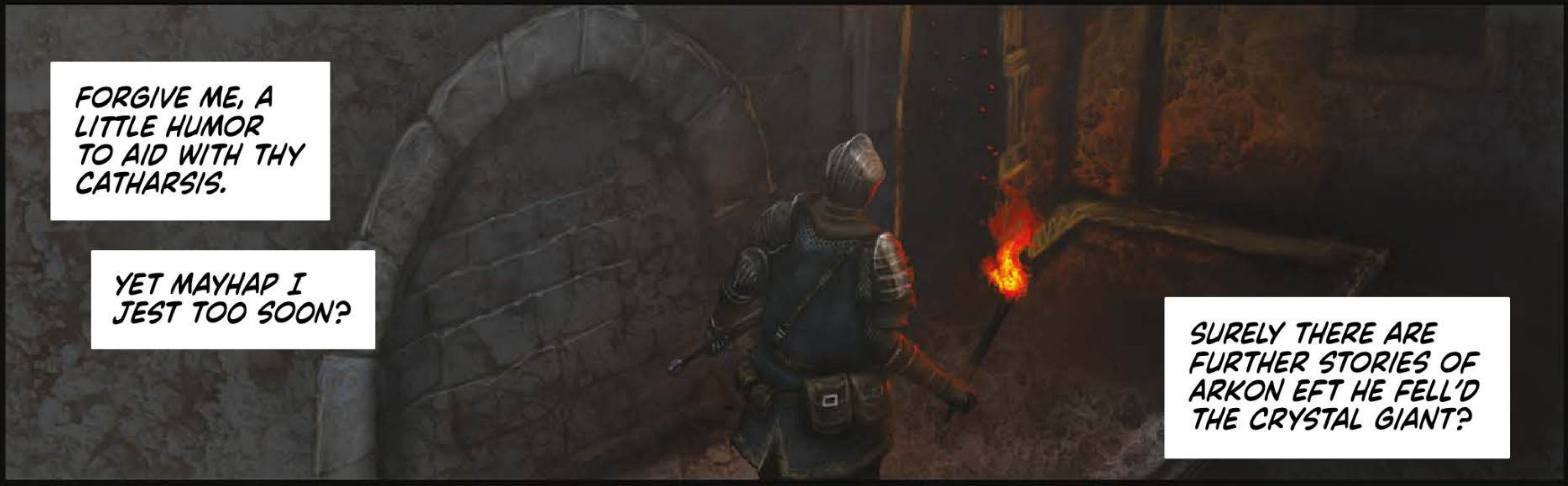

WHERE IS SHE? WHERE'S GRAVIS?
ARKON?!
DAMN IT YOU COWARD. ANSWER ME!
WHERE IS SHE?!
ARKON?!

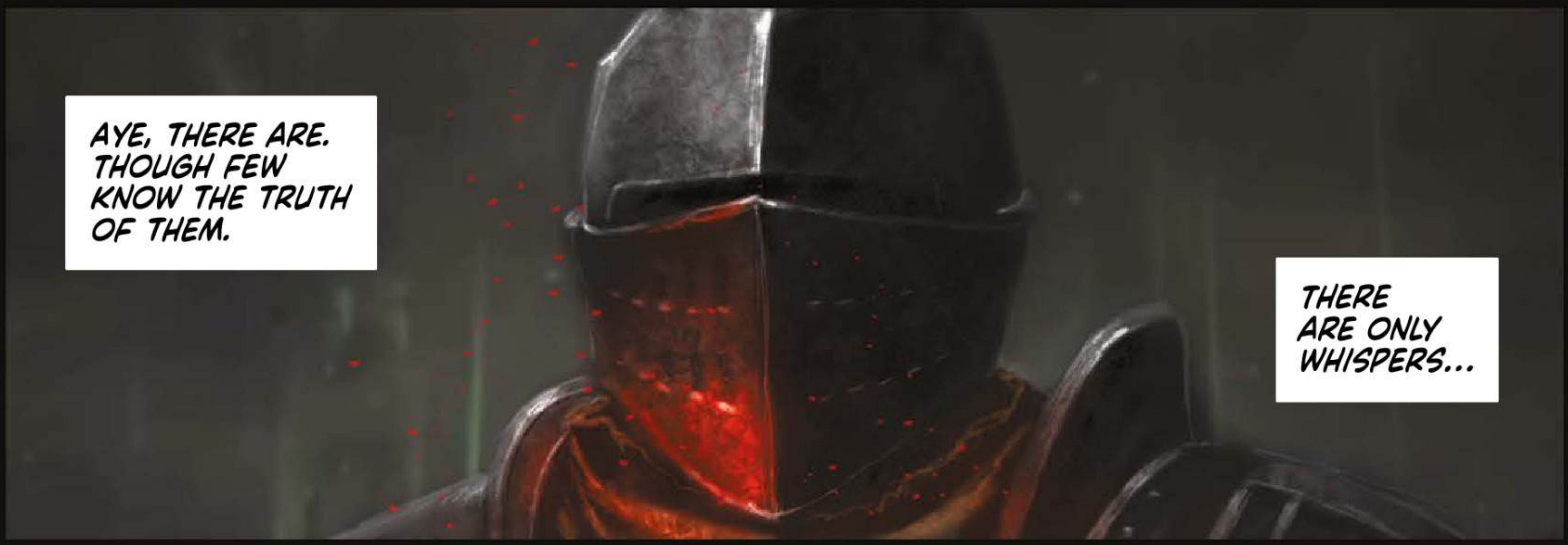
THE UNDEAD ASYLUM



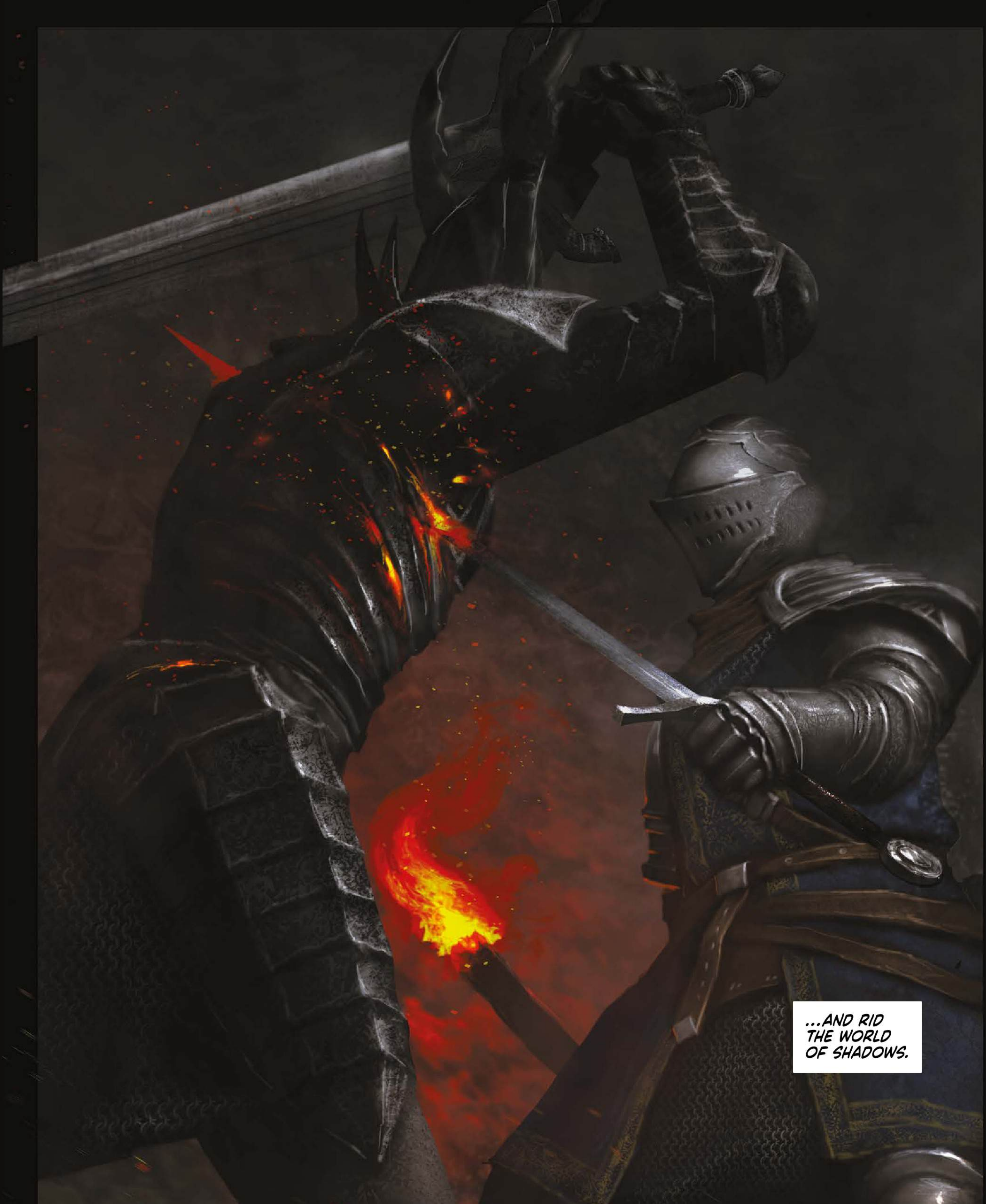

HAIL AGAIN, FRIEND. TELL ME, DIDST THOU ENJOYEST THE TALE OF ARKON?


'TWAS A CURIOUS THING, WAS IT NOT? THE YARN OF A SMALL SOUL THREAD'D AMIDST A TAPESTRY OF THOSE INFINITELY GREATER.
GWYN AND ARTORIAS, SUCH INTENSE FLAMES. 'TIS NAY WONDER ARKON'S ARMOR TURN'D BLACK 'PON MEETING THEM!


FORGIVE ME, A LITTLE HUMOR TO AID WITH THY CATHARSIS.
YET MAYHAP I JEST TOO SOON?
SURELY THERE ARE FURTHER STORIES OF ARKON EFT HE FELL'D THE CRYSTAL GIANT?


AYE, THERE ARE. THOUGH FEW KNOW THE TRUTH OF THEM.
THERE ARE ONLY WHISPERS...

OF A LORDLESS BLACK KNIGHT WHO WANDER'D LORDRAN FOR CENTURIES, FIGHTING 'GAINST THE SPREADING DARKNESS.
BUT SOLITUDE CAN CHANGE A MAN. IN TIME, 'TWILL SHIFT HIM THEREINTO THAT WHICH HE DESPISETH MOST.
SO, A SILVER KNIGHT ONCE LOYAL TO HIS MASTERS AND TO THE BURNING OF THE FLAME...
...CAN BECOME A **BLACK KNIGHT,** LOYAL TO NONE. LURKING IN THE DARK.
BUT SHOULD ARKON E'ER FALL FROM GRACE, WE NEEDN'T DESPAIR.
FOR THE FUTURE IS STRETCH'D OUT AFORE US, AND IN IT AN ETERNITY OF HEROES.
ERELONG ANOTHER WILL SET FORTH TO LIGHT THE WAY...


...AND RID THE WORLD OF SHADOWS.

THE END

DARK SOULS™

THE AGE OF FIRE

WRITTEN BY
RYAN
O'SULLIVAN

ARTWORK BY
ANTON
KOKAREV

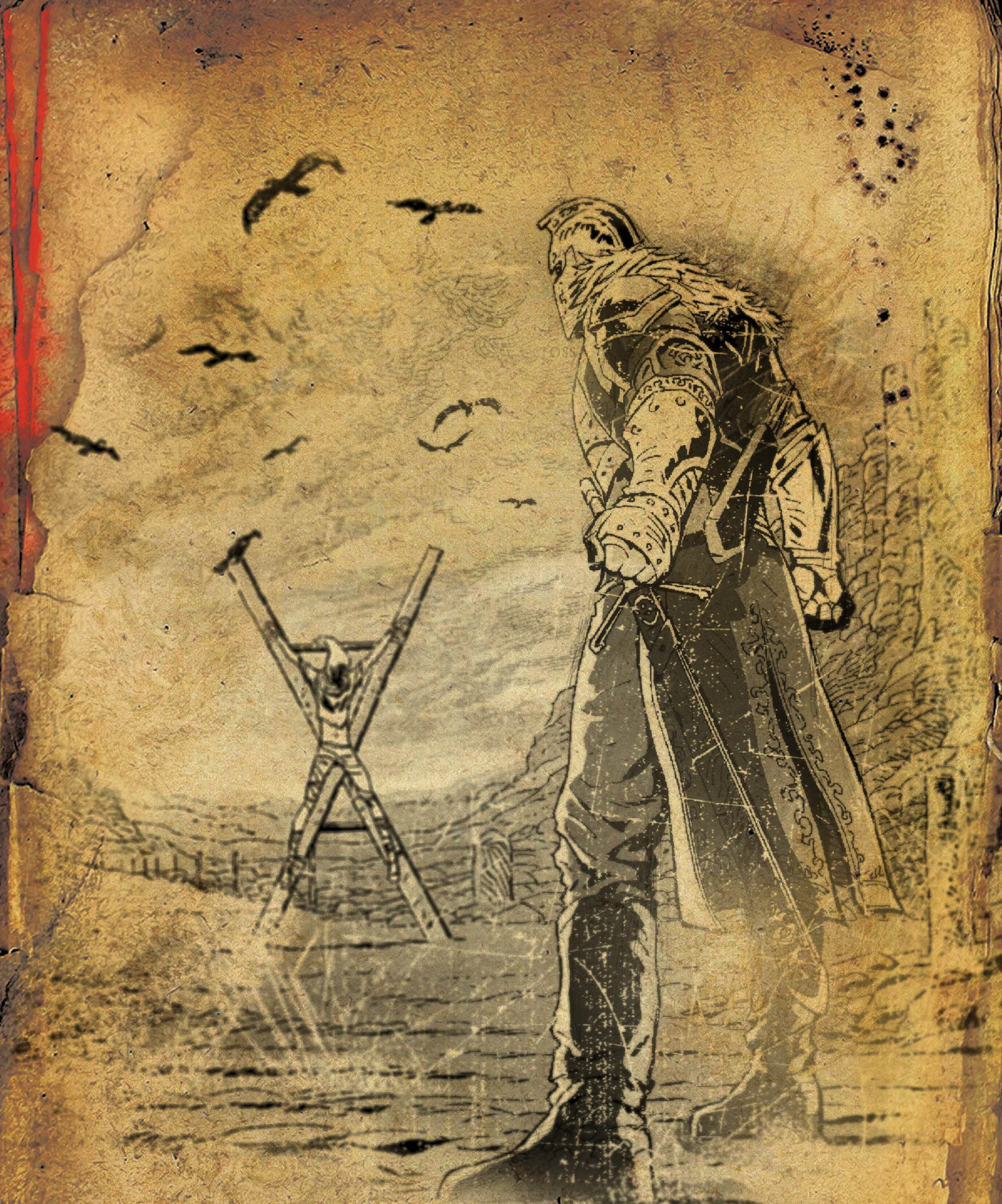
LETTERING BY
SIMON BOWLAND

ORIGINAL GAME:
PRODUCED BY
BANDAI NAMCO ENTERTAINMENT INC.
DEVELOPED BY
FROMSOFTWARE, INC.

DARK SOULS™

LEGENDS OF THE FLAME

COME, COME AWAY LATHALIA~~
HISSSS
WHAT VEXES THEE SO?
RAAOOOOOOW
AHH, WELL MET, TRAVELLER.
OLD LATHALIA'S A PRICKLY SORT BUT MEANS NO ILL WILL TO THEE.
COME SIT A SPELL AND REST THY WEARY BONES.
THY SIGIL BURNETH BRIGHT, DARK ONE. ALL WHO BEAR ITS BURDEN CROSS THIS SHRINE EVENTUALLY.
WOULDST THOU CARE TO SEE THEIR STORIES.
THEN LOOK NOW INTO THE FLAME. LOOK DEEP AND KNOW THE SECRETS THAT BURN THEREIN.
FOR IN THESE TIMES OF DARKNESS EVEN THE BRAVEST SOUL~~
~~NEEDS A LIGHT TO GUIDE THE WAY.



CROSSROADS

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE MANN
PENCILS/INKS BY
PIOTR KOWALSKI
COLORS BY
BRAD SIMPSON

LO! TRAVELLER!
BE WARNED, THE PATH AHEAD IS FRAUGHT WITH PERIL.
TELL ME, STRANGER – WHAT MAKES THOU THINK I SHOULD REGARD THE WORD OF A CRIMINAL?
BECAUSE I SEE THAT THOU ART UNFAMILIAR WITH THESE PARTS, AND KNOW NOT WHAT DANGERS LURK AMONGST THE SHADOWS.
I KNOW THOSE DANGERS WELL ENOUGH.
TELL ME, WHO ART THOU, AND WHAT HAST THOU DONE TO DESERVE SUCH CRUEL FATE?

I AM MORTLOCK OF ITHRAIC, IN THE EASTERN WASTES. I KILLED A MAN WHO WOULD HAVE STOLEN FROM ME. HIS BROTHER, THE LAWMAN, TOOK EXCEPTION TO MY ACTIONS.
AND *YOU*... YOU ARE ONE OF *THEM*. THE RISEN DEAD.
AYE. I AM HEROTH OF HARROWMARK. I SEEK A CURE FOR THIS CURSE OF ILL FATE.
THEN GOOD FORTUNE BECKONS, FOR THERE ART A MAN IN THE RUINS WHO KNOWS OF SUCH A CURE.
AND WHERE MIGHT I FIND SUCH A MAN?
CUT ME LOOSE, AND I SHALL SHOW THEE.
HOW DO I KNOW I CAN *TRUST* THEE?
SHINK
THOU DOST *NOT*, FOR I AM A CRIMINAL. BUT IT SERVES ME WELL TO BE FREE OF THESE BONDS, AND FOR THAT, I SHALL OWE THEE GREATLY. I SHALL SEE THY DEBT REPAID IN FULL.
SHUNK
VERY WELL, BUT KNOW THAT I SHALL SLICE THY THROAT FROM EAR TO EAR IF THOU BREAKS THOU WORD.

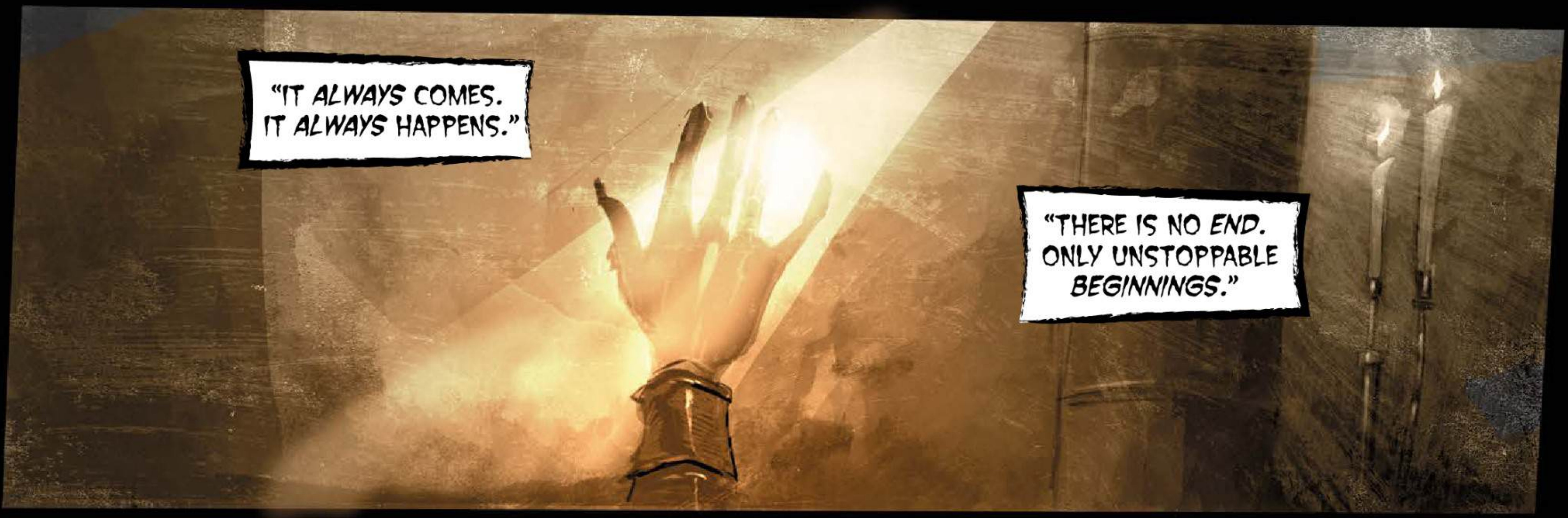
WE MUST ASCEND INTO THE RUINS, IN SEARCH OF THE REMNANTS OF AN ANCIENT CHAPEL. THERE THOU SHALL FIND THE PEACE THOU SEEK.
MEANWHILE, THOU KNOWS MY STORY, SUCH AS IT IS. WHAT OF YOURS?
IT IS A DARK AND UNHAPPY TALE, YET I SHALL TELL IT.
“BEFORE THE COMING OF THE CURSE, THE VILLAGE OF HARROWMARK WAS A SMALL BUT PROSPEROUS HAVEN, A PLACE I HAD CALLED HOME SINCE THE DAYS OF MY CHILDHOOD.”
“I TRAVELLED WIDE AND FAR IN SEARCH OF PAYMENT AS A HIRED BLADE, BUT ALWAYS I WOULD RETURN TO THAT PLACE TO FIND RESPITE.”
“UNTIL THE DAY I CAME HOME TO FIND NOUGHT BUT STEAMING ASHES AND THE CHARRED REMAINS OF MY KIN, HEAPED UPON THE VILLAGE SQUARE LIKE TINDER FOR A BONFIRE.”
I LATER LEARNED THE TRUTH ~ THAT THE CURSE HAD COME, AND IN THEIR MISGUIDED ATTEMPT TO AVERT IT, THE SURVIVING VILLAGERS HAD RAZED HARROWMARK TO THE GROUND, FOLK AND ALL.”

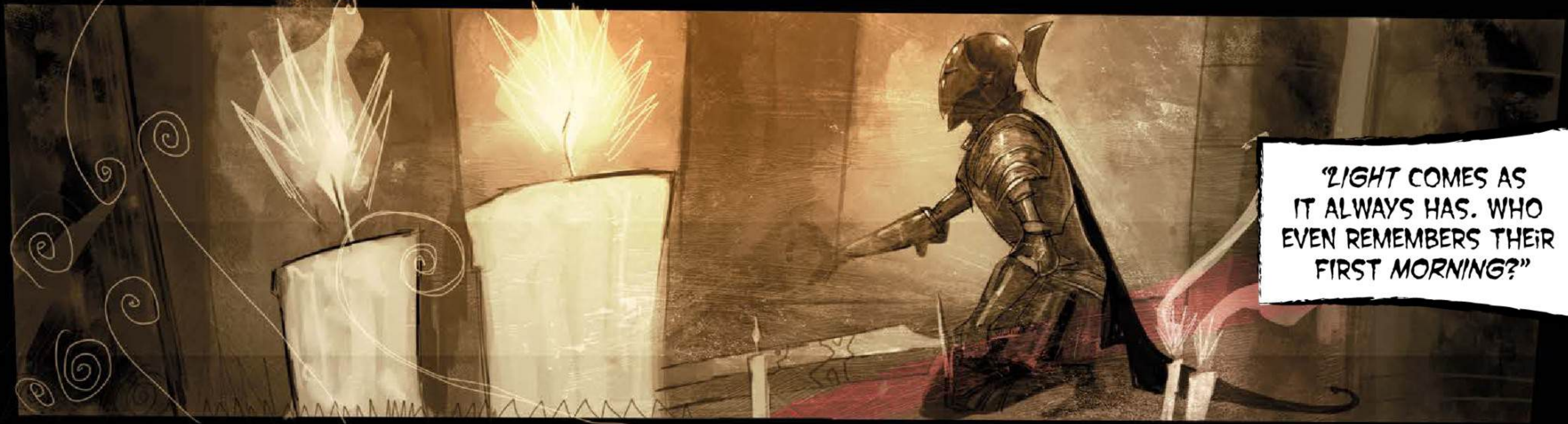
IT WAS SOON AFTER THAT I, TOO, SUCCUMBED TO THE CURSE.
FOR UNTOLD MONTHS I HAVE WANDERED THE LAND, SEARCHING FOR WORD OF A CURE.
I HAVE HEARD OTHER SUCH STORIES. THE CURSE HAS BLIGHTED ALL THE MANY CORNERS OF THE WORLD. IT CLOSES IN ON US LIKE ENVELOPING NIGHT, AND EVERYTHING GROWS COLD AND DARK.
AYE, IT IS A SORRY BUSINESS. BUT IF THE CURE CAN BE FOUND...
OH, THE CURE AWAITS THOU AS SURELY AS THE SUN WILL RISE ON THE MORROW. IN THERE YOU SHALL FIND ALL THAT YOU SEEK.

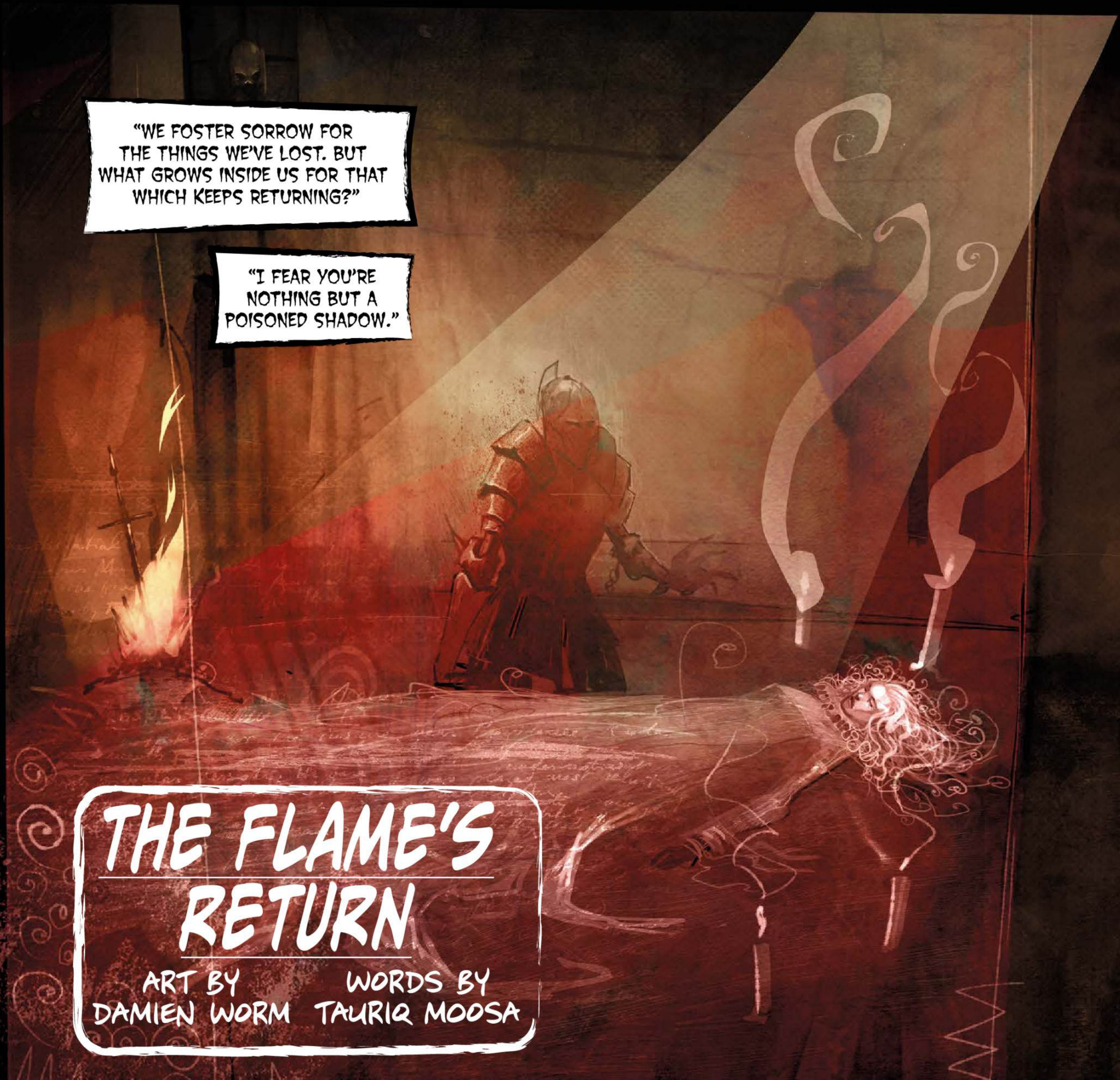
WHAT...?
THAT IS THE ONLY CURE I KNOW FOR CREATURES SUCH AS THOU.
SCHWIP
REST WELL, HEROTH OF HARROWMARK.
KOWALSKI
LO! TRAVELLER!
END

THE FLAME'S RETURN

WRITTEN BY
TAURIQ MOOSA
ART BY
DAMIEN WORM


"IT *ALWAYS* COMES. IT *ALWAYS* HAPPENS."
"THERE IS NO *END*. ONLY UNSTOPPABLE *BEGINNINGS*."


"*LIGHT* COMES AS IT ALWAYS HAS. WHO EVEN REMEMBERS THEIR FIRST *MORNING*?"


"WE FOSTER SORROW FOR THE THINGS WE'VE LOST. BUT WHAT GROWS INSIDE US FOR THAT WHICH KEEPS RETURNING?"
"I FEAR YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A POISONED SHADOW."

THE FLAME'S RETURN

ART BY
DAMIEN WORM

WORDS BY
TAURIQ MOOSA

"There's only one reason we take our first step. Why we venture out into this world whose bright flames only make greater shadows."
"I learned through *action* but acted through *fear*... as all I held dear slipped away."
"There was but *one* path forward..."
"... and yet that path was always the hardest to see."

"*DESIRE* CAN ONLY GUIDE US SO FAR..."
"YOUR *END*. THAT WAS MY PATH'S *BEGINNING*. OR WAS IT...?"
MAYBE I AM SELFISH. FOR TWAS IT NOT *REJECTION* THAT MADE ME DON THIS ARMOR... THE ILLUSION OF *CONTROL* DRIVING ME TOWARD THOSE WHO MIGHT CHANGE HER *FATE*?"
"BEFORE..."
"I WOULD *NOT* LET THIS WORLD CLAIM YOU. INSTEAD, I WOULD CLAIM EVERYTHING IT HAD. NO MATTER HOW MUCH I BURNT, I COULD NEVER LET THIS WORLD OF ASH PREVAIL."
"I WOULD GET MY WISH. WE WOULD BE TOGETHER AGAIN."

"MY JOURNEY TOOK ME ACROSS WORLDS."
EVENTUALLY, I FOUND THE *ANSWER*. I KNEW OF WHO TO ASK."
"BUT I DID NOT REALIZE THE *PRICE*."
"MY *WISH*? TO CALL IT A *CURSE* WOULD BE FALSE. THIS... NO, THIS FEELS LIKE *JUSTICE*."
"I FOUND THE POWER I NEEDED. IT... SPOKE TO ME IN EARNEST..."
"... AND I DEMANDED MY WISH: NEVER LET HER DIE..."

"BUT WISHES CAN BE *TREACHEROUS*."
"IT *ALWAYS* COMES. IT *ALWAYS* HAPPENS."
THERE IS NO *END*, ONLY UNSTOPPABLE *BEGINNINGS*."
"AND SO YOU RETURN. THE PROMISES FUFILED MY WISH IS GRANTED."
"NEVER LET HER DIE, I SAID..."
"NEVER LET HER DIE..."
END

THE LABYRINTH

WRITTEN BY
DAN WATTERS
ART BY
NICK PERCIVAL

ONCE, THE CITY OF QUON HAD BEEN A FRUITFUL AND PROSPEROUS PLACE.
KING MISTOS WAS A WISE RULER, AND THE CITY WAS SURROUNDED BY NAUGHT BUT AN ORDINARY WALL...
UNDEAD! UNDEAD!
BUT SO MANY THINGS CHANGED IN THE WAKE OF THE CURSE...
THE ***TRAPS*** I DESIGNED WITHSTAND. THE CITY WAS NEVER IN TRUE DANGER.
NONETHELESS, THIS WRETCH MADE IT FARTHER THAN ALL BEFORE. TOO FAR, ***ARCHITECT***, AND I HOLD YOU ACCOUNTABLE.
MY PEOPLE HAVE TOILED TO BUILD YOUR LABYRINTH AGAINST THE WILL OF MY COUNSEL-- FOR YOU SWORE IT WOULD PROTECT US FROM THE CURSE.
INDEED, MY KING. THE HOLLOWED ONES SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO NAVIGATE THE MAZE... FOR ITS DESIGN WAS INSPIRED BY THE VERY NATURE OF THEIR TWISTED MINDS.
WE HAVE SEEN THEM WANDER, LOST IN MEMORY - THAT GLIMMER OF WHAT THEY ONCE WERE SLOWLY SHRINKING, DWINDLING TO NOTHING.
PERHAPS THE CITY'S LOCATION ECHOES THAT GLIMMER TO THEM, AND THUS CALLS THEM HERE THROUGH THE WINDING PATHS.
I SEE BUT ONE SOLUTION. WE MUST EXTEND THE LABYRINTH ***INTO THE CITY ITSELF***...
LEST ***THIS FATE*** BEFALL ALL OF YOUR SUBJECTS.

AND SO QUON ITSELF BECAME THE LABYRINTH...
SIRE! SIRE!
AND THE KING'S SLEEP EVERMORE UNEASY.
COME QUICKLY! UNDEATH HAS COME TO OUR CITY! AND THE ARCHITECT...HIS WRETCHED MAZE EXTENDS *WITHIN* THE PALACE WALLS!
WHAT? HERE?!
HOW HAS HE... WHAT SORCERY IS THIS?! WHERE IS HE? I SHALL FLAY THE MEAT FROM HIS BONES!
YOUR THRONE ROOM, SIRE-- HE HAS BARRICADED HIMSELF THEREIN.
TWAS HIS PLAN ALL ALONG! HE SOUGHT ONLY TO PROTECT HIMSELF. I SHALL USE MY RING OF POWER TO--
THIS WAY, SIRE...
NO, NO. I'M SURE IT'S...
IT'S...
AND SO QUON FELL.

ITS PEOPLE CONDEMNED TO UNDEATH... TO WANDER THE LABYRINTH UNTIL INEVITABLY FALLING FOUL TO ITS DEVICES...
AGAIN.
AND AGAIN.
AND AGAIN.
WITH EACH DEATH LOSING A LITTLE MORE OF THEIR SOULS. EACH TIME GROWING A LITTLE MORE *HOLLOW*...

SO GOES THE TALE RECOUNTED TO ME BY ONE UNFORTUNATE SOUL...
HE TOLD ME OF THE DEATH THAT LIES WITHIN. THE ETERNAL CYCLE ENDURED BEFORE HIS FINAL ESCAPE...
AND OF HIS STOLEN SELF. HIS PAST. HIS LOVES. HIS VERY ***NAME***.
HE WOULD NOT HEAR OF MY OWN CHARGE -- OF HOW I SOUGHT MISTOS' ***RING OF EMERALD*** TO AID MY KINGDOM'S STRUGGLE.
THAT TO KNOW OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD WOULD BE TO LOSE HIS GRIP ON THAT SMALL SHARD OF BEING -- THAT THE HOLLOWNESS WOULD THEN TAKE HIM IN FULL.
FOR ALL HE HAD LEFT WAS THE STORY OF HIS CITY AND ITS FALL...

I LEFT HIM THERE AT THE LABYRINTH'S MOUTH.
TOO AFRAID TO EITHER ENTER OR TO LEAVE, KNOWING THAT TO DIE ONCE MORE WITHIN ITS WALLS WOULD BE TO GIVE HIMSELF TO THE DARKNESS...
... BUT THAT TO FORGET ITS STORY WOULD USHER THE SAME FATE.
FOR ALL I KNOW, THAT POOR SOUL REMAINS THERE STILL, FOREVER TRAPPED, RACKING HIS SKULL FOR THE MEMORIES EVER LOST TO HIM...
WANDERING THE BARREN LABYRINTH OF HIS OWN MIND.
MAY THE GODS HAVE MERCY UPON HIM. WHOMEVER HE MAY BE.
END

PRITHEE TELL, ASHEN ONE--
--DIDST THOU SEE THE THREAD?
IT WEAVES THROUGHOUT ALL THINGS, COILING, STUMBLING, STRANGLING THOSE WHO'D SEE ITS KNOTS UNTWINED.
AND STILL THOU WISHES TO PLAY THE TAILOR?
I SEE THE HORRORS OF THIS WORLD HAST STILLED THY TONGUE...
...NO MATTER, FOR I HAVE MUCH TO IMPART.
A VALIANT SOUL, THIS ONE, BUT A FOOLISH ONE TOO, I THINK.
AND WHAT DOES *THY* HEART SUPPOSE?
IS THIS A CHAMPION IN OUR MIDST? THE ONE DESTINED TO USHER DISPARITY?
PERHAPS...

MY, MY...
... HE SLUMBERS DEEP, THIS ONE...
AYE, BUT RESTLESS TOO, I'D WARRANT...
...FOR THE DREAMING REALM OFFERS LITTLE SALVE FROM THESE UNFORGIVING LANDS.
KNOW THY PATH, TRAVELER NOW THAT THY VIGOR IS RESTORED?
THERE ARE MANY THAT AWAIT THEE AT THIS CROSSROAD.
FOLLOW YONDER STAIRCASE TO VONDRIN'S KEEP, WHERE THE BLIND BANNERETTE WATCHES. TO THE WEST, THE LOW MARSHES WILL TAKE THEE INTO THE HEART OF THIS BLACKENED DOMAIN.
OR IF THOU SEEKETH *FORTUNE*, TRAVERSE THE FOG AND CLAIM THY JUST REWARD.
BUT BEFORE THY CHOICE IS MADE, PERHAPS ANOTHER LESSON WOULD BE PRUDENT?
THEN IF THY HEART IS STEELED, LET US BEGIN...

THE DEVOTED

WRITTEN BY
DAN WATTERS
ART BY
CASPAR WIJNGAARD

I HAVE WANDERED FORLORN LANDS, ASCENDED CRIMSON TOWERS TO BATTLE DREAD BEASTS IN THE NAME OF DUTY...
... TO KEEP THIS KINGDOM SAFE.
I HAVE SEEN THE SKIES TURN BLACK WITH ARROWS, SEEN BATTLEFIELDS SLICKEN WITH THE BLOOD OF MY BROTHERS IN ARMS...
... AND I HAVE LIVED TO TELL THE TALE.
AND YET FROM MY BELOVED I HAVE GAINED NAUGHT BUT A SINGLE GIFT. A TOKEN, GIVEN TO ME BEGRUDGNGLY, WITH A LOOK OF PIQUE.
I WAS ALWAYS A LOYAL SOLDIER, A WARRIOR WHO WOULD IN A HEARTBEAT GIVE HIS LIFE IN SERVICE TO HIS PEOPLE...
BUT NOW IT IS ONLY HER THAT I WISH TO SERVE.

I OFTEN WONDER IF OTHERS HAVE GROWN TO LOVE HER THE WAY THAT I DO.
HOW COULD THEY NOT? FOR SHE IS A CREATURE OF BEAUTY AND GRACE...
... IN A WORLD FULL OF *MONSTERS*.

MONSTERS DRIVEN BY NOTHING BUT *BLOODLUST.*
THE CYCLE OF VIOLENCE CAN ONLY END ONE WAY.

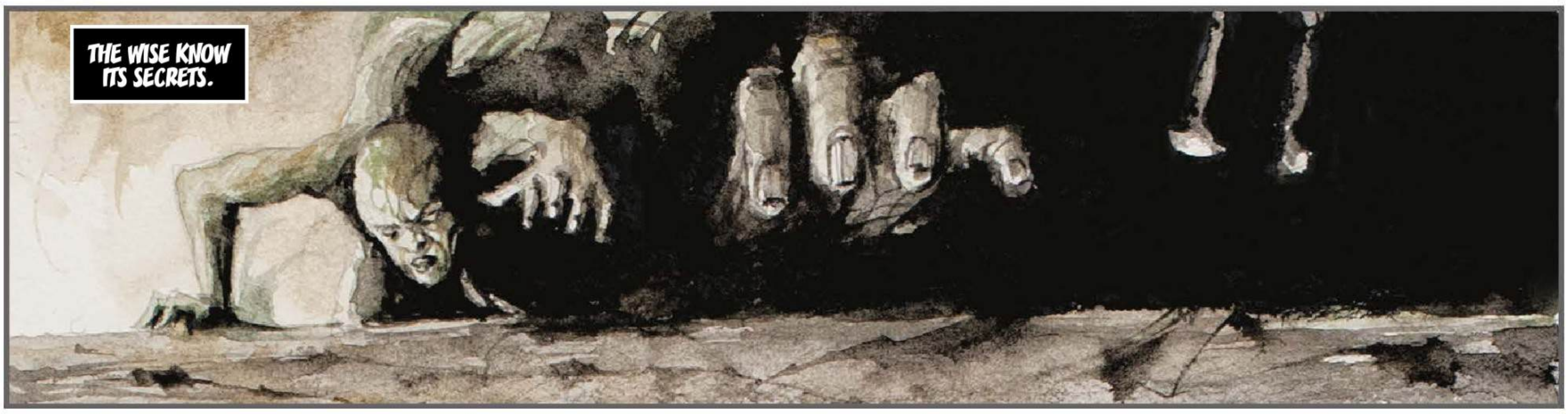
BUT AT LEAST THEN THERE SHALL BE PEACE.
AT LEAST THEN...
NO.
NONONONO!
THIS... THIS CANNOT BE!

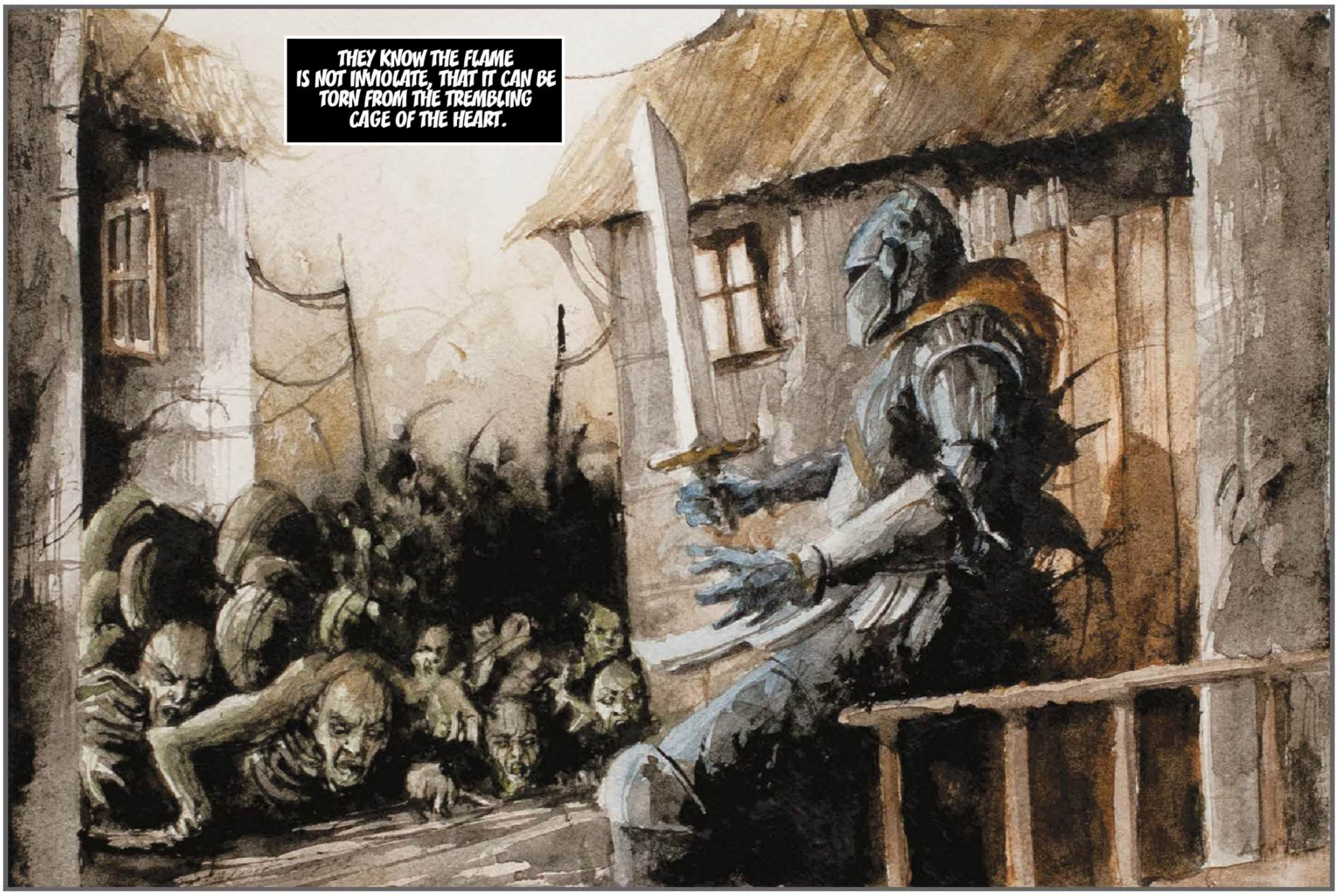
I WANT TO SCREAM. TO CURSE. TO LUNGE FORWARD AND TEAR THE VERY LIMBS FROM HIS FRAME...
BUT I CANNOT...
...FOR THAT LOOK OF PIQUE FROM MY BELOVED, THAT SINGLE GIFT SHE GRANTED ME, WOULD TURN MY FLESH TO HARDEST STONE.
SO THAT I COULD STAND HERE ACROSS THE DECADES, FOREVER WATCHING. AN ETERNITY TO COMPREHEND AND LOVE HER IN HER GRACE.
AND NOW I STAND HERE, HELPLESS, AS THIS CALLOUS MONSTER RAVAGES HER BEAUTY...
... HIS BLOODLUST FINALLY QUENCHED.
END

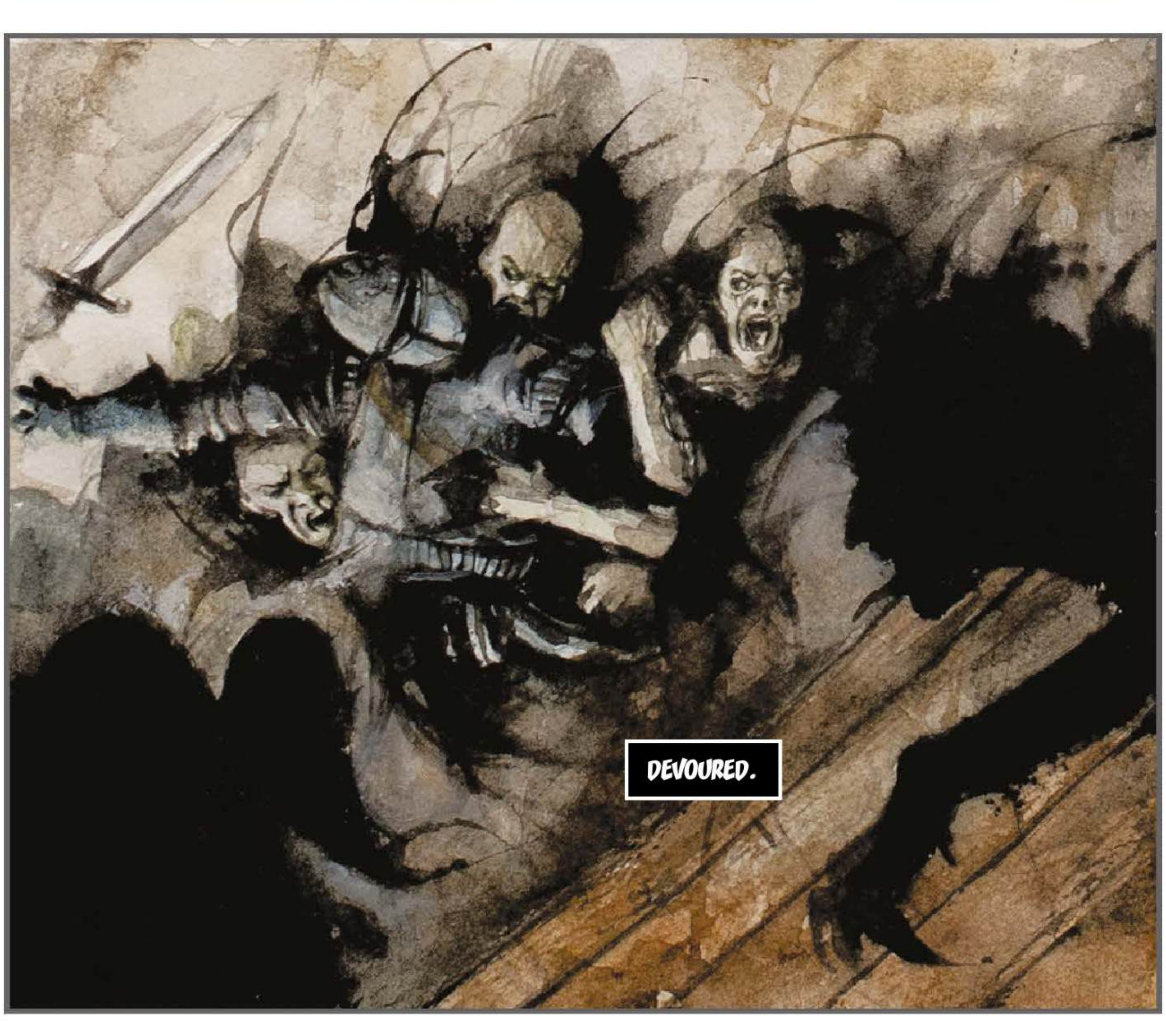
THAT WHICH HOLDS US HUMAN

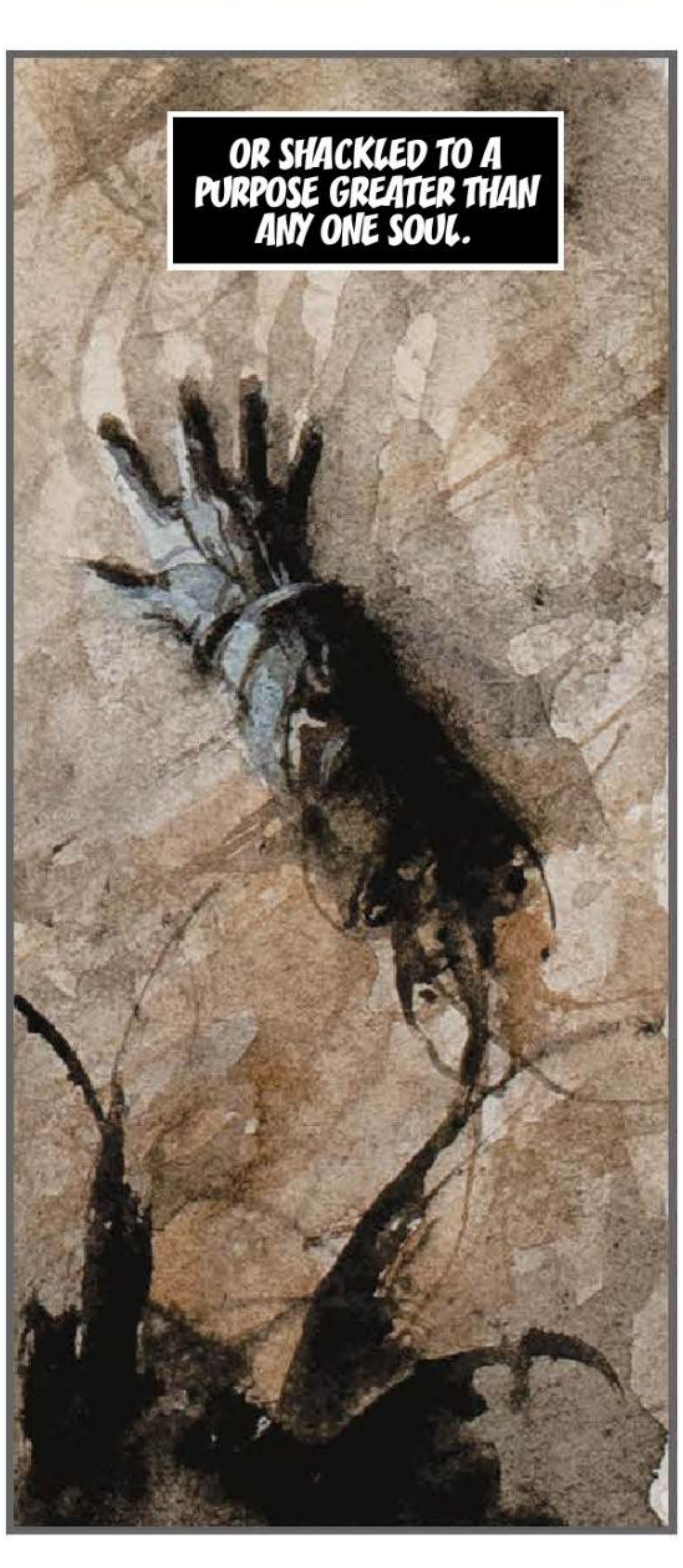
WRITTEN BY
CASSANDRA KHAW
ARTWORK BY
DANIELE SERRA

HUMANITY IS BUT A MOTE OF FIRE CAROUSING IN THE ENDLESS VOID.
SHOUTING ITS NAME, CONVINCED THAT IT WILL LIVE FOREVER.
AN ARROGANT CHILD.
BUT THAT MADDENED FAITH IS ALSO A KIND OF POWER... IN ITS OWN WAY...


THE WISE KNOW ITS SECRETS.


THEY KNOW THE FLAME IS NOT INVIOLATE, THAT IT CAN BE TORN FROM THE TREMBLING CAGE OF THE HEART.

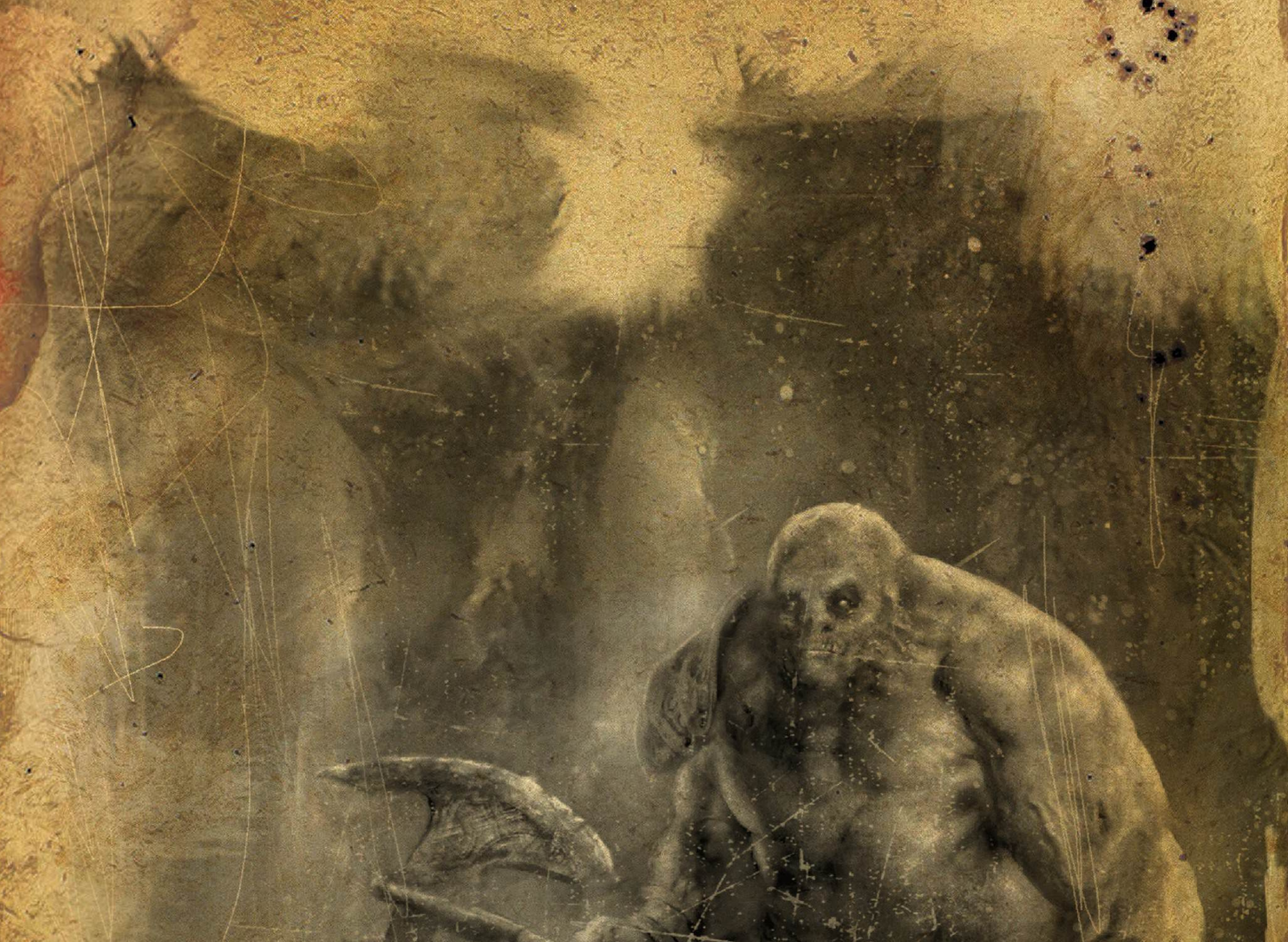

DEVOURED.


OR SHACKLED TO A PURPOSE GREATER THAN ANY ONE SOUL.

FORGIVE US...
... WE KNOW NOT WHAT ELSE WE CAN DO.

… SHE IS NO MORE OUR LADY THAN THE BONFIRE IS THE SUN.
WE WERE DYING.
WE ARE STILL DYING…
BUT THAT FLAME THAT THROBS BEHIND THE RIBS OF MEN, THAT WHICH HOLDS US HUMAN, IT CAN HOLD THE DARK AT BAY.
JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE…

AND SO WE WILL KEEP THE FLAME ALIT AS SHE ONCE DID.
WE WILL STAY ALIVE.
WE WILL WAIT FOR HER
NO MATTER THE COST.
END



ACTION REPLAY

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE MANN
ART BY
NICK PERCIVAL

"DEATH THRIVES HERE.
"I CAN *SMELL* IT.
"AND I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO."
GUARD!
AHH, IT WAKES.
IT'S TIMING IS IMPECCABLE.
IT SENSES *DANGER*.
WHERE AM I? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
COME, CREATURE.
ALLOW ME TO TEND TO THY BONDS.

"IT IS TIME TO FIGHT FOR WHAT REMAINS OF THY PALTRY EXISTENCE."
"I HEAR THEM JEERING, CALLING FOR MY DEATH.
"I HAVE NO UNDERSTANDING OF HOW I CAME TO BE IN THIS HELLISH PLACE, BUT I SEE NOW THAT I HAVE LITTLE CHOICE.
"THERE WILL BE TIME FOR QUESTIONS LATER. TO SURVIVE, I MUST ***FIGHT***."

ARRRRGGHH
CLANG
UNGH!
SHUNK
THUD
GAH!
DIE, CREATURE OF DARKNESS!
ROAR!
CRUNCH

ROAR!
HURRY ALONG. THOU SHALL HAVE TO SEND THE OUSTENDER OUT NEXT. THE CROWD BAYS FOR FURTHER BLOODSHED.

"DEATH THRIVES HERE.
"I CAN *SMELL* IT.
"AND I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO."
END

AND LO, THE FLAMES RETIRE ONCE MORE.
I PRAY THEIR VOICE RESOUNDS WITH THEE, TRAVELER.
BUT ENOUGH PRATTLE. THOU HATH LISTENED PLENTY. NOW ONLY CONVICTION AWAITS.
SO I ASK THEE, HOLLOWED ONE--
"--WHICH WILL BE THY WAY?
"GO WITH *COURAGE*, SIR KNIGHT, AND WITH THE BLESSING OF THIS PIOUS SOUL.
"MAY THE FIRES GUIDE THY FOOTFALL."
A PITY.
I HAD HOPED FOR SO MUCH MORE...
INDEED. BUT SUCH IS *HUMANITY'S* WAY...
... FOR GREED WILL EVER GOVERN THE FRAGILE WILL OF MAN.
THE CYCLE IS INEVITABLE.

GLAD TIDINGS, SER KNIGHT..
YOUR RETURN WAS NOT FORSEEN, BUT TIS A WELCOME ONE..
THE THINGS THAT LURK BEYOND THE FOG CANNOT HARM THEE HERE. THIS IS A PLACE OF SANCTUARY.
BUT MUCH HATH CHANGED SINCE THOU DEPARTED.
OUR FIRE DIES, AS WITH ALL UPON THIS PLANE. BUT IT MAY STILL BE REKINDLED. ITS EMBERS GLOW FOR THEE...
... AND THEY STILL HAVE STORIES TO TELL...

THE SAVIOR

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE MANN
ART BY
DANIELE SERRA

"SO IT BEGINS, SO IT ENDS."
"THE FLOCK GROWS DAILY. THEIR PALE FACES DRAWN IN RICTUS, UPTURNED TOWARD THE LIGHT OF THE SAVIOR"
SKRITCH
SKRITCH

THEY AWAIT HIM, AS WE AWAIT HIM AND HE SHALL SHOWER ALL IN HIS GLORY.
HE, WHO COMES TO FORTIFY OUR SOULS; HE, WHO BRINGS THE GIFT OF SALVATION.
HE, WHO SEES THE TRUTH, AND GUIDES US TOWARD A GLORIOUS FUTURE.
MASTER SERICK?
YES, CHILD?
THREE DAYS HAVE WE FASTED AND THRICE THOU HATH SPOKEN OF THE COMING SAVIOR. MIGHT HE NOT HAVE *FORSAKEN* US?
MIGHT WE NOT ENDURE A *MORSEL* OF BREAD?
ABIDE NOT THY HUNGER, FOR THOU SHALT HAVE NO NEED OF IT WHEN THE SAVIOR COMETH UPON THEE.
SCHRIPP
HARK! HE APPROACHES.

"I HEAR THE SONG OF HIS RIGHTEOUS BLADE"
SCHWIP
CRACK
CHING
"THE TREAD OF HIS BOOTS UPON THE SACRED STEPS..."

PREPARE THYSELVES FOR HIS GIFT!
THE SAVIOR COMES TO GRANT US FREEDOM.
GIVE THYSELVES OVER TO HIM WILLINGLY, AND THEE SHALL BE REWARDED!
ARRGHHH!!

"IT IS DONE."
"SO IT BEGINS, SO IT ENDS."
"THE FLOCK GROWS DAILY, THEIR PALE FACES DRAWN IN RICTUS, UPTURNED TO THE LIGHT OF THE SAVIOR."
"SOON, THE DARKNESS WILL BE ABSOLUTE, AND THE AGE OF THE DARKWRAITH SHALL BEGIN."
END

THE INFECTED

WRITTEN BY
MICHAEL WALSH
ART BY
MICHAEL WALSH &
DYLAN BURNETT

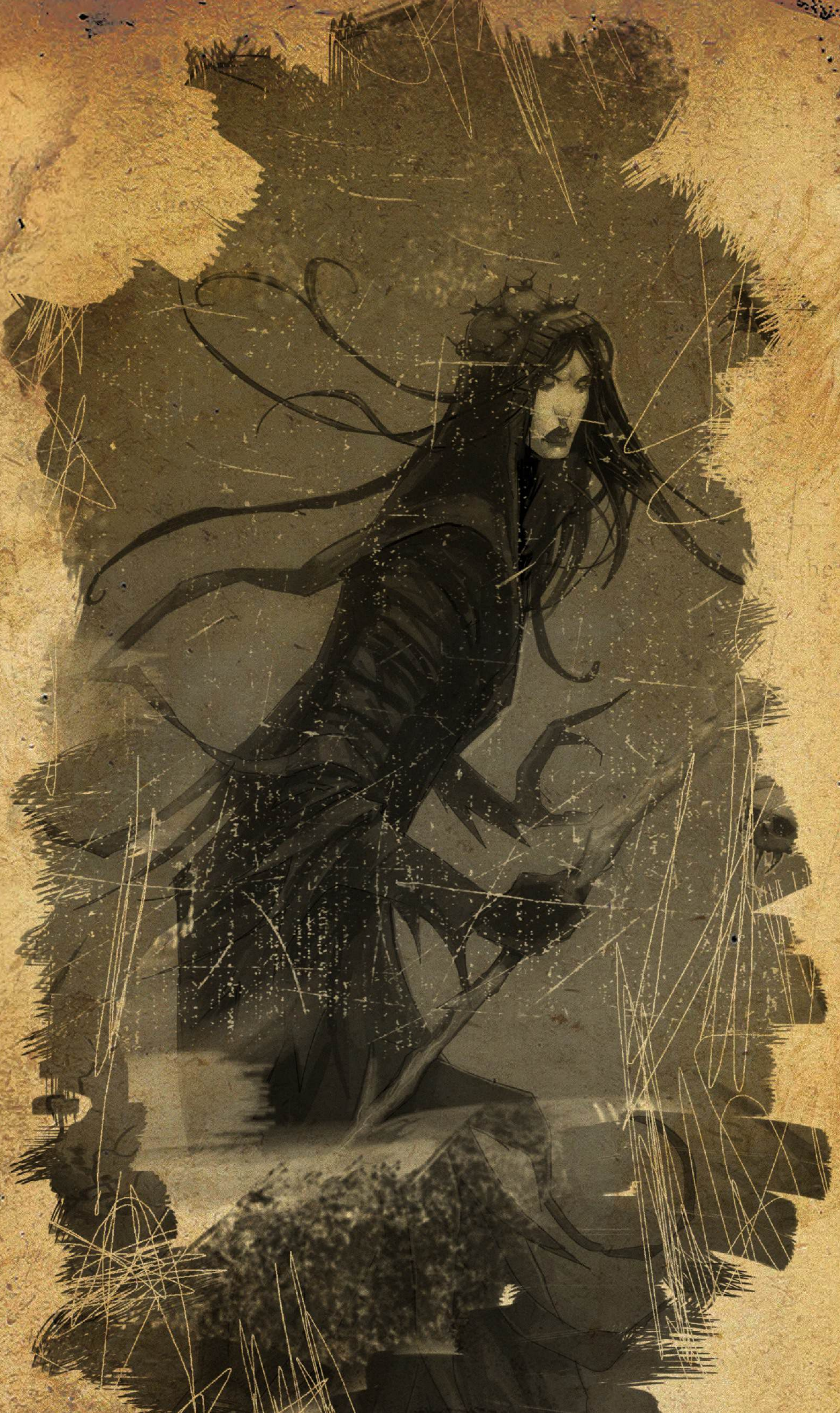
DARK SOULS
THE INFECTED
WALSH
BURNETT
FORGIVE ME, MY FRIEND.
THIS IS NOT THE END, NOT YET.

AKH!
THK
NO..
SNP
WUP
ANSEL!
I CAN NO LONGER HOLD THIS ... CURSED..
LEAD ME INTO THE FLAME! BEFORE...

BALON! NO...
KRAK
KRSH

SHK
SPLRT!
BROTHER, AFTER ALL THE YEARS..
I OWE THIS TO YOU..

...PEACE.
I WILL CARRY ON IN YOUR STEAD.
I WILL FIND HER IN THIS CURSED PLACE.
MAY THE FLAMES GUIDE YOUR WAY.
THE END?



WITCHES

WRITTEN BY
TAURIQ MOOSA
ART BY
DAMIEN WORM

WE ARE ALL LOOKING TO *ESCAPE* THE DARKNESS...
EVEN THOSE OF US WHO ARE *BOUND* TO IT.
THIS ONE FLEES FROM DARKNESS ALSO, BUT TIS HER *OWN* CRAVEN DEEDS THAT GUIDE HER PATH.
THE *FLAME* WHICH NOURISHES US BEGINS TO FADE. AND SO IT MUST BE *SATED.*
ONLY THE SOULS OF THE *SINFUL* SHALL SUFFICE.
YES... SHE WILL SUFFICE.

A WARRIOR, BRAVE AND RESOLUTE...
... BUT PAINTED BY BETRAYAL.
IT IS A STORY THAT RESOUNDS THROUGHOUT THESE LANDS.
A FLIGHT FOR FIRE...
TWO BODIES AILING IN THE NIGHT...
A MATTER OF BITTER CALCULATION...
FOR REMEMBER MOTHER'S WORDS, DEAR SISTER:
ONE NEEDS NOT OUTRUN THE *MONSTER*...
... BUT MERELY THY *COMPANION*.
HEHEHEHEHE

HOW *FORTUITOUS*, DEAR SISTERS, THAT IN OUR TIME OF DESPERATION, FATE SHOULD LEAD THIS BLACKENED SOUL ACROSS OUR PATH...
WE ARE NOT *HUNTERS* AFTER ALL, BUT MINISTERS OF *JUSTICE*. BOUND TO REAP ONLY OF THOSE BETROTHED TO SIN.
TWAS NOT FORTUITOUS, MY LOVE, BUT A *NECESSITY*. WITHOUT THE SACRED FLAME WE WOULD SURELY PERISH.
OUR CHOICE WAS NAUGHT, DEAR ONE. THE FIENDS THAT PLAGUE THESE TRAVELLERS ARE OF *OUR* MAKING...
... BUT OUR INTERVENTION WAS *IMPERATIVE*.
IMPERATIVE?!
OURS IS NOT TO QUESTION THE WORKINGS OF THIS WORLD. WE ARE TOOLS OF *EQUITY* - THOSE WHO RIGHT THE SCALES!

"OURS IS A PLACE OF *BALANCE*. OUR EXISTENCE TO USHER EQUILIBRIUM...
"... AND WHILE THE SINFUL MUST ATONE...
"... TO GUIDE FATE'S HAND IS THE *GRAVEST* SIN OF ALL.
"AND SO, IT FALLS TO *ME* TO RIGHT THIS WRONG. FOR ONCE WHAT WAS SHALL FOREVER BE..."
WHAT WAS OUR CHOICE, DEAR SISTER?
TO PROSPER OR TO PERISH?
NO!
"INDEED."

"SISTER, WHY?!"
"THIS IS NOT RIGHT!"
RIGHT AND WRONG HOLD NO POWER HERE.
THERE IS ONLY *BALANCE.*
AAAAHHHHHH!!
AND SO THE SCALES SHIFT A FINAL TIME.
NOW ONLY ONE REMAINS...
END

WITHIN THESE LANDS, TIME RACES AND CRAWLS WITH RECKLESS ABANDON. A TRICKLE, A DELUGE THAT NOT EVEN DEATH CAN WITHSTAND.
BUT THE *SOUL*... THE SOUL IS *ABSOLUTE*.
IT IS A PROTEAN CREATION. A THING OF ETERNITY AND BOUNDLESS POTENTIAL TETHERED TO *TRANSIENT* FLESH.
DOES THAT NOT SEEM *CONTRARY* TO THEE?
DOES IT NOT SEEM *FATUOUS*?
THE AGES WANE AND WITH THEM HUMANITY'S DOMINION. SOON NAUGHT SHALL REMAIN BUT MEMORY AND THE SOULS OF MAN SHALL ONCE MORE MEET THE FLAME IMMEMORIAL.
SO TELL ME, SER KNIGHT...
...WHAT MAKES THEE WORTHY OF THINE OWN?

Still no words for me, ser knight? Then perhaps instead thou shalt choose to *release* thy bounty.
To unburden thyself, as once did those to the firekeepers of old.
They too stalked these lands in search of glory, pilfering from the dead to endow their trivial crusades.
Trading *miracles* for for scrap and sundry. Ignorant of the nature of which they carried.
For while these stories -- these *Tales of Ember* -- offer echoes of adventures lost, glances of lives half-spun, the true measure of the soul is far more beguiling...
... but I digress...
Let us put an end to this pantomime and embrace what is to come.
The souls upon thy person shall serve as a final reminder to thee. A taste of thy bygone existence.
A fitting close to this unfortunate chapter, I'd warrant.
I hope they offer comfort for only darkness lies beyond...

BEHOLD, TOWNSFOLK!

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE MANN
ART BY
PIOTR KOWALSKI & BRAD SIMPSON

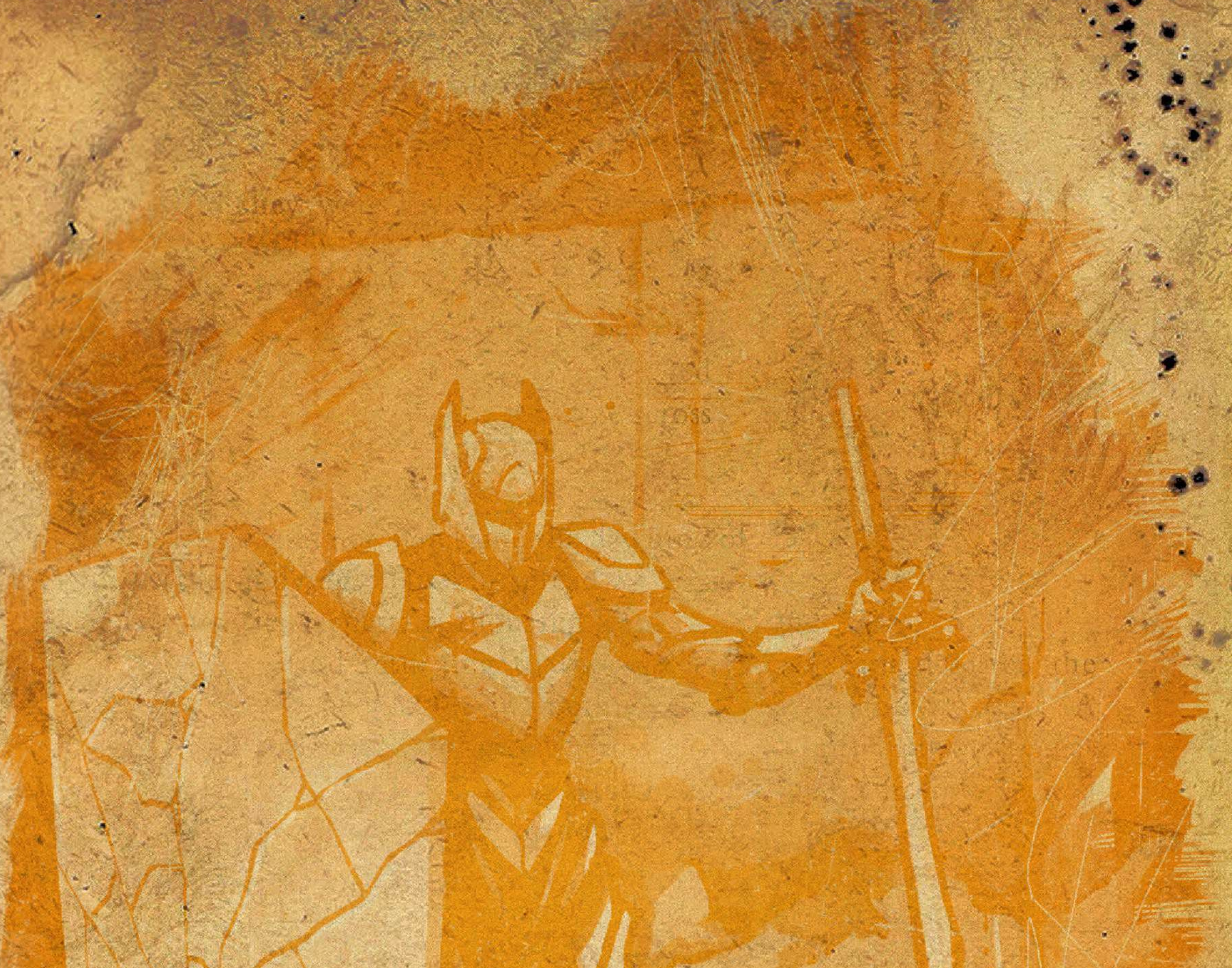
Creek
Creek
CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
BEHOLD! TOWNSFOLK! GATHER ROUND AND LISTEN WELL.
A STORY IS ABOUT TO BE SPUN.
"A TALE SO BOLD, SO HARROWING, THAT YOUR HEARTS WILL QUICKEN AND YOUR VERY SOULS STIR."

IT IS A STORY FROM THE *DEEPEST* AGE, FROM A TIME BEFORE THE WORLD WAS *BLIGHTED*, WHEN THE FLAME OF LIFE STILL BURNED BRIGHT AND *PURE*.
WE BEGIN WITH OUR FIRST PLAYER, THE *LADY GARDINIA,* ALONE IN HER PALACE AMONGST THE HILLS.
"GARDINIA WAS A WOMAN OF *EXQUISITE* TASTE. RICH AND BEAUTIFUL, SHE SURROUNDED HERSELF WITH ALL THE OPULENT TRAPPINGS OF SUCCESS.
"AND YET, DESPITE ALL HER GLITTERING TROPHIES, TRUE HAPPINESS HAS ALWAYS EVADED HER. FOR GARDINIA LONGED FOR THE ONE THING THAT MONEY AND POWER COULD NOT BUY...
"... TO RETAIN HER YOUTHFUL VISAGE, FREE FROM THE MINISTRATIONS OF *AGE*.
"BUT THE LADY GARDINIA HAD HEARD WHISPERS OF A MAN WISE TO THE SECRETS OF ETERNAL YOUTH.
"AN *AGELESS* MAN, WHO HAD WANDERED THE WORLD THROUGH THE TURNING OF THE EPOCHS... AND WANDERED IT *STILL*.
"AND SO, FOUR GUARDS WERE DISPATCHED TO SEEK HIM OUT AND BRING HIM BEFORE HER, SO THAT SHE TOO MIGHT LEARN HIS SECRET."

"AFTER A HUNDRED DAYS OF SEARCHING THE WILDEST CORNERS OF THE WORLD, THE GUARDS RETURNED, THE ***WANDERER*** THEIR PRISONER.
YOU SHALL GIVE UNTO ME THY SECRET, WANDERER, SO THAT I TOO MAY BASK IN THY EXQUISIT YOUTHFULNESS.
IMMEDIATELY, HE WAS BROUGHT BEFORE THE IMPATIENT LADY GARDINIA.
THIS, I ***CANNOT*** DIVULGE TO THEE, MY LADY, FOR TO DO SO WOULD BE TO RENDER IT AS ***MEANINGLESS***. THIS IS A SECRET THAT MIGHT NOT BE BORNE BY SUCH AS THEE.
"LADY GARDINIA WAS HEARTILY DISPLEASED, AND IN A FIT OF PIQUE, CAST THE WANDERER INTO A DANK AND DREARY CELL BENEATH THE PALACE."
THEN THOU SHALT SPEND THE NIGHT IN MY DUNGEONS, AND ON THE MORROW, YOU SHALL ***CHOOSE***: REVEAL THINE SECRET, OR FACE MY SWORD.

HAS THOU MADE THY DECISION?
LADY, THE DECISION BELONGS NOT TO ME, BUT TO *THEE*. DOST THOU *TRULY* WISH TO KNOW MY SECRET?
YES!
"SO THE WANDERER DID DIVULGE HIS SECRET.
"AND JUST AS PROMISED, THE TELLING OF THE TALE RENDERED HER IMPERVIOUS TO ITS EFFECTS, FOR IN HEARING IT, THE VAIN LADY HAD LOST THE ONE THING SHE SHOULD HAVE WISHED TO PRESERVE...
NOOO!
"... HER *SOUL.*"

AND SO THE WANDERER WAS RENEWED ONCE AGAIN.
HIS BODY REVITALISED BY THE SOUL OF GARDINIA.
"SO THAT HE MIGHT RETURN TO HIS WANDERING ONCE MORE...
"... AND BRING HIS GIFT OF STORY TO ANY AND ALL WHO MIGHT HEAR IT."
END



SHATTERED MIRROR

WRITTEN BY
DAN WATTERS
ART BY
CASPAR WIJNGAARD

AND THUS, THE BATTLE BEGINS ANEW.
FOR THE WILL TO ***WAR*** IS ALL I HAVE. ALL I ***AM.***
FOR WHEN THE FRACTURE IN THE MIRRORED SHIELD SPREAD INTO A CRACK, AND AT LAST SHATTERED ALTOGETHER, ITS MAGICKS TURNED AGAINST ME...
AND THUS MY WORLD HAS BEEN REDUCED TO THIS.

THEN THE INVASION BEGINS AGAIN. ANOTHER CRAWLS FORTH IN BLACK PARODY OF BIRTH.
IN EACH MOMENT OF PRECIOUS RESPITE I REFLECT ON THESE HOLLOW INVADORS FROM OTHER WORLDS; ON HOW THEY ARE NOT LIVING.
FOR I KNOW THAT NEITHER AM I. I CAN FEEL IT...
I CAN FEEL HOW, SO LONG THIS BATTLE RAGED, THERE IS NOUGHT LEFT WITHIN THIS ARMOR BUT DUST AND WILL.

COULD THE RED OF THE *SKIES* BE HIS ARMOR, REFRACTED BACK AT JUST THE RIGHT ANGLE?
THE LIGHT I TAKE FOR THE *SETTING SUN*... MAGNIFIED FROM OUR BLADES AS THEY CLASH IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS.
AND THE *CASTLE* ITSELF... A MOCKING INTERPRETATION OF MY OWN ATTIRE, TARNISHED AS IF BY RUST AND WAR.

PERHAPS, WERE I TO HALT, T'WOULD HAVE NOTHING TO REFLECT, AND ALL THIS WOULD VANISH.
... PERHAPS THEN I COULD REST...
YET I KNOWETH NOT IF THIS BE TRUE, AND I FEAR I NEVER SHALL.
FOR THE WILL TO *WAR* IS ALL I HAVE. ALL I *AM*.
AND THUS, THE BATTLE BEGINS ANEW...
END

POUND OF FLESH

WRITTEN BY
CASSANDRA KHAW
ART BY
ANDREA OLIMPIERI & MATTIA IACONO

MOTHER SAID YOU'D BE A QUEEN ONE DAY.
EVEN AS A CHILD YOU WERE BEAUTIFUL.
THE APPLE OF HER EYE.
AND I WAS YOUR SHADOW. YOUR TOY, YOUR SIN-EATER. YOUR SACRIFICAL LAMB.
DO YOU REMEMBER, SISTER DEAREST? HOW WE PLAYED UPON THE BALCONY, THE DUSK COLD ON MY BROKEN SKIN?
DO YOU REMEMBER, THINGS YOU ASKED OF ME? THE TEETH FROM MY MOUTH WORN AROUND YOUR PRETTY NECK. THE DRESS YOU FLENSED FROM MY BARE BACK.
I REMEMBER.
I REMEMBER EVERYTHING YOU DID.

WHEN THE SICKNESS CAME IT RUPTURED MOTHER'S WORLD.
THE HEALERS COULD NOT HELP. NOR THE WITCHES OF THE EASTERN NIGHTLANDS.
BUT STILL ANOTHER PATH LAY UNTESTED.
"GO NOW, CHILD. SEEK THE ONE THAT MIGHT GRANT THY SISTER PANACEA."
AND SO, UPON HER BIDDING, I SET OUT INTO THE WORM-EATEN SWAMPS, TO THE BLANK SPACES BETWEEN SECONDS AND TO THE THING WHICH RESIDED THERE.
ITS PRICE WAS HIGH AND MOTHER KNEW IT WELL.
"MEAT FOR MEAT. MARROW FOR MARROW. WHAT IS GIVEN SHALL EQUAL TO THAT WHICH IS RECEIVED".
FOR YOU TO LIVE, I WOULD HAVE TO DIE.

AND TO TRADE ONE FOR ANOTHER, WAS A DECISION EASILY MADE.
YOU WERE ALWAYS HER FAVORITE.
AS WAS MY OWN.
TELL ME, SISTER, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?
WOULD YOU TOO HAVE TRADED MY SALVATION FOR DAMNATION?
I WANTED TO HURT YOU, SISTER. LIKE YOU HAD HURT ME.
AND INSTEAD OF A CURE, I CHOSE A CURSE.
THAT YOU WOULD KNOW MY PAIN ETERNAL.
AND WITH THE AGES, DISCOVER THE TRUE PRICE OF CRUELTY.
MY WISH WAS GRANTED.

THE CHANGE WAS BITTER AGONY. FAR WORSE THAN ANY OF THE GAMES YOU LIKED TO PLAY.
BUT I WAS WITH YOU THROUGH IT ALL.
DEAR SISTER, DO YOU REMEMBER HOW SHE TASTED?
HOW THE TOWNSFOLK SANG FOR US AND BROUGHT THEIR FLAMES AND STEEL.
BUT WE ALWAYS CAME BACK.
BOUND FOREVER TO ONE ANOTHER.
DOOMED TO BE HUNTED BY THOSE WHO SEEK TO STEAL OUR TORTURED ETERNITY.
BUT IT'S OKAY, DEAR SISTER.

SOMETIMES YOU DIE FIRST WHILE I WATCH AND WITHER AS YOU CHOKE YOUR FINAL BREATHS.
OTHERS I MEET DEATH AND YOU DECAY, MY BLOOD NECROTIZING IN YOUR VEINS.
BUT AS LONG AS I CAN WATCH THE PALE LIGHT LEAVE YOUR EYES...
... I WOULDN'T WANT IT ANY OTHER WAY.
END

AND SO THE LESSON ENDETH.
STEEL THYSELF, SER KNIGHT, AND KNOW THY SACRIFICE SHALL BRING ACCORD.
I WONDER... WHAT WILL THY OWN ESSENCE REVEAL...
NO.
CREAK
HUMANITY DOES NOT DIE THIS DAY.
CRACK
...
THE RESILIENCE OF MAN...
...THERE IS NAUGHT WITHIN THIS WORLD THAT HOLDS A CANDLE TO IT...
TO RISE, TO FALL AND TO RISE AGAIN, IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR DUTY...
THIS IS OUR CURSE AND OUR SOLEMN BLESSING...
...AND ONE THAT WE SHALL BEAR ETERNAL.
END

DARK SOULS™

LEGENDS OF THE FLAME

CROSSROADS

WRITTEN BY **GEORGE MANN**
ARTWORK BY **PIOTR KOWALSKI**
& BRAD SIMPSON

THE FLAME'S RETURN

WRITTEN BY **TAURIQ MOOSA**
ARTWORK BY **DAMIEN WORM**

THE LABYRINTH

WRITTEN BY **DAN WATTERS**
ARTWORK BY **NICK PERCIVAL**

THE DEVOTED

WRITTEN BY **DAN WATTERS**
ARTWORK BY **CASPAR WIJNGAARD**

THAT WHICH HOLDS US HUMAN

WRITTEN BY **CASSANDRA KHAW**
ARTWORK BY **DANIELE SERRA**

ACTION REPLAY

WRITTEN BY **GEORGE MANN**
ARTWORK BY **NICK PERCIVAL**

SAVIOR

WRITTEN BY **GEORGE MANN**
ARTWORK BY **DANIELE SERRA**

THE INFECTED

WRITTEN BY **MICHAEL WALSH**
ARTWORK BY **MICHAEL WALSH**
& DYLAN BURNETT

WITCHES

WRITTEN BY **TAURIQ MOOSA**
ARTWORK BY **DAMIEN WORM**

BEHOLD, TOWNSFOLK!

WRITTEN BY **GEORGE MANN**
ARTWORK BY **PIOTR KOWALSKI**
& BRAD SIMPSON

SHATTERED MIRROR

WRITTEN BY **DAN WATTERS**
ARTWORK BY **CASPAR WIJNGAARD**

POUND OF FLESH

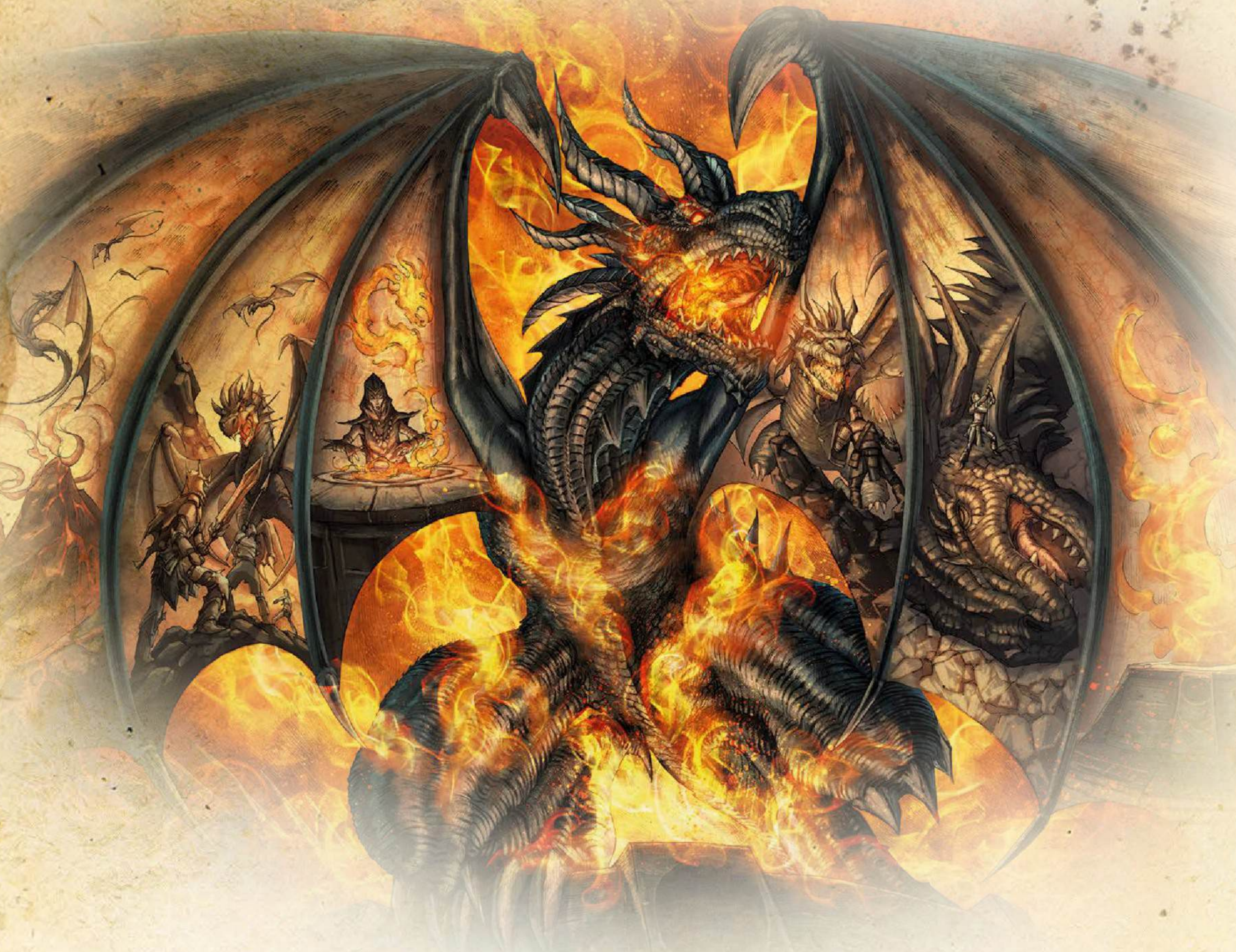
WRITTEN BY **CASSANDRA KHAW**
ARTWORK BY **ANDREA OLIMPIERI**
& MATTIA IANCONO

THE SHRINE 1-4

WRITTEN BY **ATOM MORWILL**
ARTWORK BY **ALAN QUAH & KOMIKAKI STUDIO**

LETTERING BY
ROB STEEN, MICHAEL WALSH & TOM WILLIAMS

ORIGINAL GAME
PRODUCED BY BANDAI NAMCO ENTERTAINMENT INC.
DEVELOPED BY FROMSOFTWARE, INC.



DRAGONS

History tells us that the Age of Ancients was a time of darkness – a time when the barren landscape was enveloped in a dense fog. Long before the Lords were embers in the First Flame, Dragons ruled the land.

Magnificent, imposing creatures, the ancient Everlasting Dragons were gargantuan beings with scales as hard as stone. Everlasting Dragons had large, leathery and clawed wings which enabled them to fly, as well as a long heavy tail. Their horned visages, piercing reptilian eyes and many rows of teeth have become common symbols of strength and power during the time of men, who rightfully see them as symbols of indomitable might.

However, it was for exactly their strength and power that Dragons were driven to near extinction during the War of Fire. Born from the First Flame, the Lords overthrew the Dragons – with the help of one of their own – and ushered in a new age: The Age of Fire. Though men prosper in this new age, and Dragons are rare, their descendants and kin, Drakes and Wyverns, help to keep their mythos in the minds of their enemies.

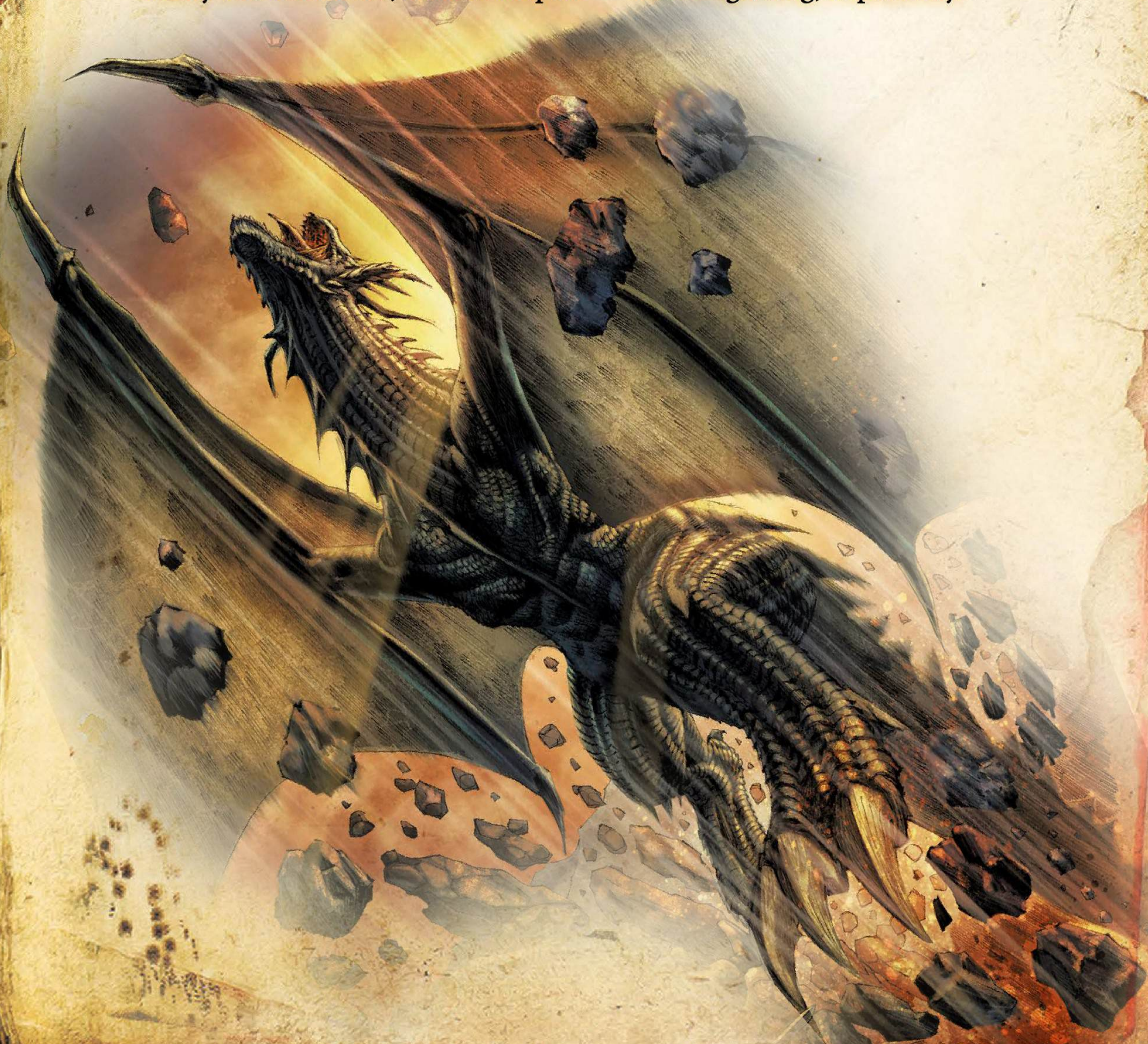
ANDOLUS

The Wyrm King Andolus is a mysterious figure in the kingdom of Ishra – though one intrinsically linked with its origin and survival. The Age of Fire – which had, for so long, kept the Undead at bay – was stoked and safeguarded by Andolus' breath. However, when a prophecy promised that with the Wyrm King's dying breath, life itself would usher forth, Andolus was hunted to the edges of Ishra. He was eventually slain by Baron Karamas, who realized the intrinsic link between the First Flame and Andolus' fire, far, far too late.

Risen again by warrior Fira and the scryer Aldrich, Andolus was a fierce enemy. Though Fira, in a moment of clarity and conscience, decided to spare Andolus' life, the Dragon did not use his breath to redeem or save the kingdom of Ishra and the world of man. Instead he turned his back on the humans that had betrayed him and ushered in a new Age of Darkness.

DRACONIAN DESCENDANTS

Since the dawn of the Age of Fire, and the near extinction of true Everlasting Dragons, many more draconian imitators have found a foothold in the land. Though they are often smaller and less intimidating than their draconic counterparts, Wyverns and Drakes are equally as dangerous to an unprepared adventurer. Like Dragons, Wyverns and Drakes are capable of flight and can also utilize a breath weapon – ranging from fire to lightning, respectively.



HOLLOWS

The curse of undeath strikes randomly and mercilessly, and when the dead rise, they are on borrowed time in more ways than one. With each passing day the undead lose their intelligence, and sanity, and if they cannot replenish their humanity in the warm, cleansing light of a bonfire, they will become Hollow.

Hollows are categorized by their emaciated physique and their aggression. Hollows with no trace of humanity are aggressive and ruthless enemies, as with each death, their memories of life fade and leave only the madness of death. Some Hollows, who have not yet shed all their mortal tethers, are able to walk amongst civil society – though, no matter how hard they may try, they will always be shunned by the living.

ARMORED HOLLOW

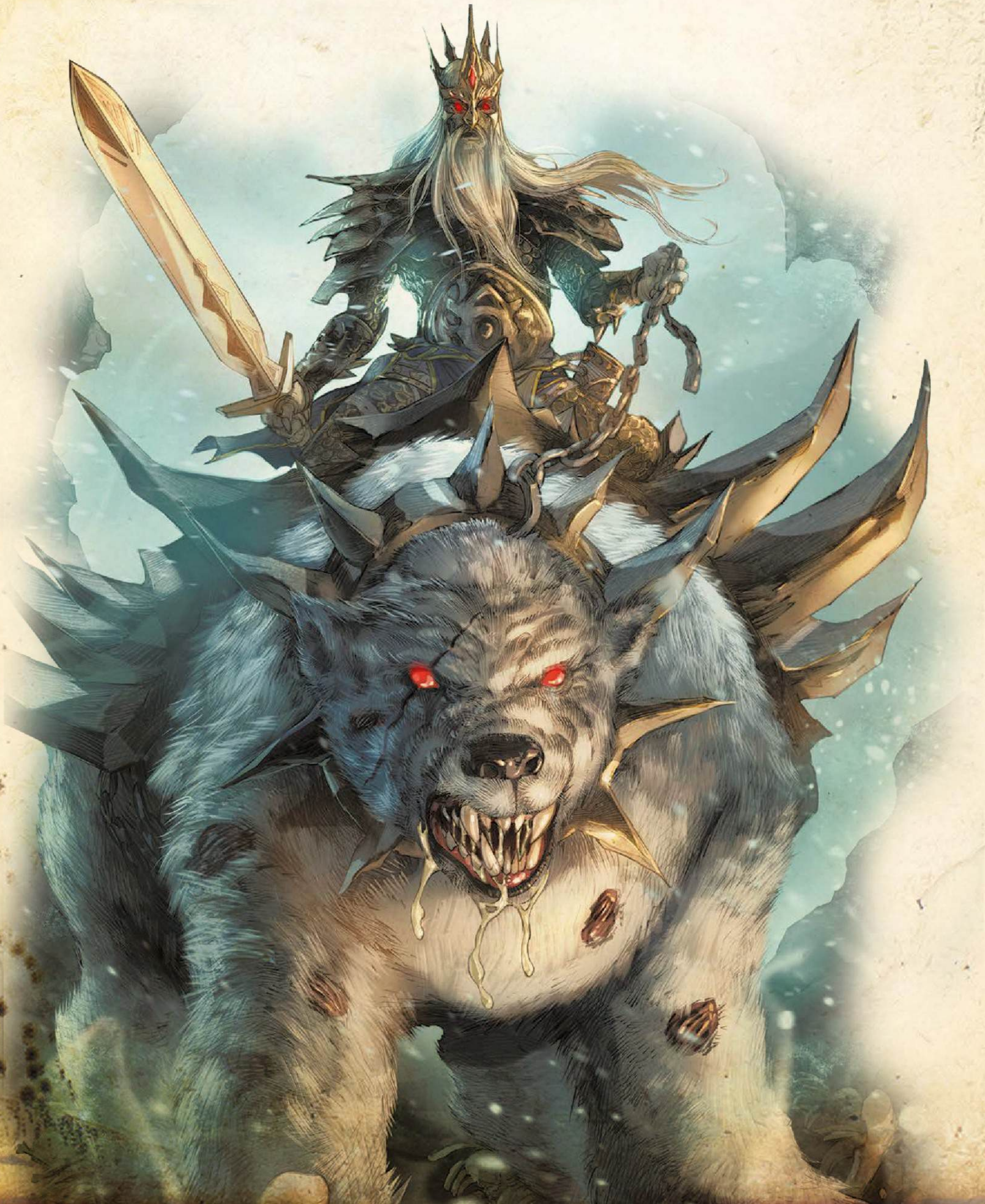
Rarely found alone, Hollows almost always attack in a group or pack. For those who still retain some sense, holding a weapon and following orders, joining an undead legion of soldiers, or entering the guard service of a generous noble, is a natural answer to their thirst for violence. No longer restrained by the fear of death, Armored Hollows make for dangerous enemies.

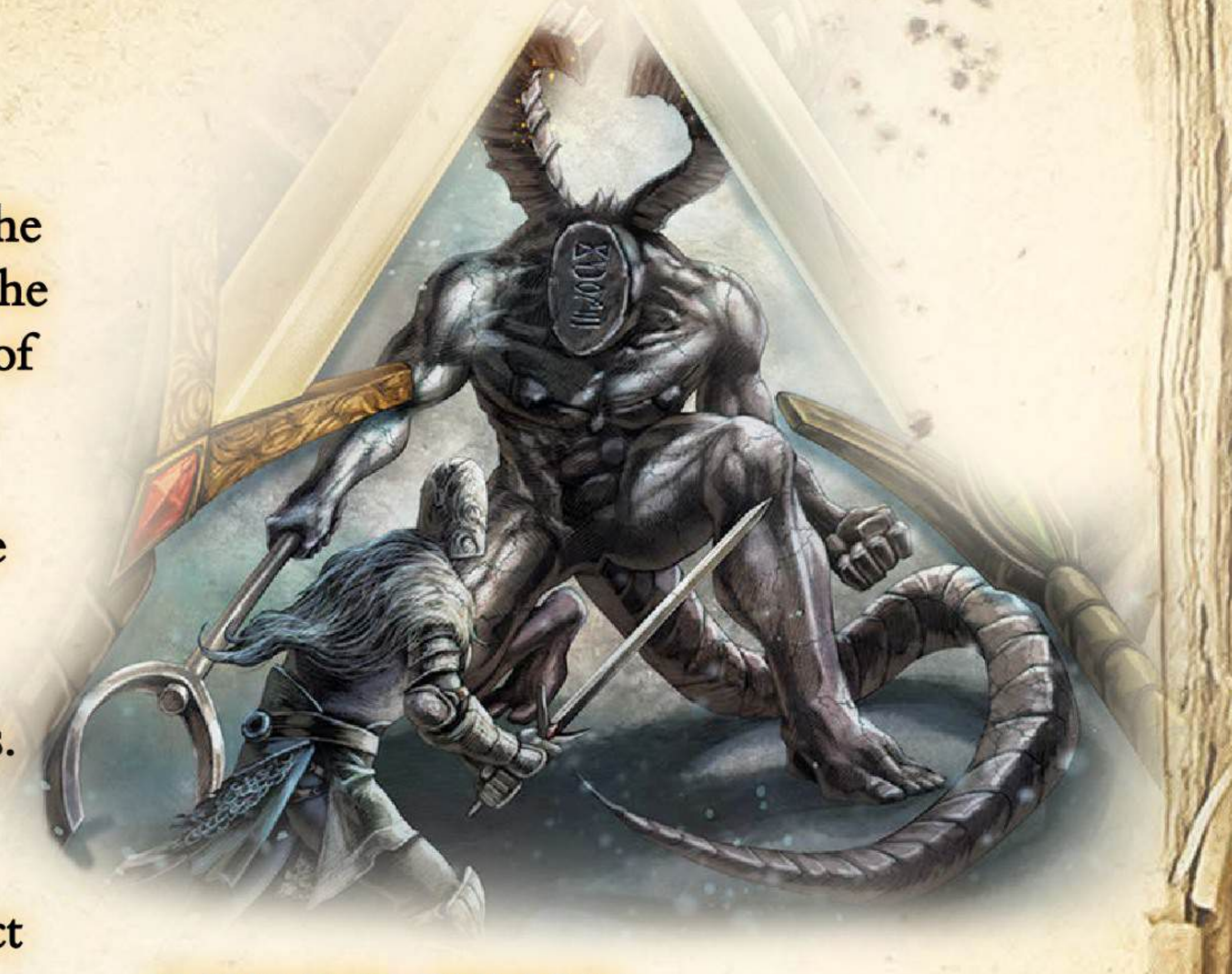
FROST HOLLOW

Unique to the realm of Ambervale, Frost Hollows are notably better preserved than those found in more temperate climates. Perhaps due to the necessary warmth of bonfires on the wintry nights, or the freezing temperatures slowing the decay of their withering flesh, these Hollows have retained more of their humanity than their mindless cousins. Frost Hollows are also unique for their preserved facial hair, and their frozen, undead, polar bear mounts.

HOLLOW COURTIERS

Though some Hollows hold an insatiable hunger for violence, others – such as the court of Duke Etinger – remember their taste for the finer aspects of their former lives. Shunned and ostracized by the living – and at risk from wandering adventurers – some Hollows form their own communities. Whether the Hollows are aware of their peculiarity of their danse macabre, or whether they are blissfully ignorant of the undeath remains to be seen.





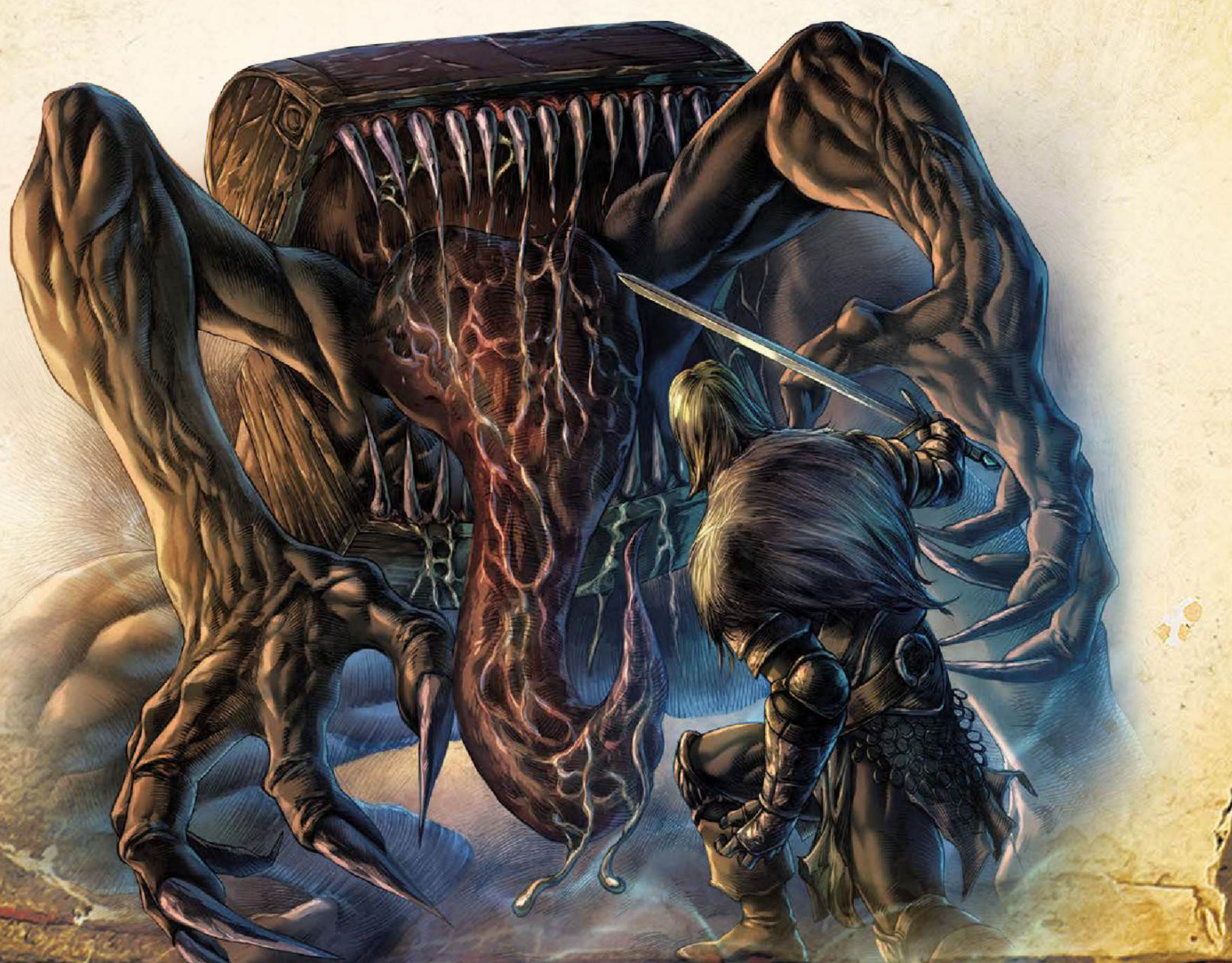
Since the first Lords brought about the end of the Age of Ancients and cast the world into the Age of Fire, the light of the First Flame has given men many reasons to fear the dark. Beyond the Everlasting Dragons and between the horde of Hollows, monsters beyond your wildest dreams stalk their weary and unsuspecting victims.

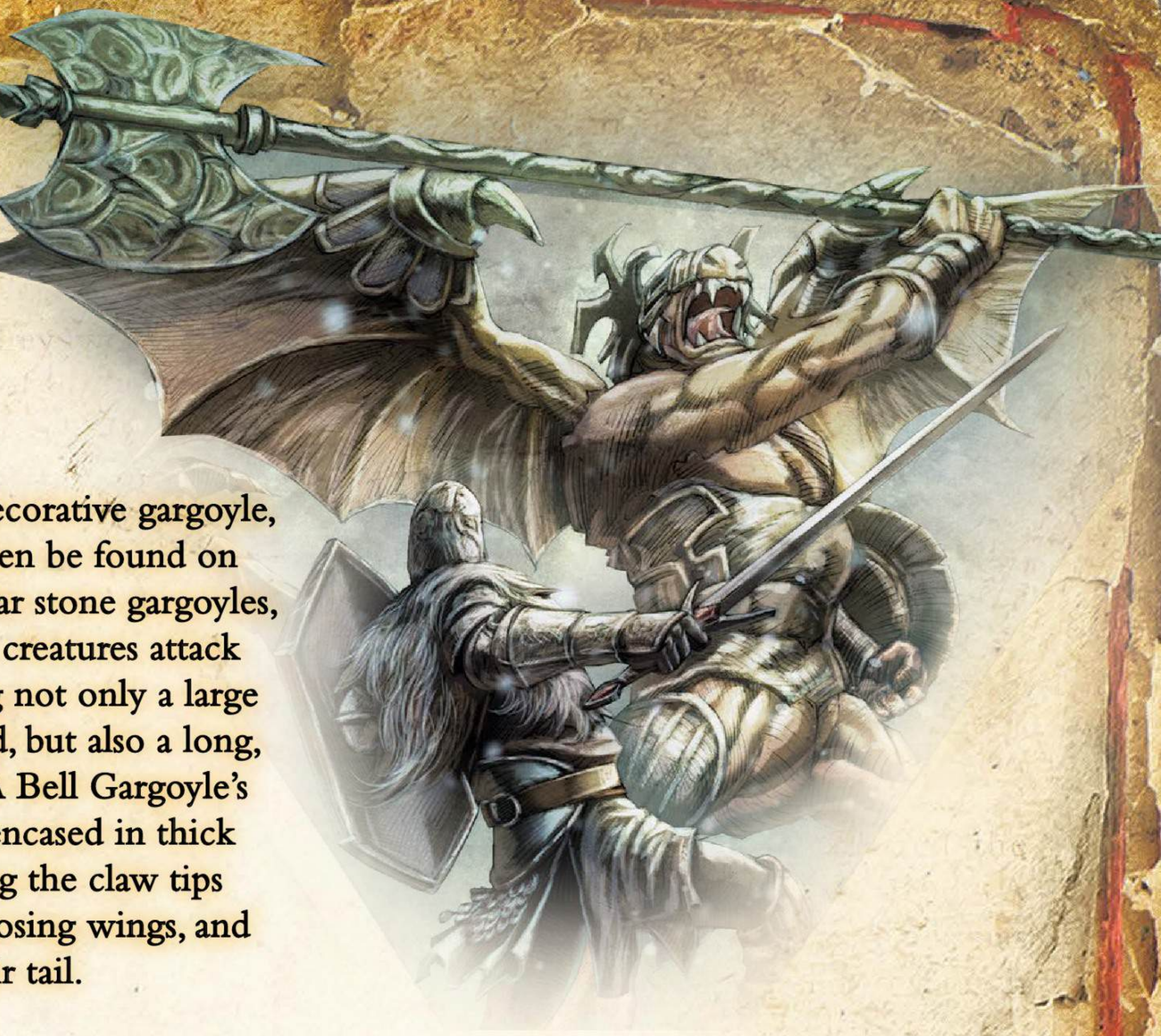
MIMIC

In the bowels of dungeons and derelict castles and mansions, the deceptive Mimic lies in wait for its next meal. Disguised as an unsuspecting chest, only the most discerning of adventurers are able to distinguish the Mimic before it is too late. Those who fail to spot the creature are quickly devoured by long, finger-like teeth and a lolling, oversized tongue. The only way to surprise a waiting Mimic is to study it without being seen – many nobles chain their chests loosely to the ground to ward against thieves. However, on a Mimic the chain is taut and waiting to be sprung.

TITANITE DEMON

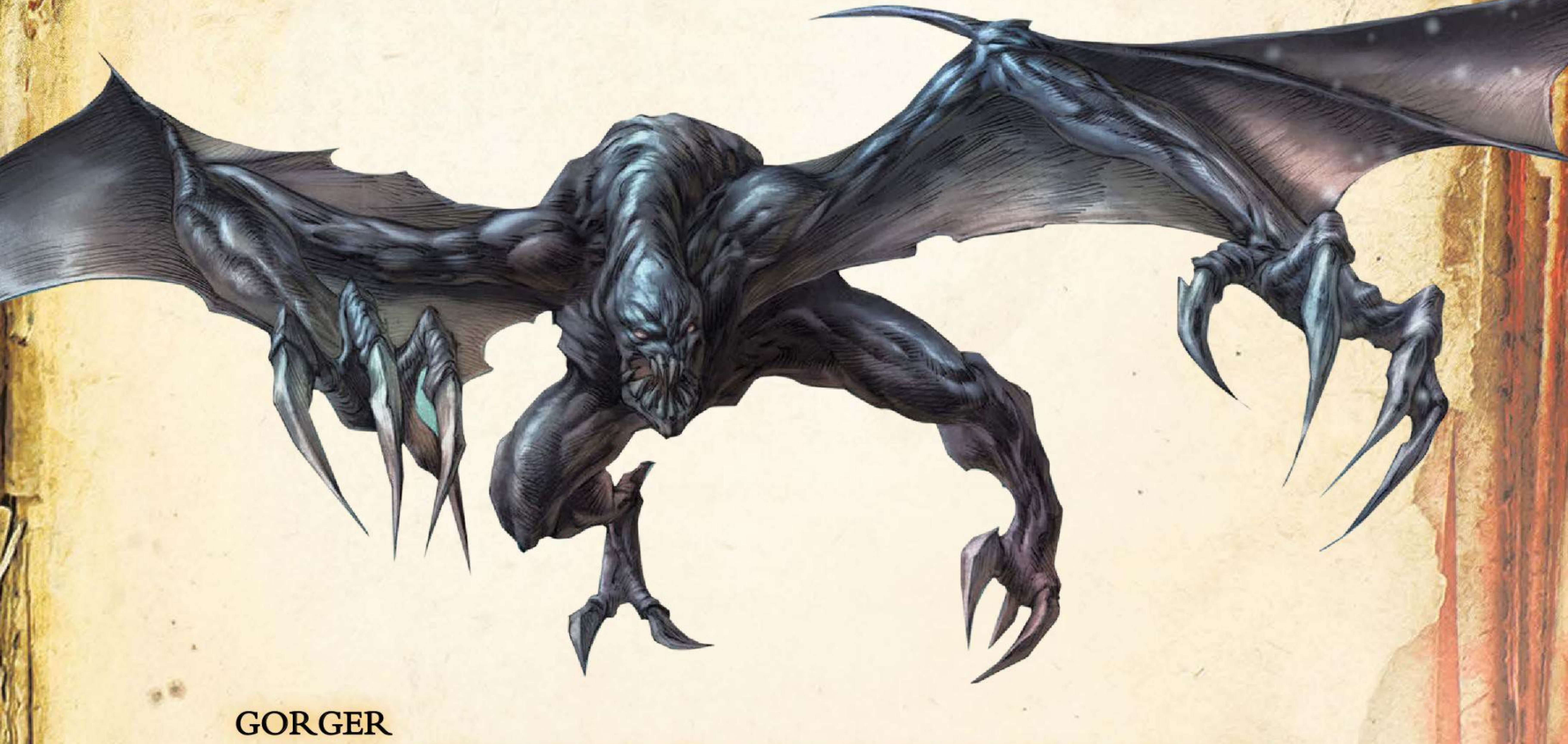
Though most demons were born when the Witch of Izalith tried to recreate the First Flame and continue to the Age of Fire, Titanite Demons are not directly from her blood. Following the death of the Blacksmith to the Lords, their bodies rose out of slabs of titanite - a rare and valuable mineral, it is often used in blacksmithing and in the forging of powerful weapons. They are large creatures without a typical "face" and have large, curved horns protruding from their skulls.





BELL GARGOYLE

Similar to a regular, decorative gargoyle, Bell Gargoyles can often be found on rooftops. Unlike regular stone gargoyles, however, these deadly creatures attack with ferocity, wielding not only a large double headed halberd, but also a long, heavy ax-bladed tail. A Bell Gargoyle's powerful physique is encased in thick plated armor, including the claw tips of their large and imposing wings, and along the body of their tail.



GORGER

In Lady Parnethia's realm of endless winter, the dead and living alike enjoy a sense of freedom unlike any other. But despite the prosperity of the dead, carrion creatures such as the Gorger roam the icy wastes waiting for their next meal. For the fools who dare traverse from the Master's arena to the halls of Ambervale, Gorgers are able to pick off and feast on their flesh before the hostile climate has a chance to freeze them. With dark, leathery skin stretched over gaunt, skeletal bodies, their large red eyes and sharpened teeth emerging from the night sky are the fuel for nightmares amongst even the most hardened of warriors.

SCRIPT TO STRIP

WINTERSPITE

Script: George Mann
Art: Alan Quah
Colors: Komikaki Studio ft. Norah Khor & Sean Le

ISSUE 4
Pages 16 & 17

(DPS fight scene)

For this DPS, we're back to the fight with JARL in the snowy arena. Again, Alan, I think there's a chance for you to go to town with layouts here, and there's no specific scripting needed (aside from one caption). It's the battle leading up to the climactic final page, overleaf, when Andred is going to kill Jarl.

So for this page I think it's about JARL maintaining the upper hand, battering ANDRED about, his expression gloating as he thinks he's drawing close to a victory.

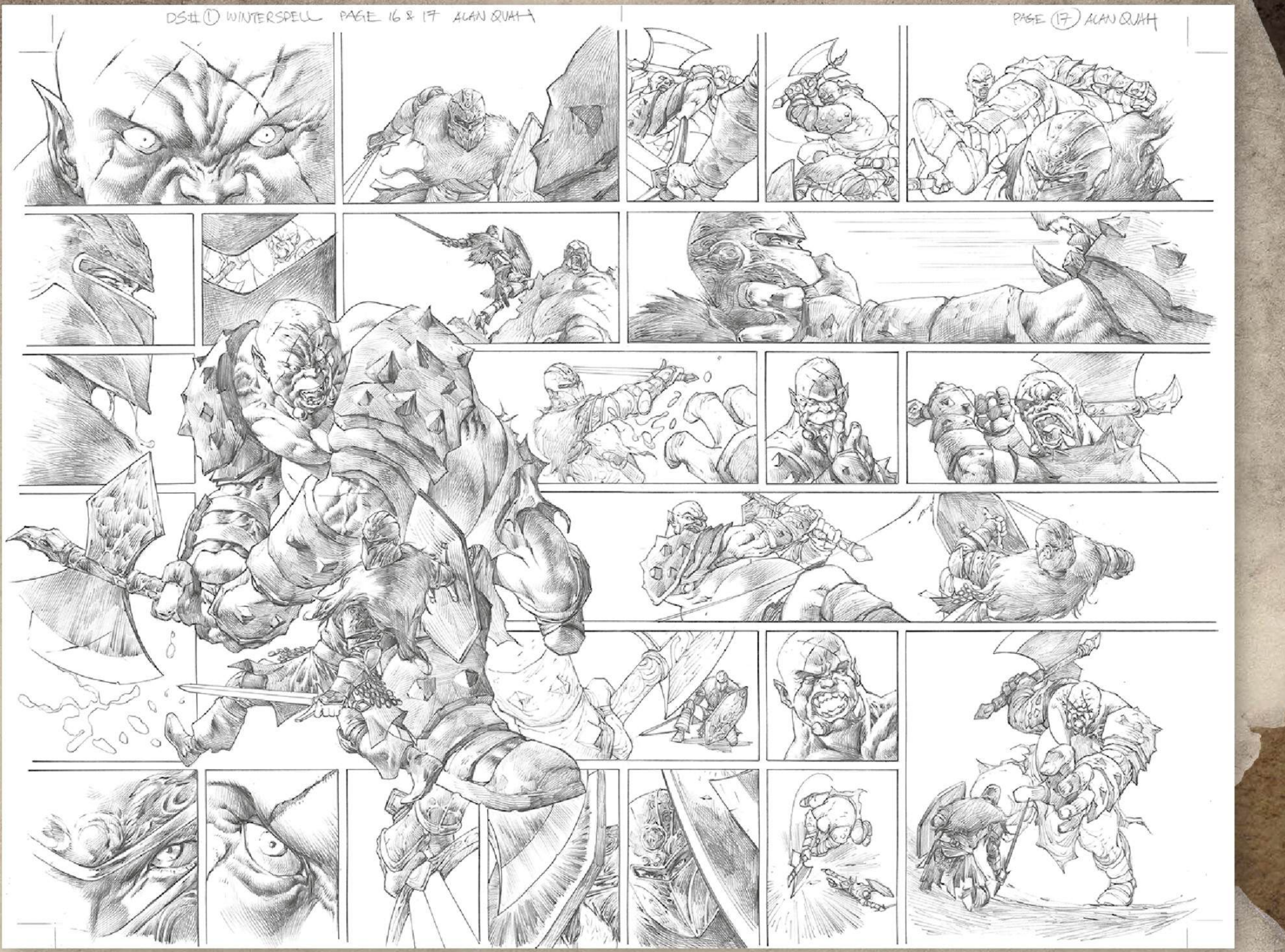
He can punch and swipe at ANDRED, maybe even catch him with the edge of his axe as ANDRED doesn't quite get out of the way in time, injuring him. He can batter ANDRED with the flat of his axe, too. ANDRED can swipe back at JARL's fist, drawing a line of blood across JARL's knuckles, or jab at his waist or thighs without causing much real damage.

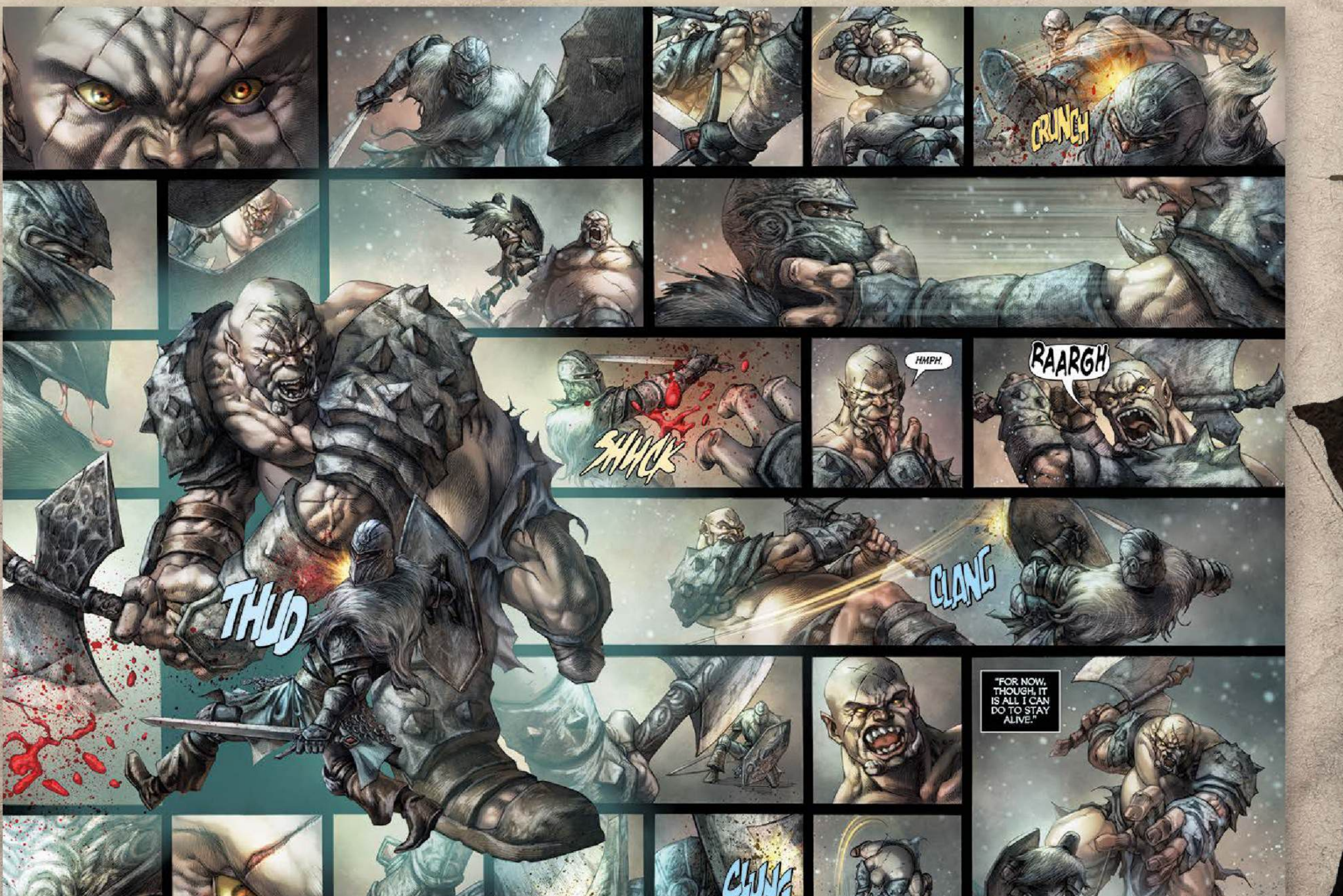
We can add the sound effects and grunts after you're done.

If you want more specific direction, though, just ask – I just thought it would be a chance for you to go to town on a battle scene.

We need to end the spread with JARL looming over ANDRED, axe above his head, about to strike. ANDRED is crouching with his shield raised defensively, but secretly about to pounce – he's been luring JARL into a false sense of security.

1. ANDRED (CAPTION) “For now, though, it is all I can do to stay alive.”


DS# ① WINTERSPELL PAGE 16 & 17 ALAN QUAH
PAGE ⑰ ALAN QUAH


CRUNCH
SHHCK
HMPH.
RAARGH
THUD
CLANG
"FOR NOW, THOUGH, IT IS ALL I CAN DO TO STAY ALIVE."
CLUNG
THUD

WINTERSPITE

Script: George Mann
Art: Alan Quah
Colors: Komikaki Studio ft. Norah Khor & Sean Le

ISSUE 2
Page 5

(5 panels)

Panel 1. The MASTER is up out of his throne as JARL begins to swing the loose end of his chain, smashing the stone seats between them.

1. MASTER	Return to the arena! I command it!
2. SFX	THWING
3. SFX	CRACK

Panel 2. ANDRED is scrabbling up over the seats, putting distance between himself and JARL. Debris is flying everywhere as JARL trashes the stand.

4. SFX	KA-CHUNK
5. SFX	THUD

Panel 3. JARL has set his sights on the MASTER as a new target, and is smashing through the tiered stone seating in pursuit, as the MASTER blasts him with magical energy, causing blackened, smoking holes in JARL's chest.

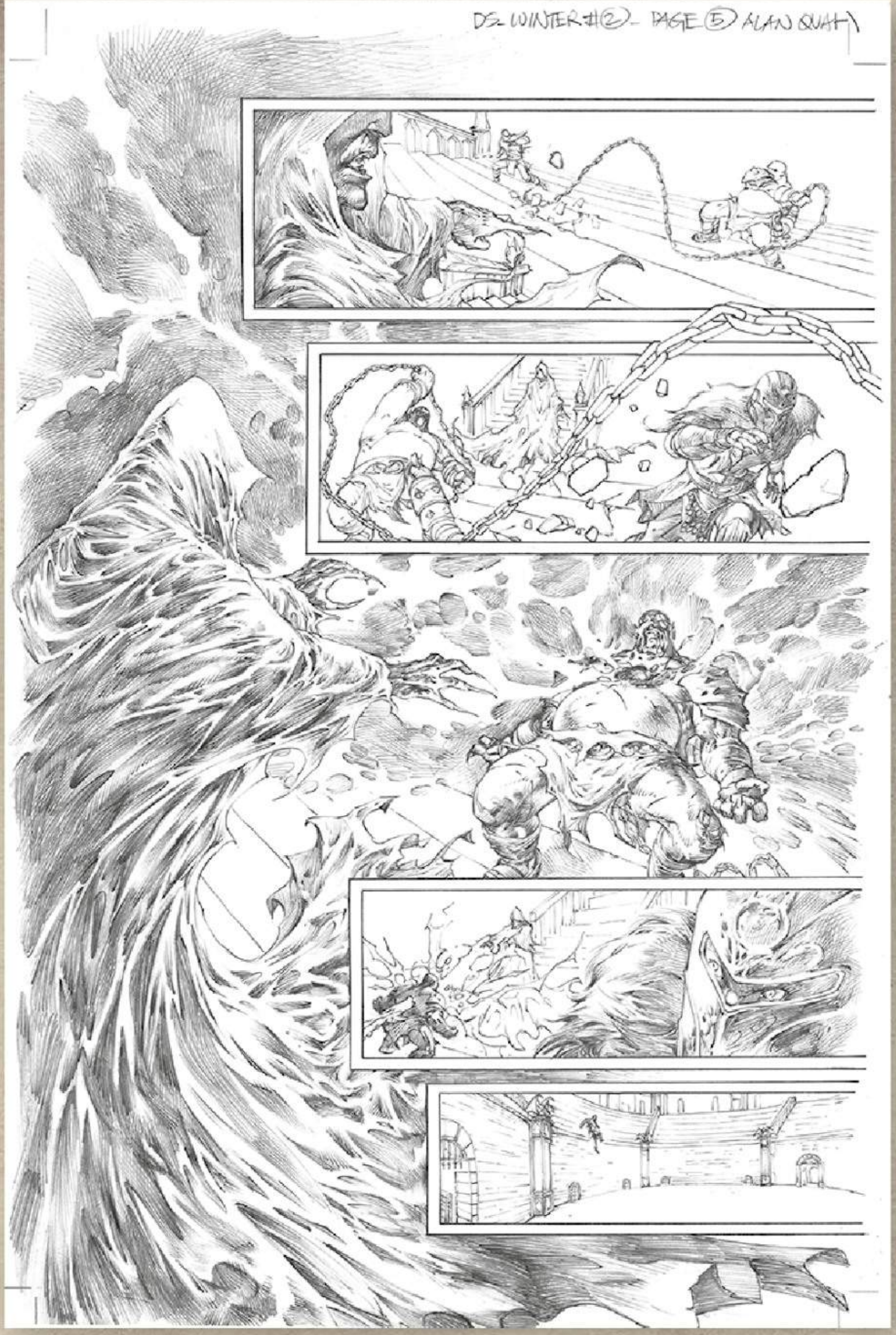
6. MASTER	You shall die for your insolence!
7. SFX	FZZZZZZ
8. JARL	RAAAAAGGGHH!

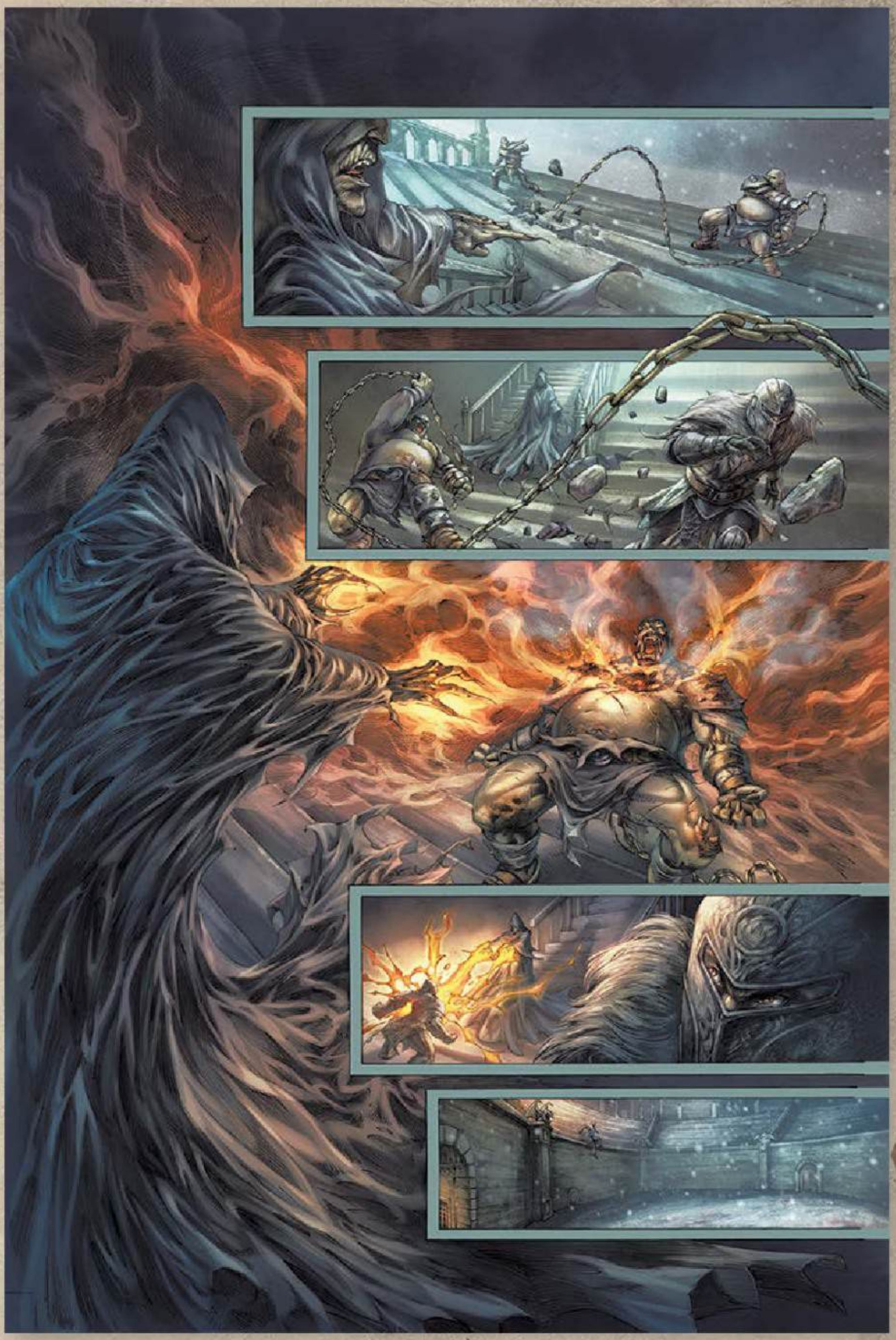
Panel 4. ANDRED watches as JARL staggers closer to the MASTER, while the MASTER continues to blast him with burning magical energy. JARL's skin is crisping, but he's forging on, pushing through to get to his attacker.

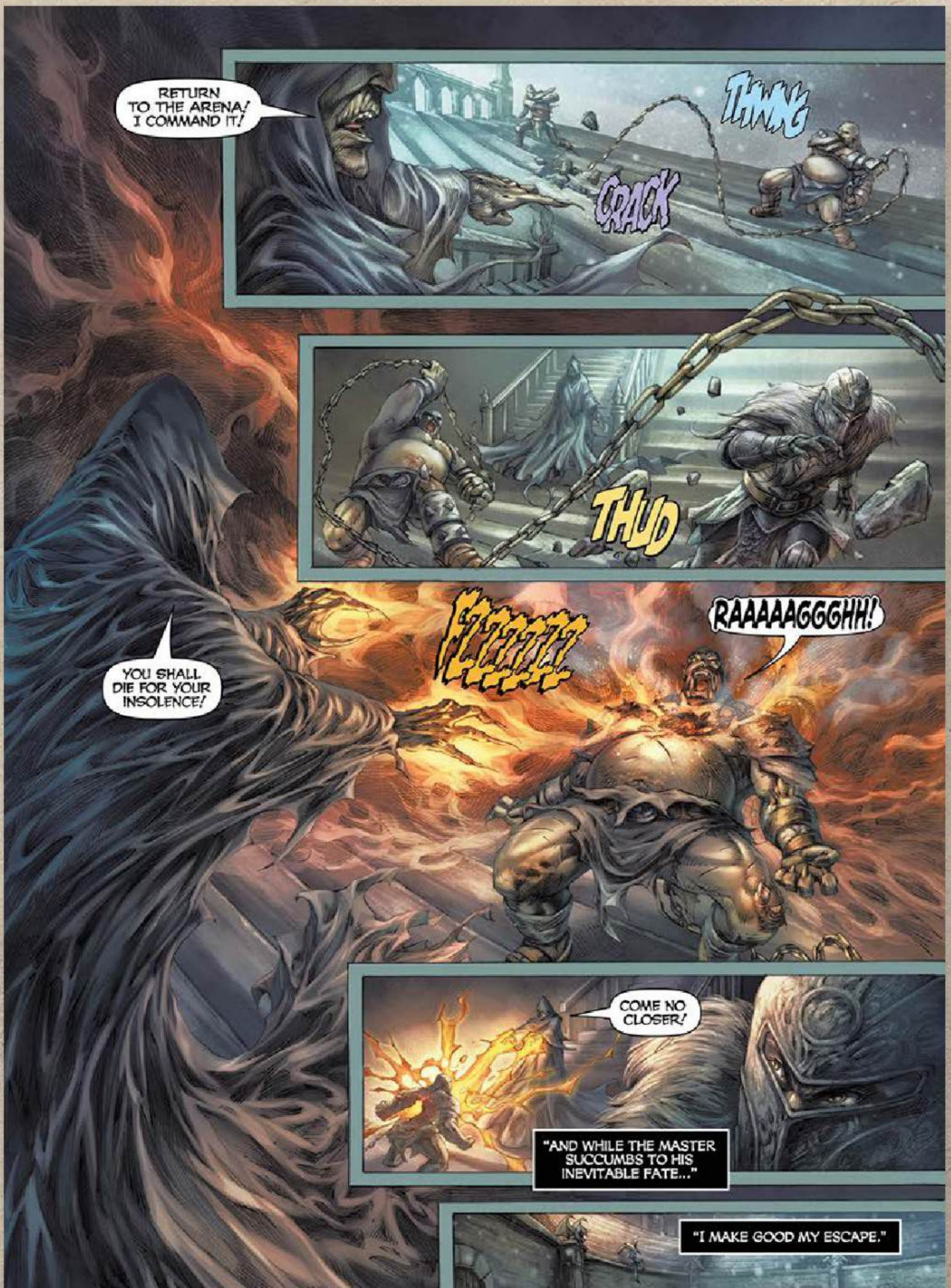
8. MASTER	Come no closer!
9. ANDRED (CAPTION)	"And while the master succumbs to his inevitable fate…"

Panel 5. ANDRED is taking a running leap off the wall, diving back down into the arena.

10. ANDRED (CAPTION)	"I make good my escape."


DSL WINTER #② - PAGE ⑤ ALAN QUAH




RETURN TO THE ARENA! I COMMAND IT!
THWNG
CRACK
THUD
FZZZZZZZ
RAAAAAGGGHH!
YOU SHALL DIE FOR YOUR INSOLENCE!
COME NO CLOSER!
"AND WHILE THE MASTER SUCCUMBS TO HIS INEVITABLE FATE..."
"I MAKE GOOD MY ESCAPE."

WINTERSPITE

Script: George Mann
Art: Alan Quah
Colors: Komikaki Studio ft. Norah Khor & Sean Le

ISSUE 4
Page 14

(4 panels)

Panel 1. PARNETHIA, from behind ANDRED, is raising her hand, fingers outstretched. She's gesturing at Duke Etinger (OP).

1. PARNETHIA		My warrior is correct, Duke Etinger.

2. PARNETHIA		Thou art a fool.

Panel 2. A large panel showing DUKE ETINGER and the FROST HOLLOWS being destroyed by Parnethia's magic. The remaining flesh is being blasted from their skeletons by a gust of incredible, icy wind, as if the rotten flesh is being flensed away. It might be nice to do this as a progression of three images, first showing the flesh being blasted off, then the skeletons being eroded, and then the final remains billowing away as dust on the breeze.

3. SFX		WHISSHT

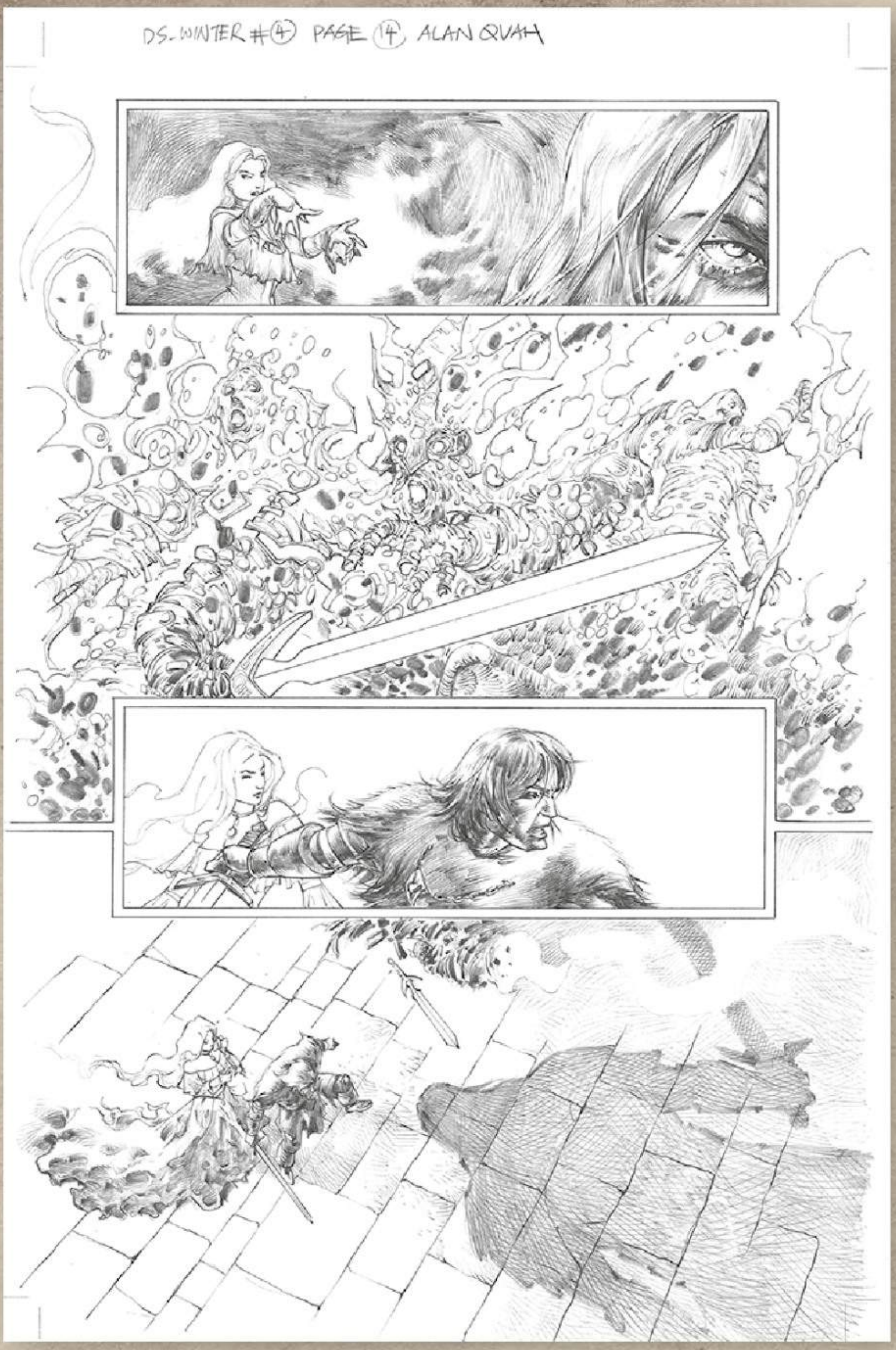
Panel 3. Close in on ANDRED, turning in surprise. He's sensed something, and he's instinctively put out a protective arm to keep PARNETHIA back.

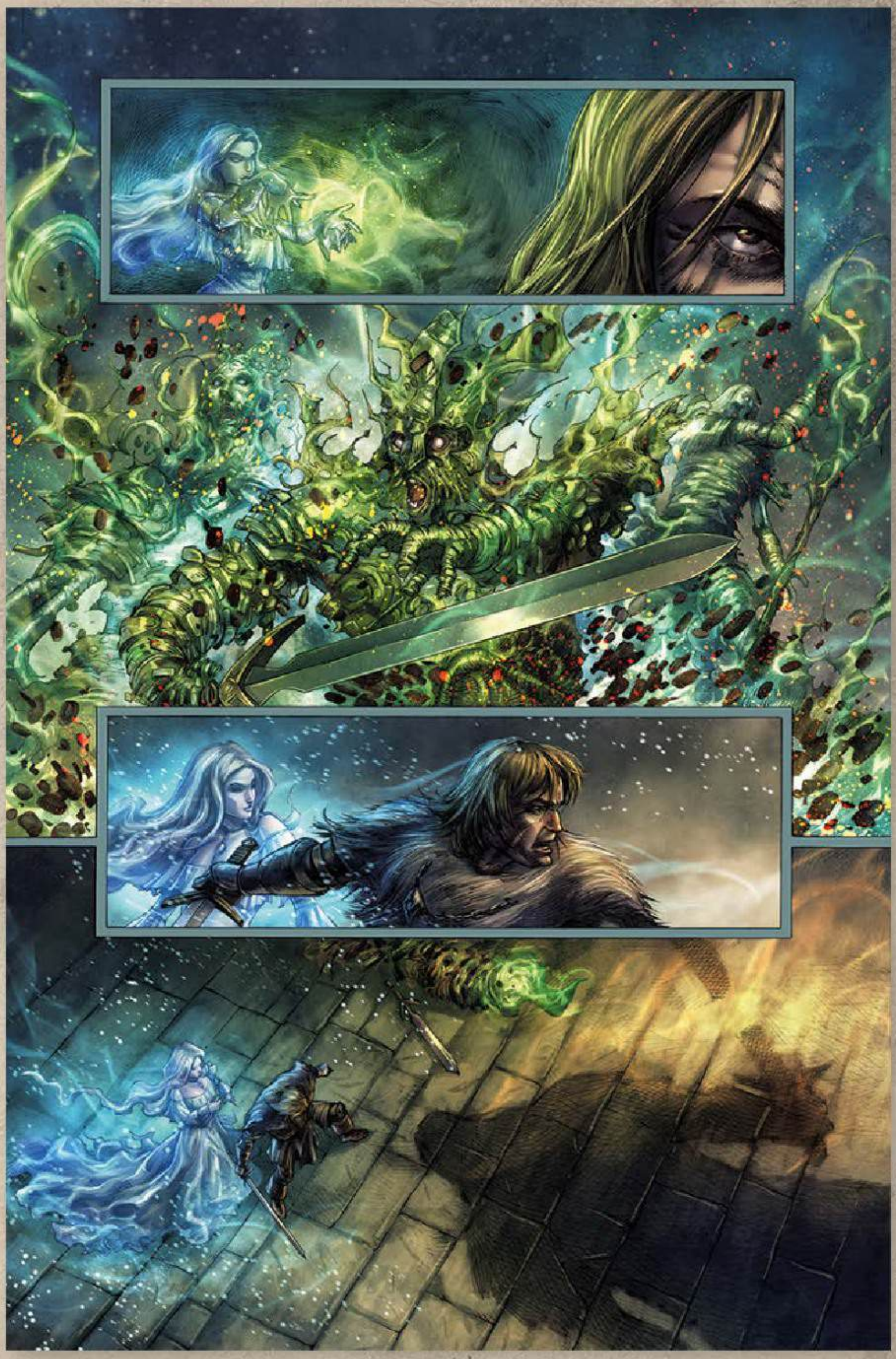
4. ANDRED		Hold!

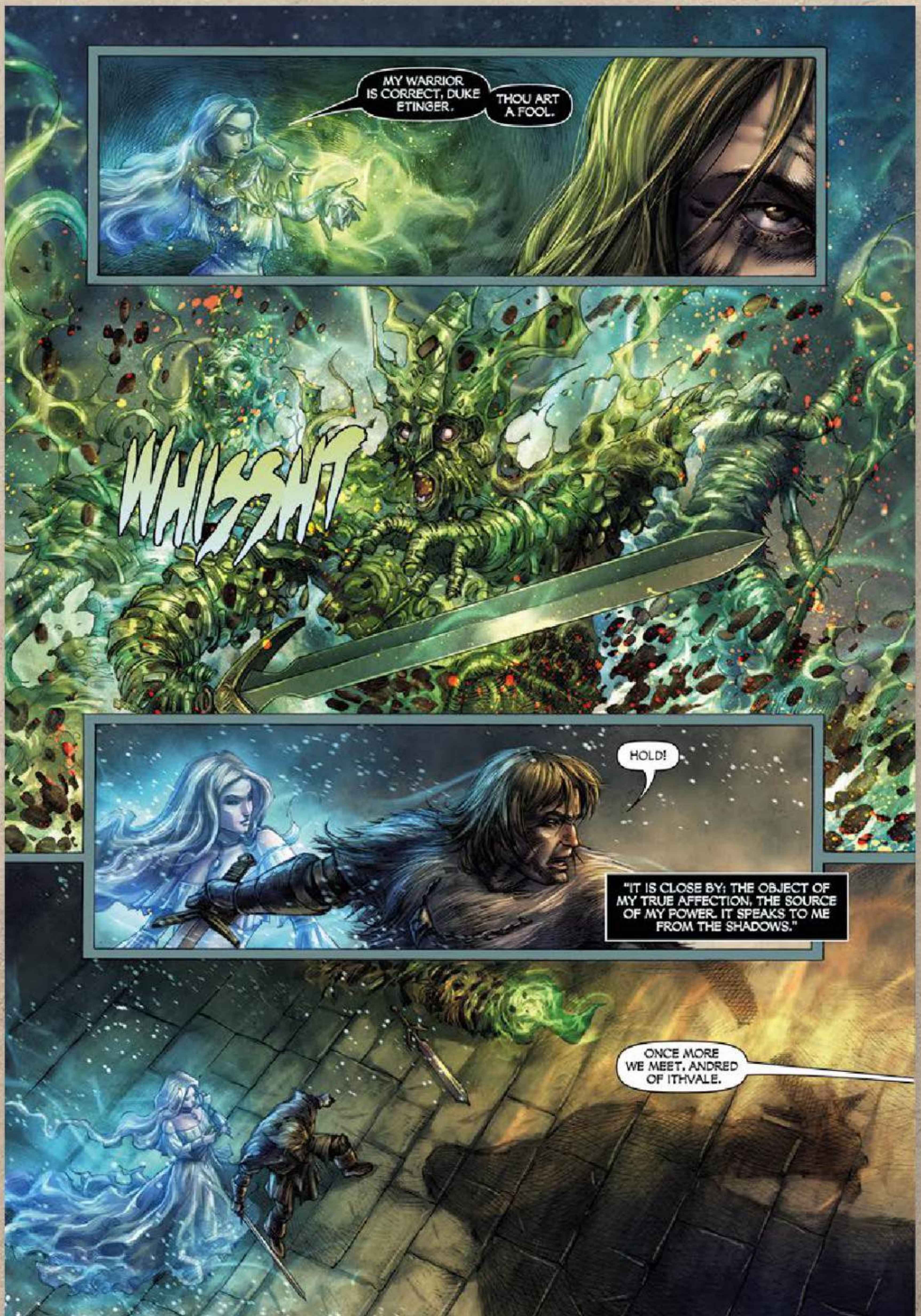
5. ANDRED (CAPTION)		"It is close by; the object of my true affection, the source of my power. It speaks to me from the shadows."

Panel 4. In the shadows by the drapes, there's the impression of a figure, and the outline of a blade glowing softly orange.

6. WARRIOR		Once more we meet, Andred of Ithvale.


DS. WINTER #④ PAGE ⑭, ALAN QUAH




MY WARRIOR IS CORRECT, DUKE ETINGER.
THOU ART A FOOL.
WHISSHT
HOLD!
"IT IS CLOSE BY: THE OBJECT OF MY TRUE AFFECTION, THE SOURCE OF MY POWER. IT SPEAKS TO ME FROM THE SHADOWS."
ONCE MORE WE MEET, ANDRED OF ITHVALE.

WINTERSPITE

Script: George Mann
Art: Alan Quah
Colors: Komikaki Studio ft. Norah Khor & Sean Le

ISSUE 4
Page 16 & 17

(DPS fight scene)

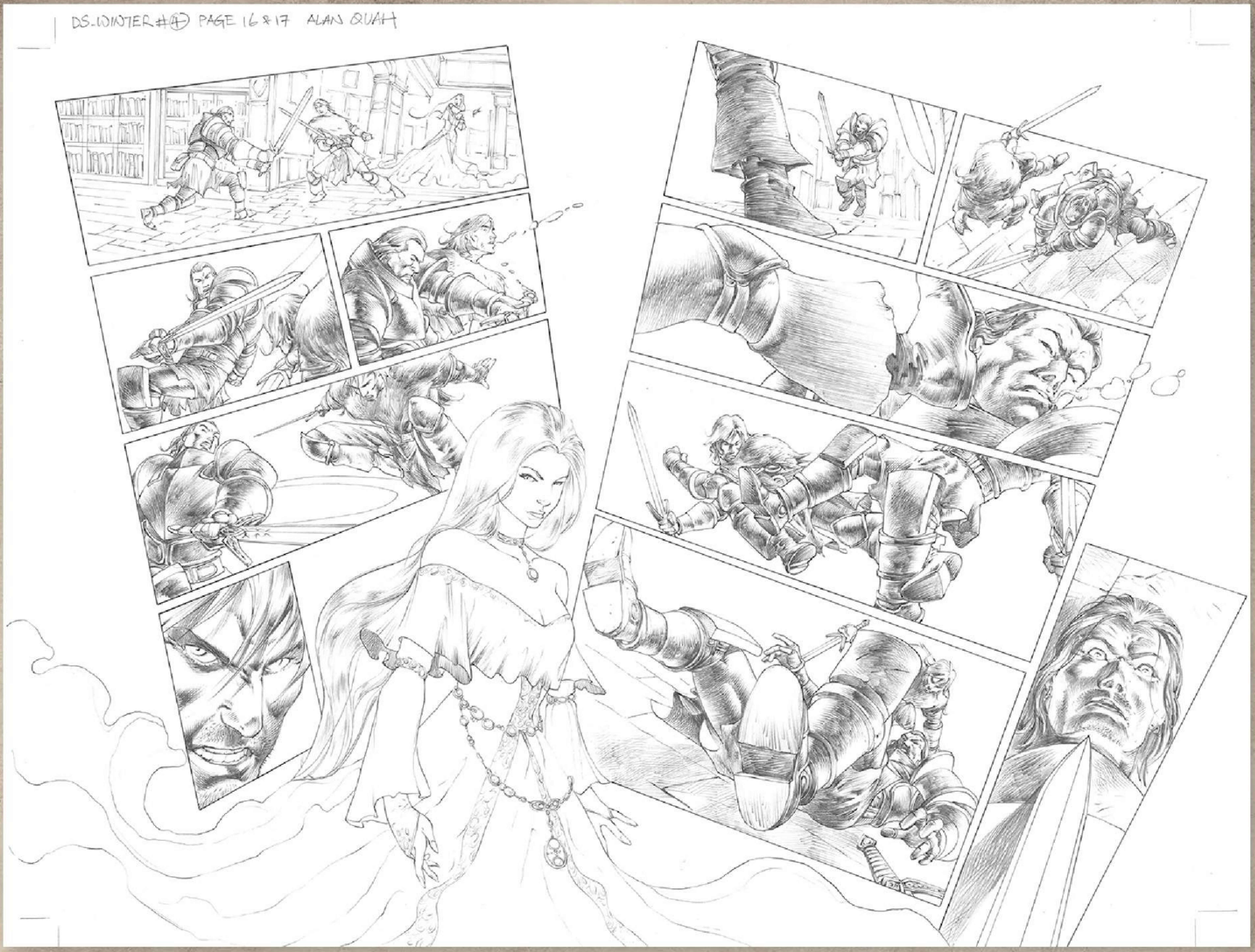
And here's where I give you room to do your thing again, Alan! This is the big, climactic fight scene between ANDRED and the WARRIOR who stole his blade (which we now know Andred stole himself, and is probably cursed).

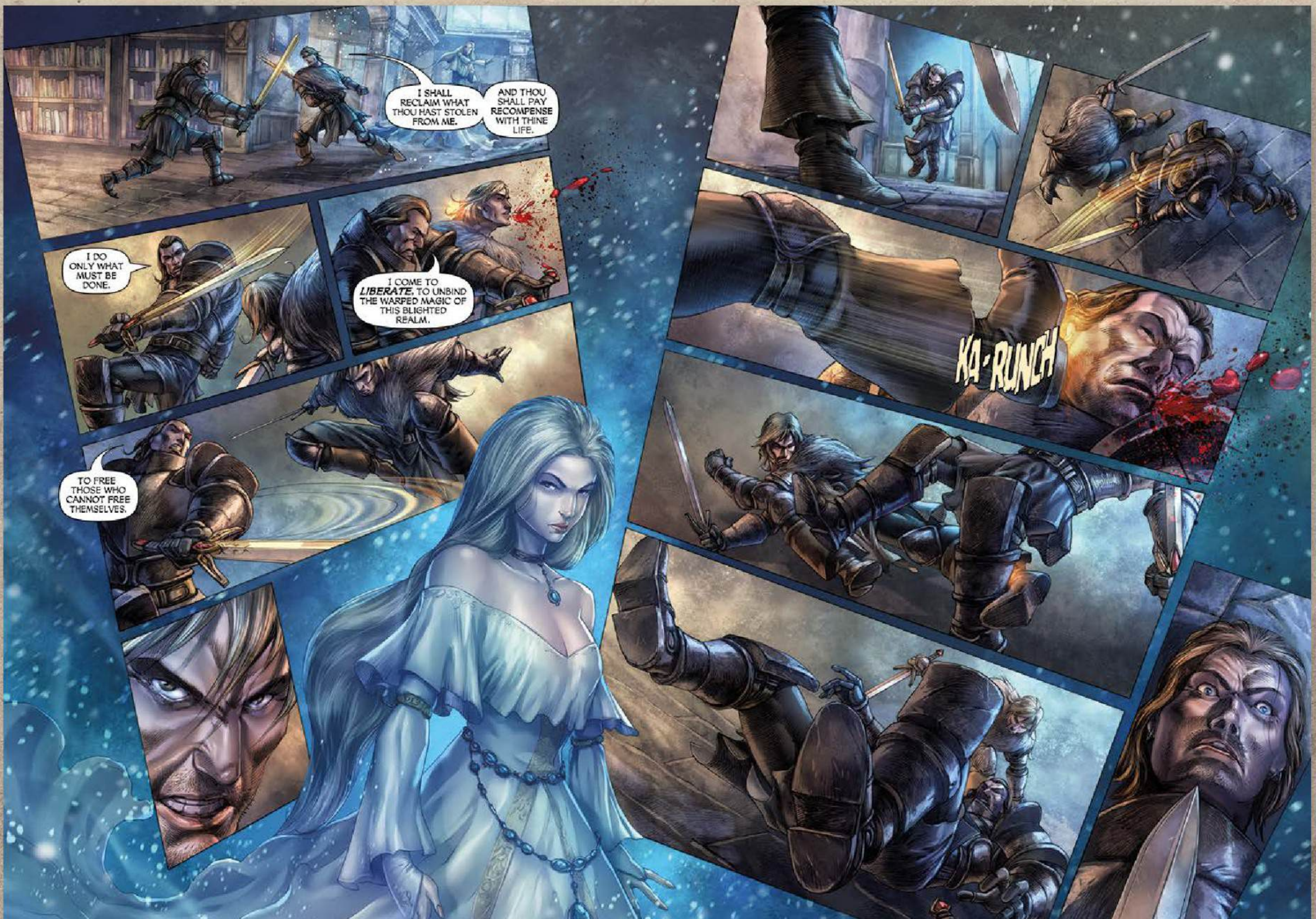
There's a start and end point, but otherwise you can go to town, and we can add sound effects and any other necessary dialogue afterwards. I think the key is to make it utterly brutal and nasty. This is not a measured fight, and they're out to destroy each other, cutting each other, breaking noses, and bloodying lips. All the while, PARNETHIA looks on, wearing a half smile. She's testing Andred, here.

Maybe we could see her across the centrefold, in the middle of the spread like a ghostly figure, looking right at us, and have the fight scene going on in panels to either side of her, to show how she's manipulating everything that's happening?

The key is that the first panel shows ANDRED diving to PARNETHIA's aid, shouldering the WARRIOR out of the way as he attacks her, and that we end with ANDRED having the upper hand, with the WARRIOR on the ground, and the tip of ANDRED's sword at his throat.

1. ANDRED	I shall reclaim what thou hast stolen from me.
2. ANDRED	And thou shall pay recompense with thine life.
3. WARRIOR	I do only what must be done.
4. WARRIOR	I come to liberate, to unbind the warped magic of this blighted realm.
5. WARRIOR	To free those who cannot free themselves.


DS-WINTER #4 PAGE 16&17 ALAN QUAH


I SHALL RECLAIM WHAT THOU HAST STOLEN FROM ME.
AND THOU SHALL PAY RECOMPENSE WITH THINE LIFE.
I DO ONLY WHAT MUST BE DONE.
I COME TO *LIBERATE*. TO UNBIND THE WARPED MAGIC OF THIS BLIGHTED REALM.
TO FREE THOSE WHO CANNOT FREE THEMSELVES.
KA-RUNCH

AGE OF FIRE

Script: Ryan O'Sullivan
Art: Anton Kokarev
Colors: Pablo Fernández Angulo
Letters: Simon Bowland

ISSUE 1
Pages 4-5

(Double Page Splash w/overlays)

Okay so panel 1 takes up the top half of the double page splash and bleeds into the background. Panels 2-5 are all layered over the bottom half of page 4, and panels 6-9 are layered over the bottom half of page 5.

1] This image is a shot of Artorias, leaping through the air, having just cut off the dragon's head. I want this to look like a "passing stroke" that you see in Japanese Samurai films or Manga right after a samurai has struck the killing blow on someone: Artorias's sword should be extended out in front of him, his arms extended, his face facing forwards, with action lines showing that he's just leapt forwards and taken the dragon's head off in one single leap. The dragon should be behind him, and its head should look like it's still attached to its body. (The attack was so fast that the head has not had time to fall from the neck.) In front of the dragon, lying on his back, and looking tiny, is Arkon. Arkon should be looking up at Artorias.

[2] Shot of the Dragon, we can see the red line on its neck now from where the Sword passed though its neck. Although the head still appears to be attached. (This is the moment right before it falls.)

[3] Shot of Artorias landing. Graceful, crouched, his sword held out to the side with one arm to steady him landing.

[4] Same shot as panel 2. Shot of the Dragon's head falling off, from where Artorias sliced it at the neck.

[5] Shot of the Dragon's head hitting the ground, landing in between Arkon's feet.

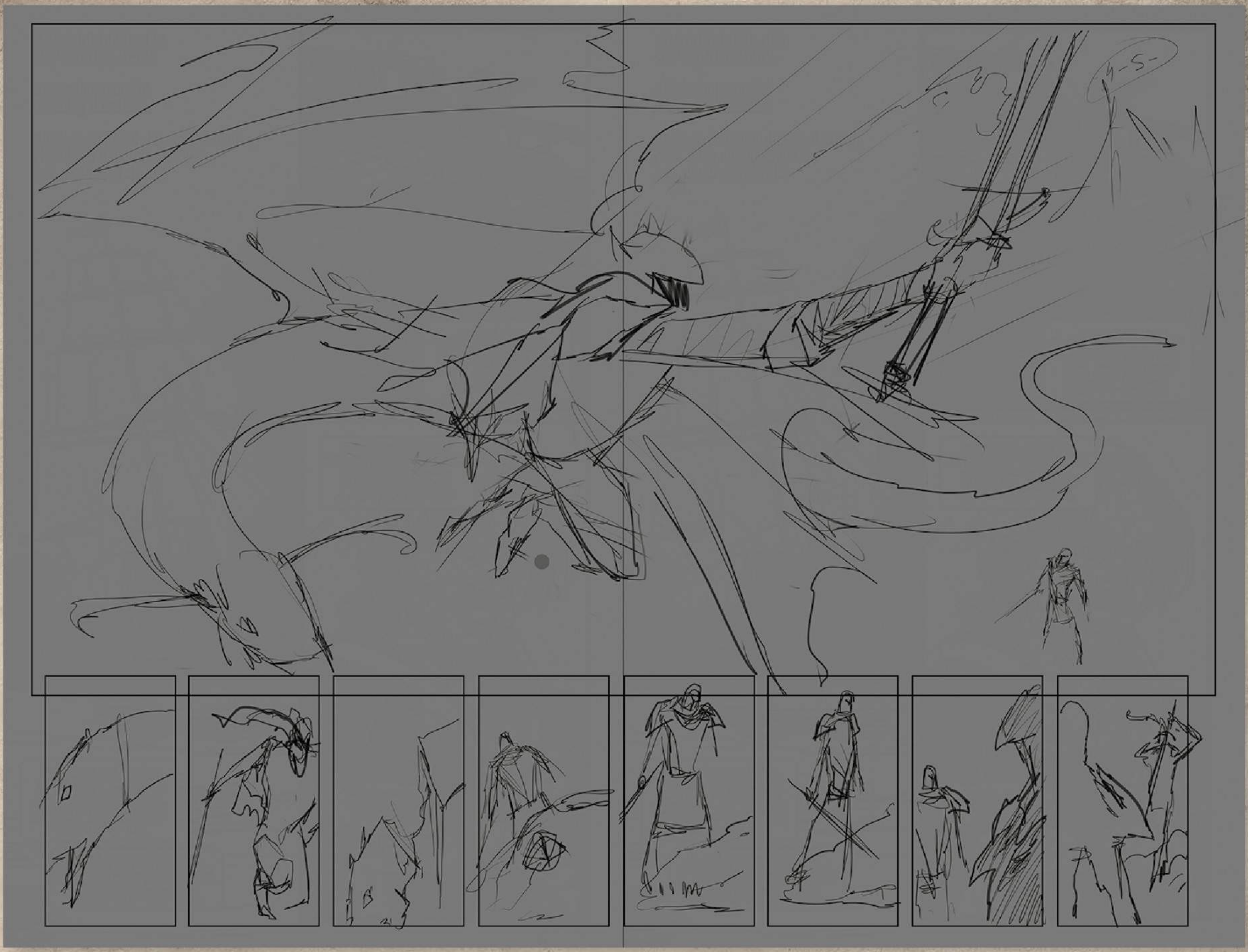
[6] Shot of Arkon looking down at the dragon's head.

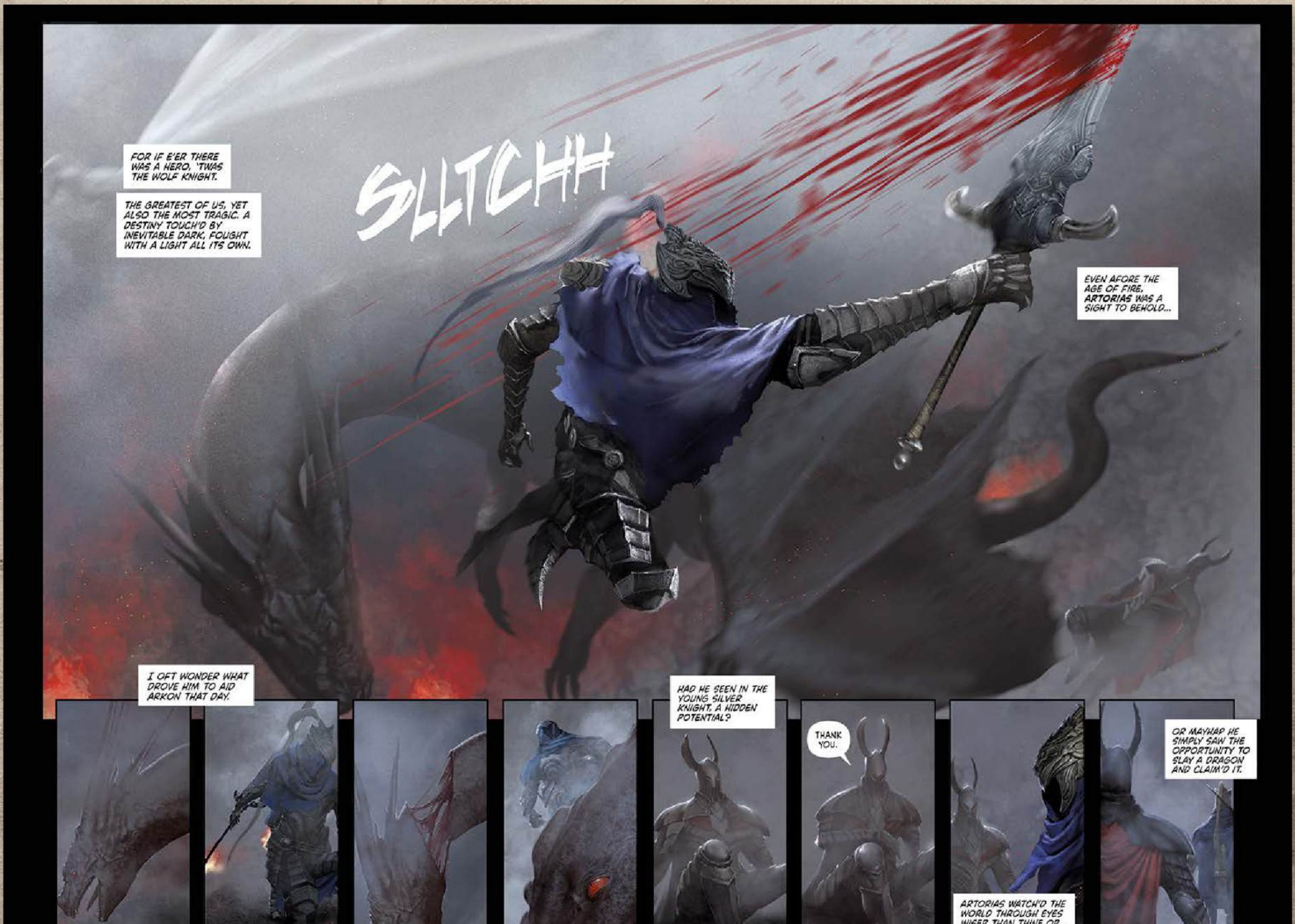
[7] Same shot as panel 6. Shot of Arkon looking up towards Artorias, who is off-panel and we cannot see.

Arkon Thank you.

[8] Shot of Artorias, who is now standing, turning around to look at Arkon.

[9] Shot of Artorias walking away into the flames. Arkon in the foreground, watching him leave.




FOR IF E'ER THERE WAS A HERO, 'TWAS THE WOLF KNIGHT.
THE GREATEST OF US, YET ALSO THE MOST TRAGIC. A DESTINY TOUCH'D BY INEVITABLE DARK, FOUGHT WITH A LIGHT ALL ITS OWN.
SLLTCHH
EVEN AFORE THE AGE OF FIRE, ARTORIAS WAS A SIGHT TO BEHOLD...
I OFT WONDER WHAT DROVE HIM TO AID ARKON THAT DAY.
HAD HE SEEN IN THE YOUNG SILVER KNIGHT, A HIDDEN POTENTIAL?
THANK YOU.
ARTORIAS WATCH'D THE WORLD THROUGH EYES WISER THAN THINE OR MINE. MAYHAP HE KNEW WHAT WAS TO FOLLOW?
OR MAYHAP HE SIMPLY SAW THE OPPORTUNITY TO SLAY A DRAGON AND CLAIM'D IT.

AGE OF FIRE

Script: Ryan O’Sullivan
Art: Anton Kokarev
Colors: Pablo Fernández Angulo
Letters: Simon Bowland

ISSUE 2
Page 8

(five panels)

[1] Wide-screen shot as wide as the page. Establishing shot of the Grand Archives interiors. It is a big library, full of books. Do not show any characters in this panel.

Caption (Gravis) “…I cannot do this alone.”

LOCATION TEXT
THE GRAND ARCHIVES

Seath (off panel) I do not require assistance, Channeler Liste.

[2] Wide-screen shot as wide as the page. Shot of CHANNELER LISTE talking to a large-figure (Seath) that we can’t see clearly yet. (Seath is either off panel, a silhouette, or hard to make out. Panel 3 is the big reveal of him.

Liste Forgive me, ser duke. But I bring grave news. Of Izalith and of New Londo.

[3] Wide-screen shot as wide as the page. Big establishing shot of revealing SEATH for the first time, largest panel on the page. He is hard at work, studying a large crystal that is the same coloring as the Crystal Golems. The crystal is resting on a large wooden table. He is not looking at Liste.

Seath I raise thee above all others and yet thou question me?

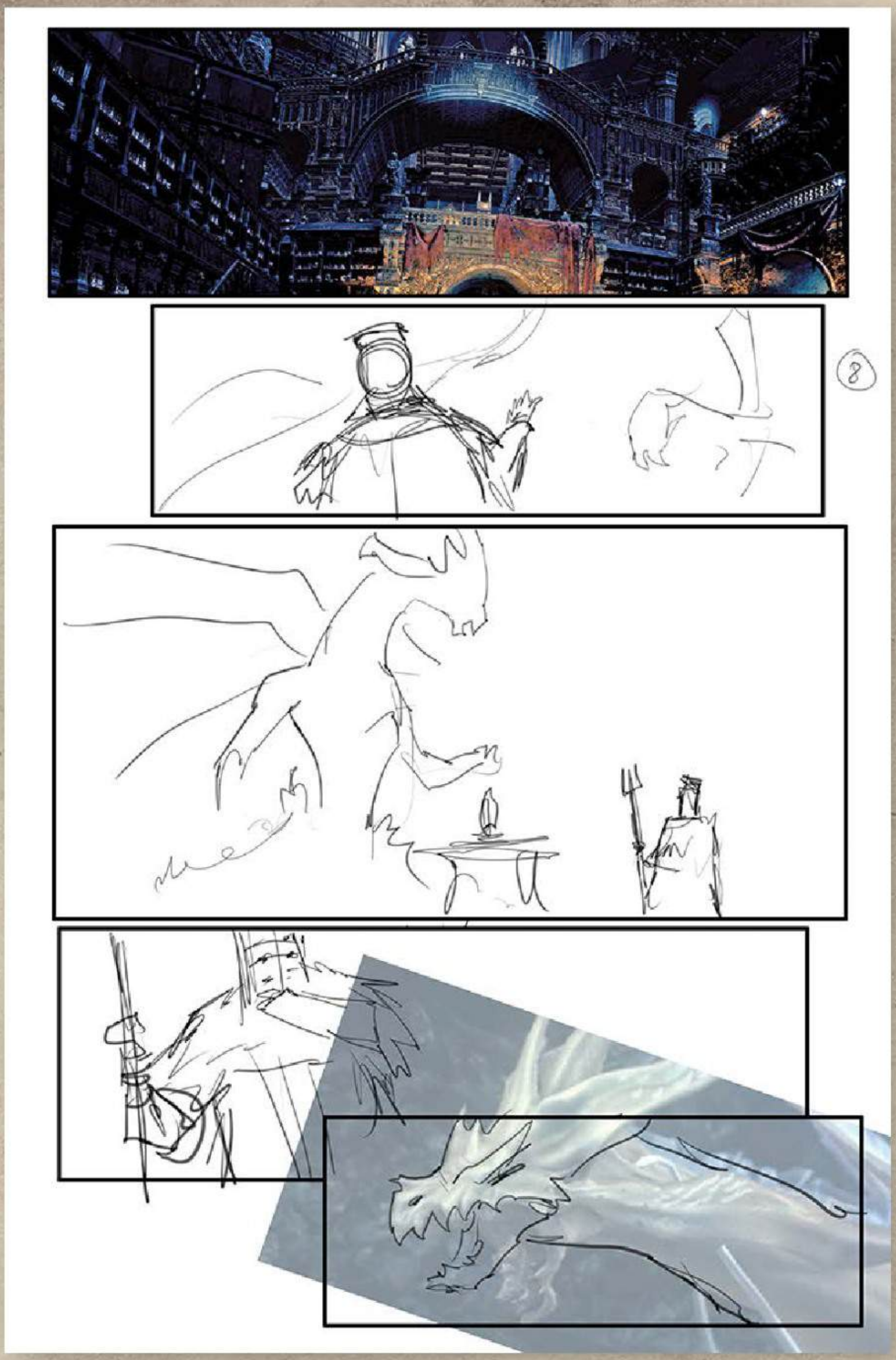
Seath Is this how I am to be rewarded? With counsel?

[4] Wide-screen shot as wide as the page. Shot of Liste, terrified. Eating his words.

Liste Ser duke…Seath…I…please forgive…but there is talk of dark magic, of a spreading abyss…and a wolf knight who--

[5] Wide-screen shot as wide as the page. Shot of Seath, laughing.

Seath (SFX – large) Hahaha!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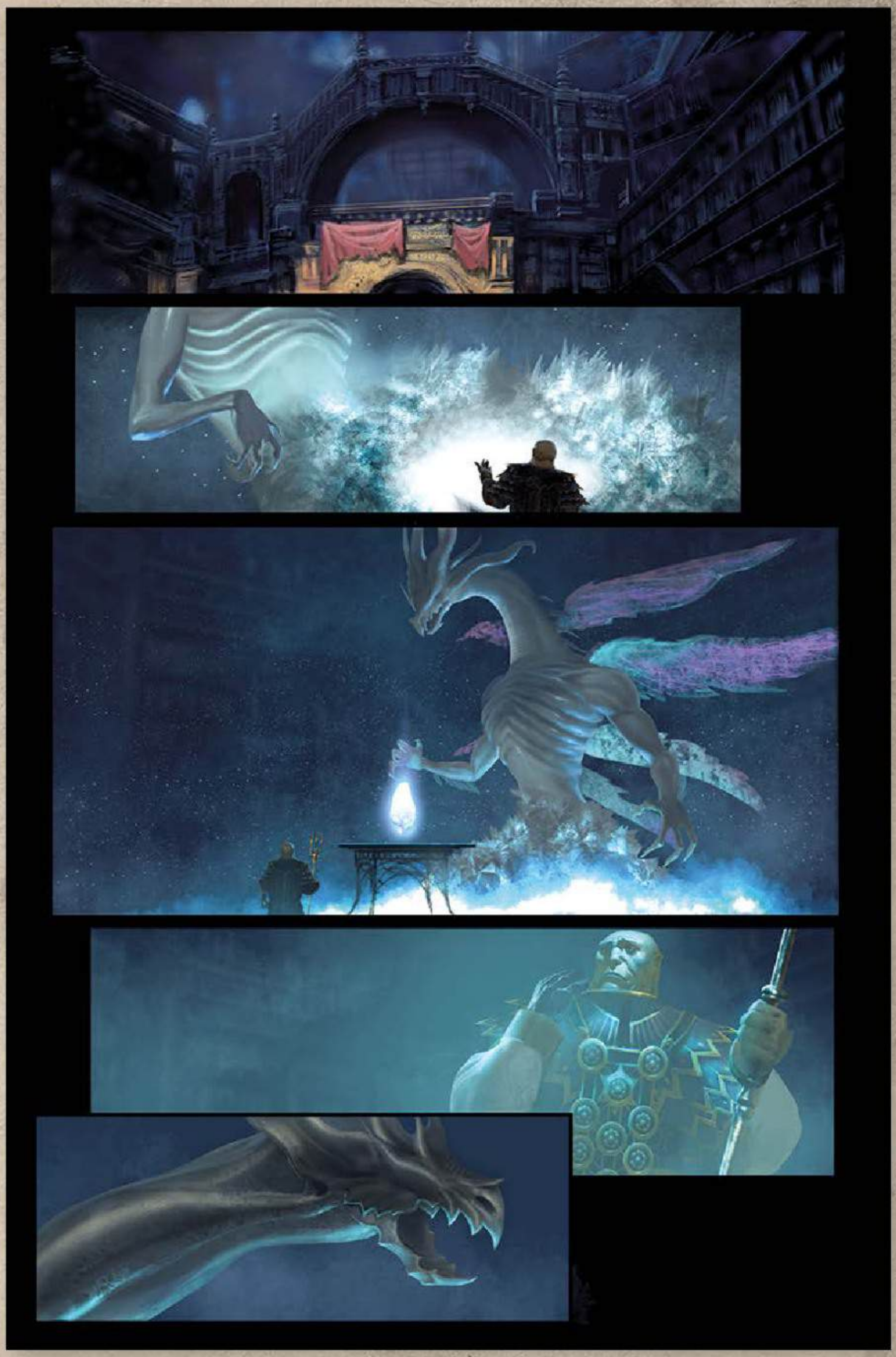
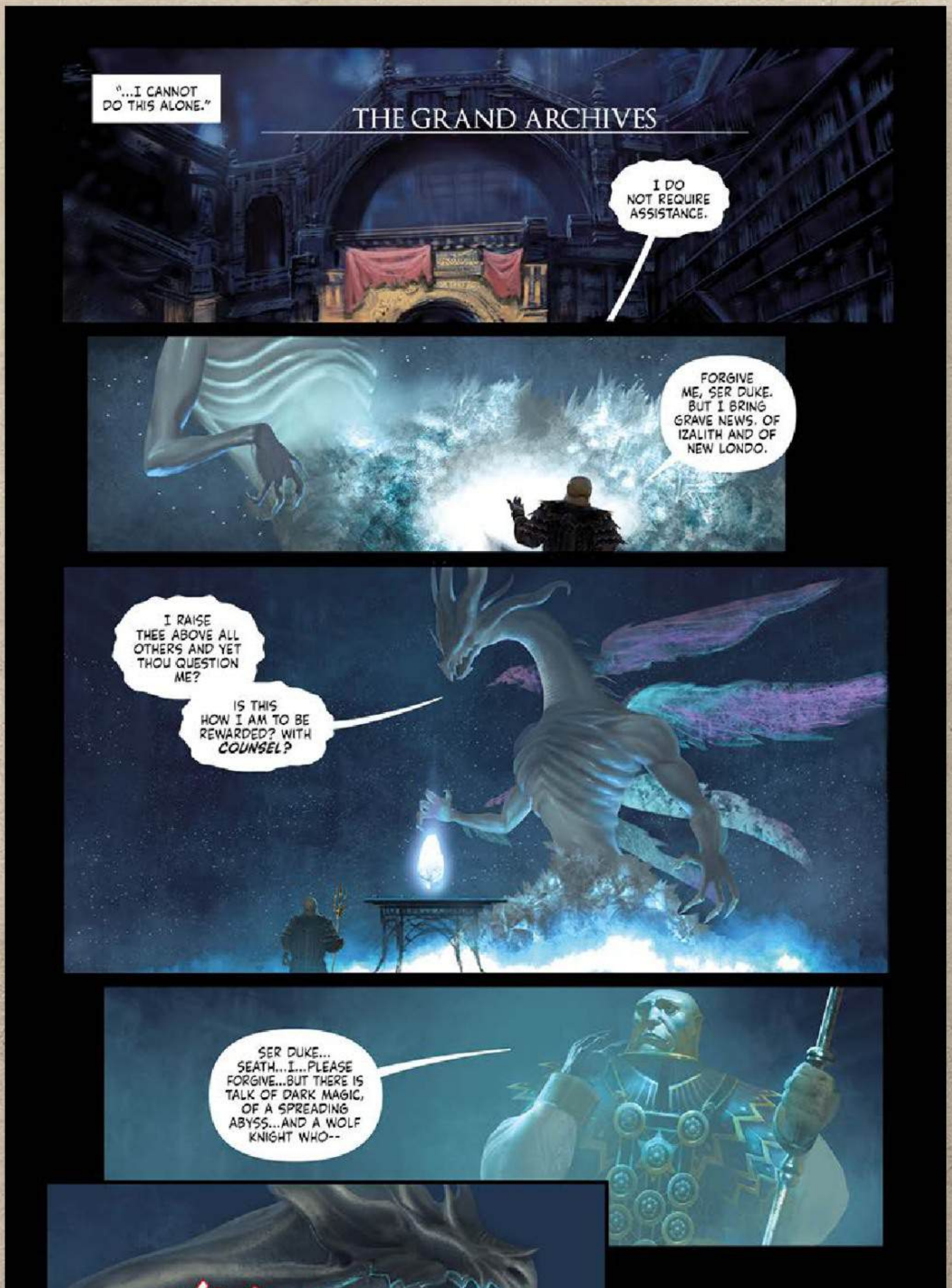



"...I CANNOT DO THIS ALONE."
THE GRAND ARCHIVES
I DO NOT REQUIRE ASSISTANCE.
FORGIVE ME, SER DUKE. BUT I BRING GRAVE NEWS. OF IZALITH AND OF NEW LONDO.
I RAISE THEE ABOVE ALL OTHERS AND YET THOU QUESTION ME?
IS THIS HOW I AM TO BE REWARDED? WITH COUNSEL?
SER DUKE... SEATH...I...PLEASE FORGIVE...BUT THERE IS TALK OF DARK MAGIC, OF A SPREADING ABYSS...AND A WOLF KNIGHT WHO--
HAHAHA!

AGE OF FIRE

Script: Ryan O'Sullivan
Art: Anton Kokarev
Colors: Pablo Fernández Angulo
Letters: Simon Bowland

ISSUE 3
Page 5

(9 panel grid 3x3)

[1] Shot of Arkon leaping backwards, with his spear still in his hands, recoiling, ready to strike. This panel is not a close up and is not zoomed in.

[2] Shot of Arkon now lunging forwards with the spear, narrowly missing Artorias with his spear. This panel is not a close up and is not zoomed in.

[3] Shot of Artorias's face. Now HIS eyes are glowing red.

[4] Shot of Artorias grabbing Arkon's spear with one hand. Arkon is also still holding it. This panel is not a close up and is not zoomed in.

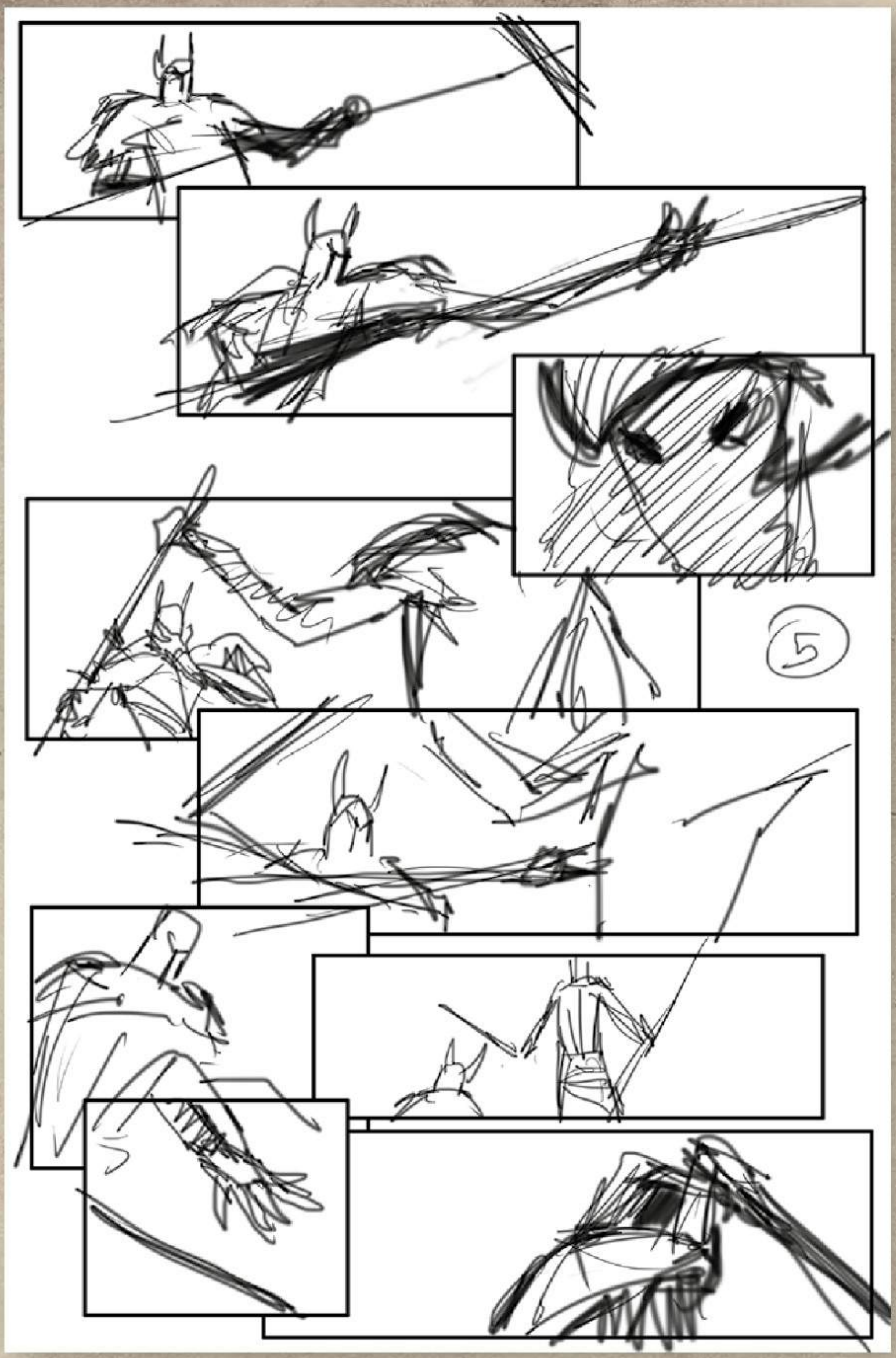
[5] Shot of Artorias (still holding Arkon's spear) bringing his sword down (with his other hand) on Arkon, slicing him, and injuring him. (A glancing wound. It should not look fatal.) Arkon is still holding his spear. This panel is not a close up and is not zoomed in.

[6] Shot of Arkon falling backwards to the ground. (He has let go of the spear just before this shot.) This panel is not a close up and is not zoomed in.

[7] Shot of Artorias approaching Arkon. Artorias has his sword in one hand, and Arkon's spear in the other. Arkon is still on the ground. This panel is not a close up and is not zoomed in.

[8] Shot of Artorias tossing aside the spear, casually. This panel is not a close up and is not zoomed in.

[9] Shot of Artorias, his sword raised above his head, similar shot to page 4 panel 7. This panel is not a close up and is not zoomed in.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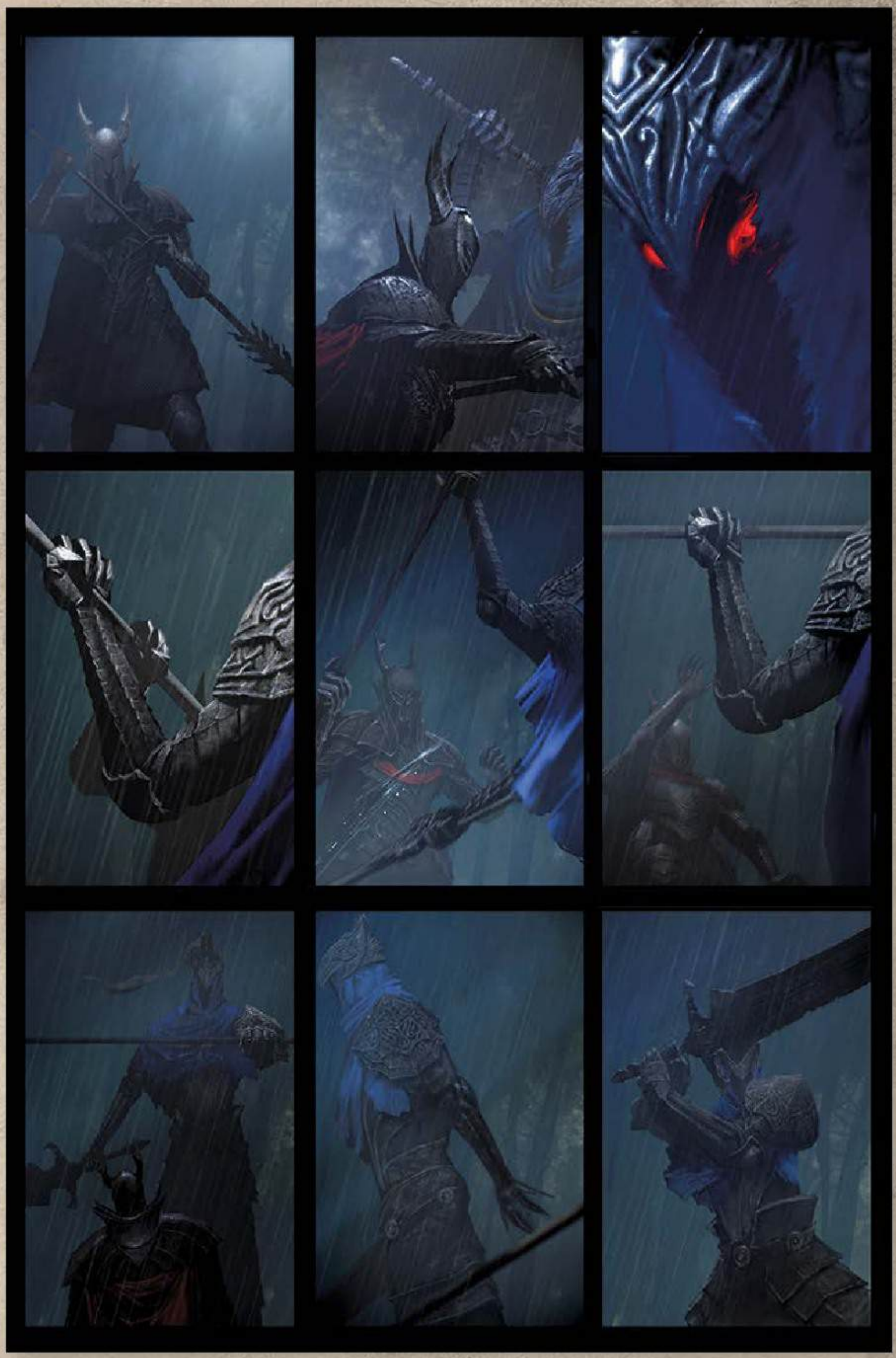
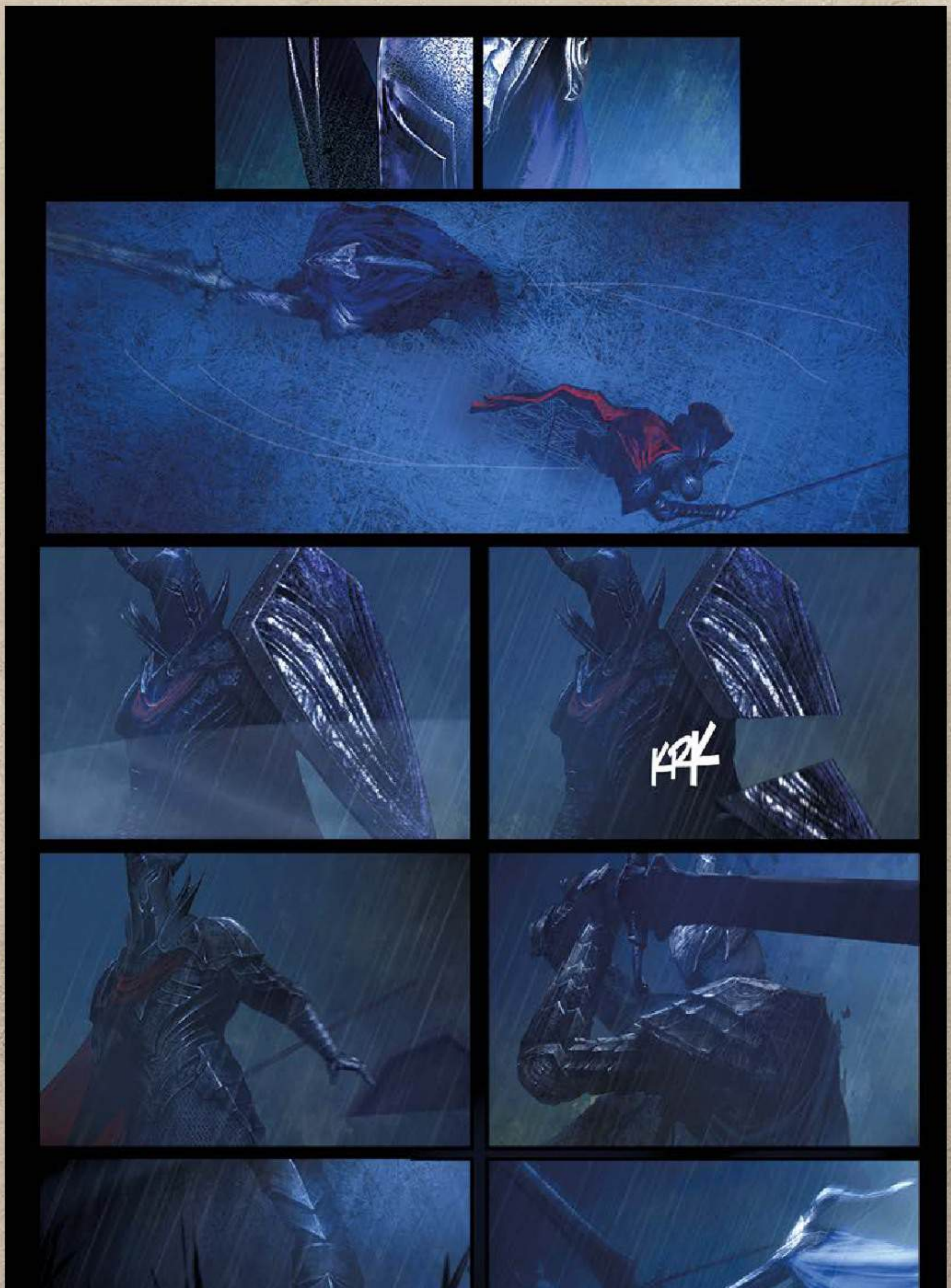



KRK

BREATH OF ANDOLUS

Script: George Mann
Art: Alan Quah
Colors: Komikaki Studio ft. Norah Khor & Sean Lee TCS
Letters: Rob Steen

ISSUE 2

Page 15

(7 panels – but four are a montage)

P1-4. This is a montage across the top half of the page, as FIRA swiftly puts an end to the four UNDEAD HUMANS. I think we can do something really nice and artistic here, avoiding traditional panel structures. I'd suggest she's cleaving the head from one, chopping another in half at the waist, cleaving the skull of another and skewering another through the chest. Alongside each death is a fragment of FIRA's broken sentence.

1. FIRA It takes…

2. FIRA …more than…

3. FIRA …a little spider bite…

4. FIRA …to still my blade.

Beneath this sequence runs two massive THUDs, which effectively serve to separate the montage from the panels below. This is the sound of the Everlord's thunderous footsteps as it closed in on their location.

P5. ALDRICH is clutching the arrowhead that's still on a cord around his neck. It's glowing bright blue. He's wide eyed, and looking at it.
FIRA is beside him, incredulous.

5. ALDRICH That sound…

6. ALDRICH …the Everlord comes.

7. FIRA It comes to us?

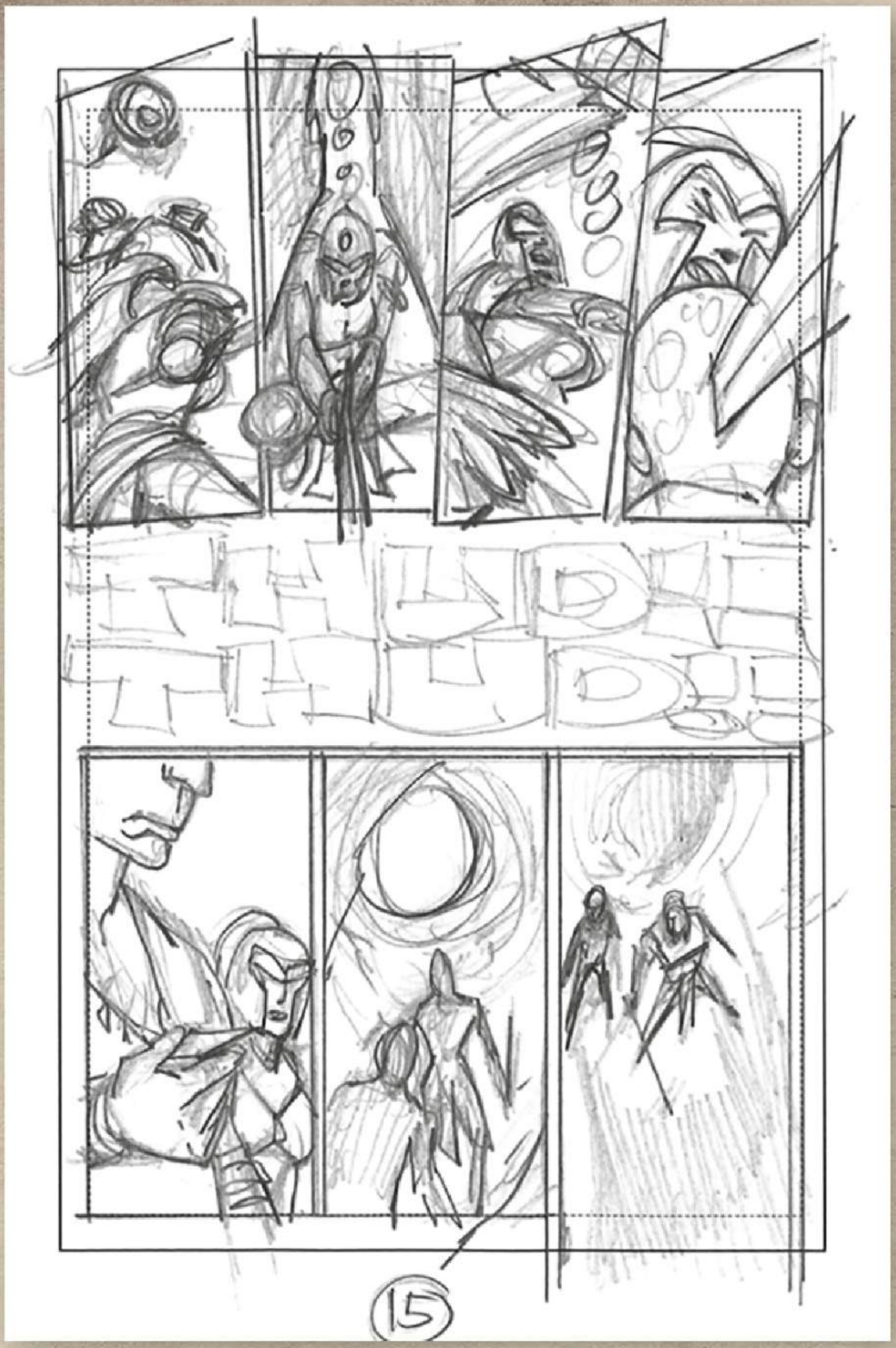
P6. FIRA and ALDRICH are leaving the nest, brushing aside the cobwebs as they emerge from the cave mouth (I think you could have this shot from either the front or from behind, depending on what you think is the most dramatic).

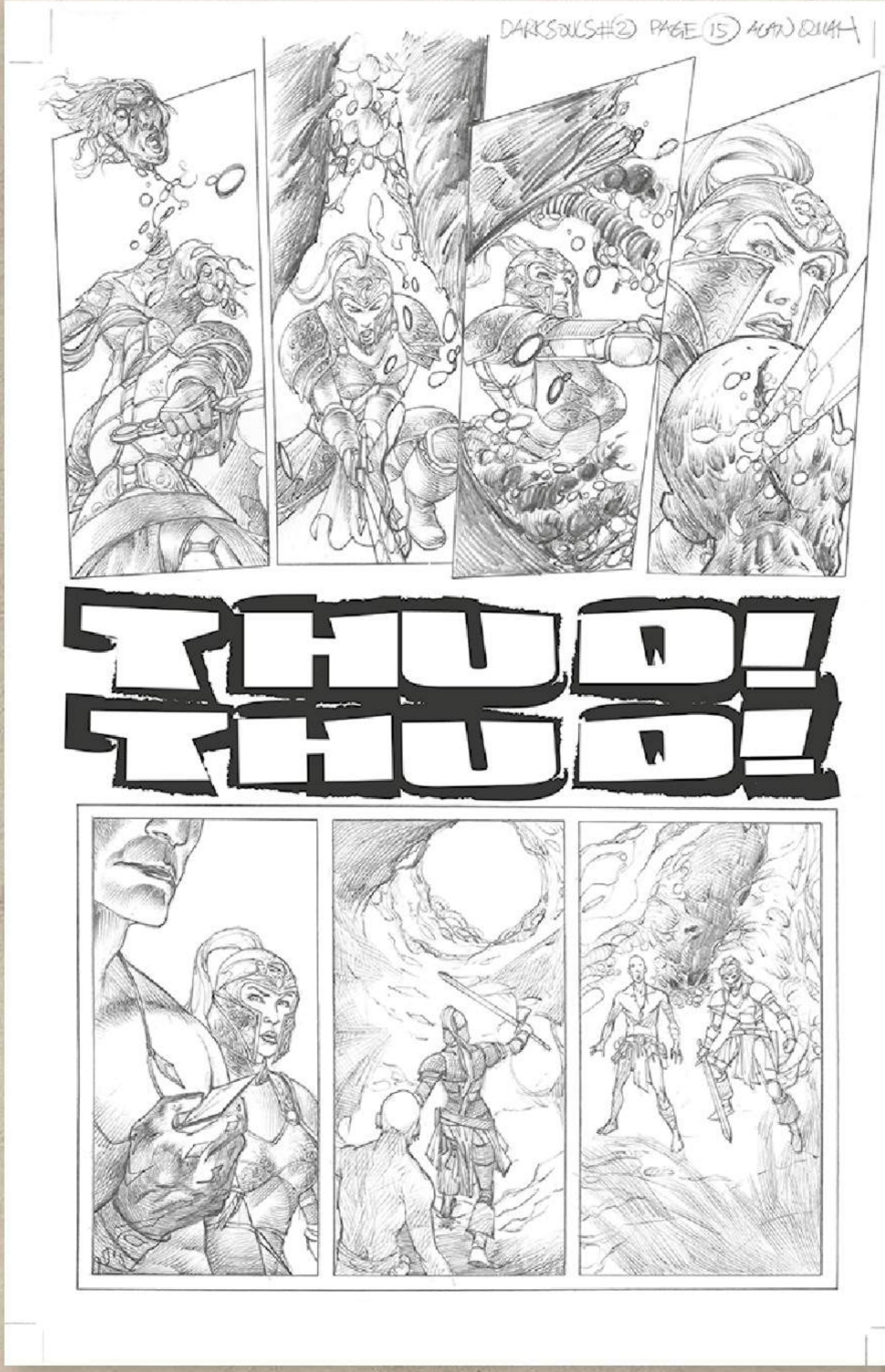
8. ALDRICH The Everlord is the spirit of the forest, an avatar of all the creeping, living things that haunt these forlorn boughs.

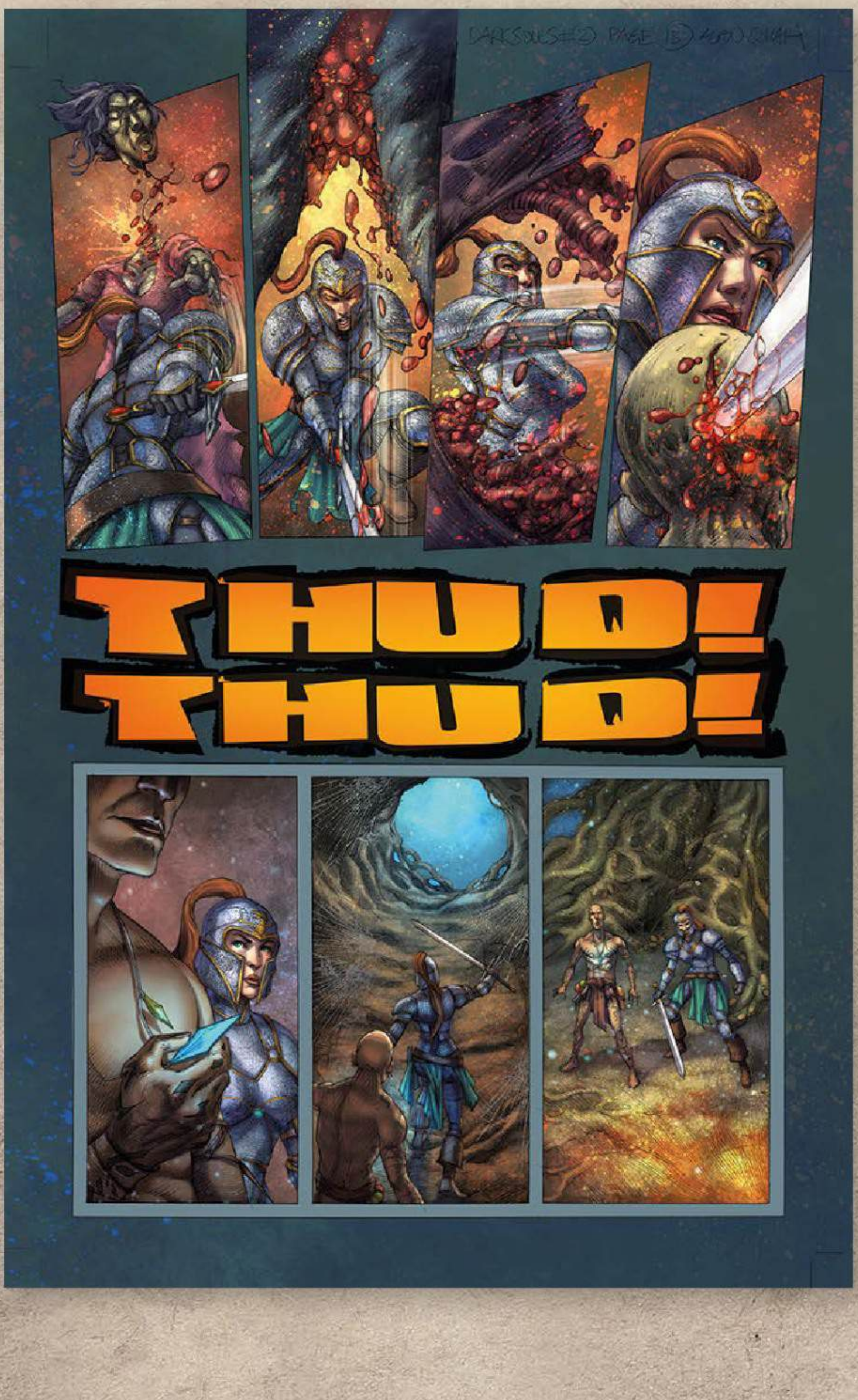
9. ALDRICH As they succumb to the plague of death, so does it. The spiders were its eyes here. In killing them, you've drawn its attention.

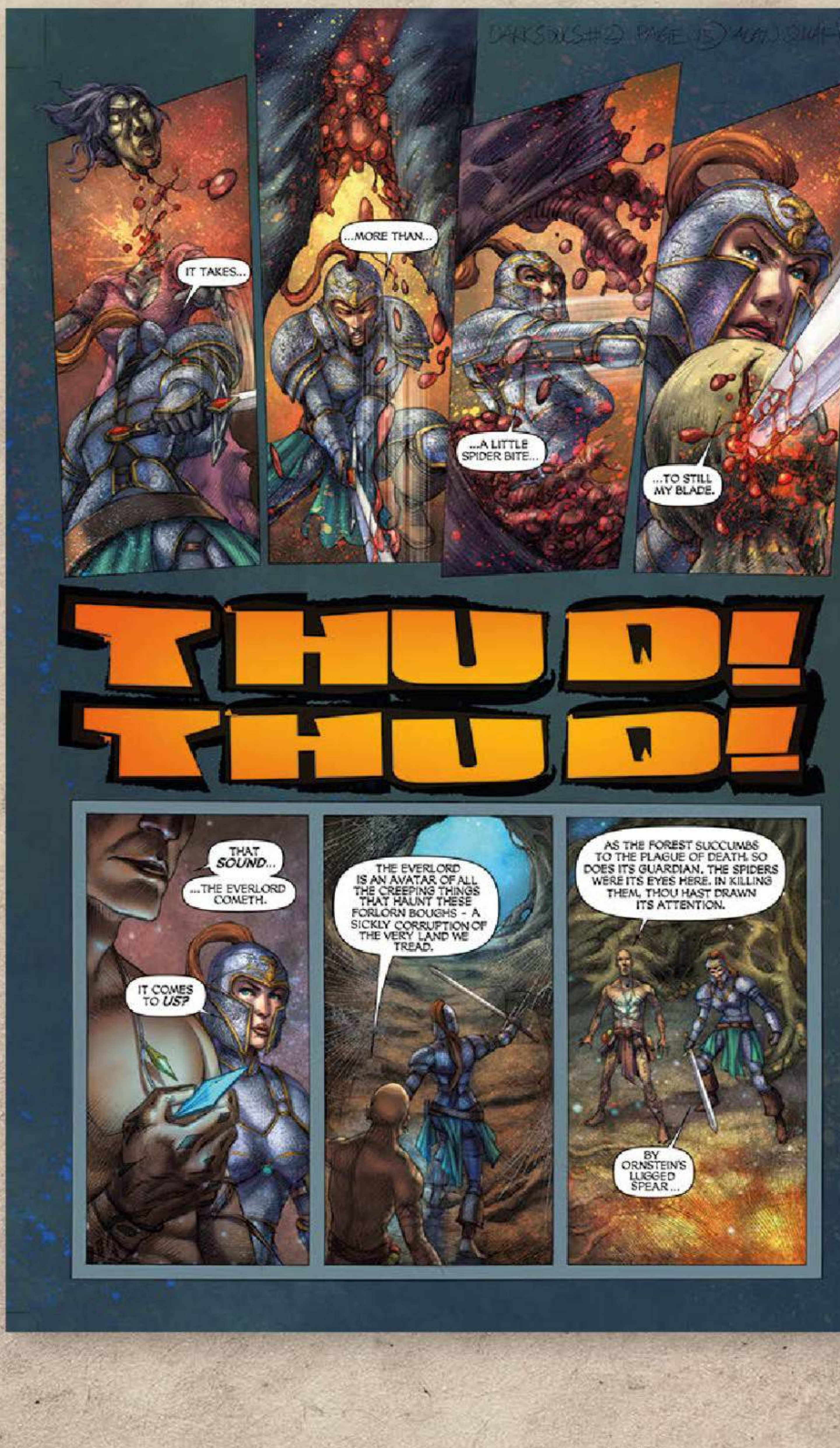
P7. FIRA and ALDRICH standing outside the nest, staring up at…

10. FIRA In the name of the Flame…


THUD!
THUD!
15


DARKSOULS#2 PAGE 15 ALAN QUAH
THUD!
THUD!


DARKSOULS#2 PAGE 15 ALAN QUAH
THUD!
THUD!


DARKSOULS#2 PAGE 15 ALAN QUAH
IT TAKES...
...MORE THAN...
...A LITTLE SPIDER BITE...
...TO STILL MY BLADE.
THUD!
THUD!
THAT SOUND...
...THE EVERLORD COMETH.
IT COMES TO US?
THE EVERLORD IS AN AVATAR OF ALL THE CREEPING THINGS THAT HAUNT THESE FORLORN BOUGHS - A SICKLY CORRUPTION OF THE VERY LAND WE TREAD.
AS THE FOREST SUCCUMBS TO THE PLAGUE OF DEATH, SO DOES ITS GUARDIAN. THE SPIDERS WERE ITS EYES HERE. IN KILLING THEM, THOU HAST DRAWN ITS ATTENTION.
BY ORNSTEIN'S LUGGED SPEAR...

BREATH OF ANDOLUS

Script: George Mann
Art: Alan Quah
Colors: Komikaki Studio ft. Norah Khor & Sean Lee TCS
Letters: Rob Steen

ISSUE 3
Page 2 & 3

(DPS splash)

This is a DPS splash of the village of Harrowmark burning. We're going for impact here, and the images are pretty shocking. It's intended to be a twisted memory from FIRA's past, mixed with guilt and her own horror at what she's done (the full story will become clear in the finale, but she essentially torched her own village to contain the curse, and can't fully remember).

The central image here is a pyre of burning corpses. These are all people who've succumbed to the undead curse, so they're in various stages of decomposition, and they've been stacked high in the village square on a bed of kindling and wooden logs. The pyre is burning fiercely, but we can still see the full extent of the horror through the flames. Some of the undead are still moving, trying to claw their way out of the heap, but it's too late, and they're already on fire, or have been staked to one another to prevent it.

There are buildings – houses and homes – around the village square too, and these are also being put to the torch – this time by living people, including ALDRICH.

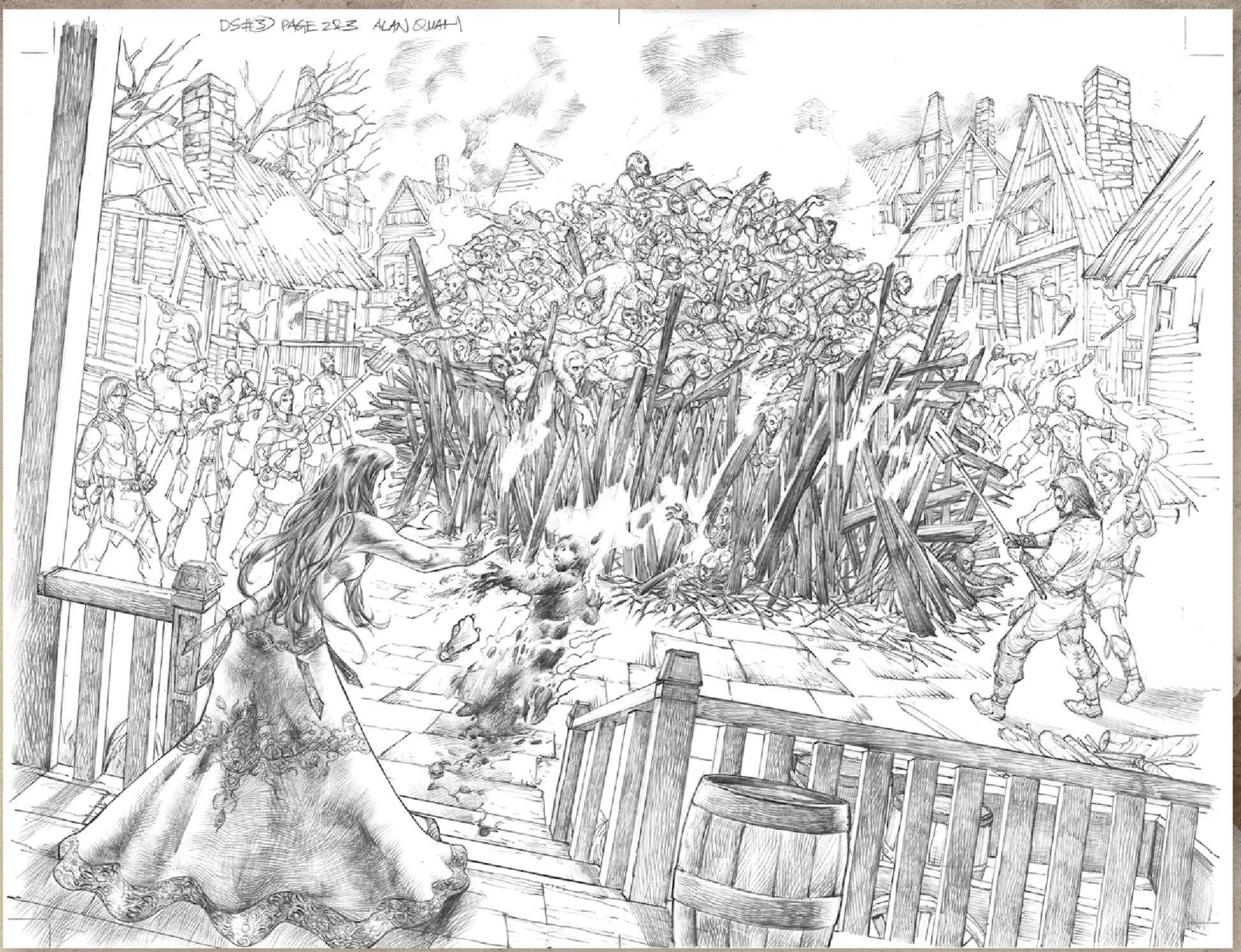
In the foreground, FIRA is still holding ELISE's hand, but she's staring at ELISE in abject horror, as the girl is also now on fire, and has begun to turn into ash. She's crumbling away. Her poppet lies on the floor by her feet, unaffected by the flames.

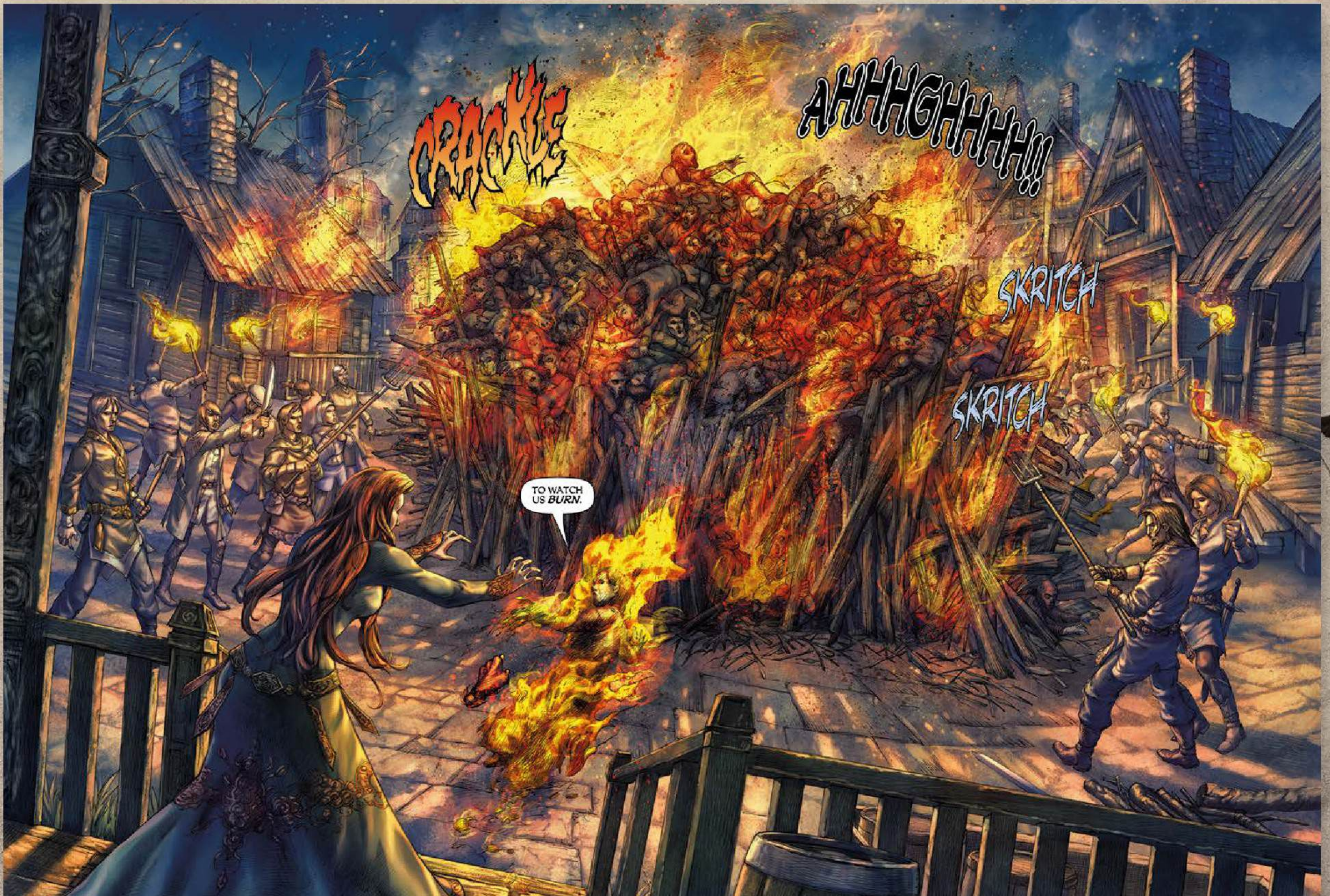
1. SFX (FIRE): CRACKLE

2. SFX (UNDEAD TRYING TO ESCAPE PYRE): SKRITCH, SKRITCH

3. SFX (UNDEAD SCREAMS) AHHHGHHHH!!

4. ELISE
To watch us burn.


DS#3 PAGE 2&3 ALAN QUAH


CRACKLE
AHHHGHHHH!!
SKRITCH
SKRITCH
TO WATCH US BURN.

BREATH OF ANDOLUS

Script: George Mann
Art: Alan Quah
Colors: Komikaki Studio ft. Norah Khor & Sean Lee TCS
Letters: Rob Steen

ISSUE 4
Page 12 & 13

(DPS, with some feature panels)

Okay, I'm seeing this as the killer spread of the whole issue. It's a DPS of ANDOLUS, rising up above the stone platform, on which the embers of the Flame of Life are still burning, now reduced to a low, flickering flame again. The relics are gone – the only remnants being the handles of the sword and dagger, and a buckle from the armor, which weren't originally part of the dragon.

ANDOLUS is looking directly at us, spreading his wings open to their full extent, so that we can see the underside of the wings. And on these wings are the panels of the spread, delineated by the structure of the wings themselves. Each panel is showing us a glimpse of events from history, and the future, demonstrating the unbroken cycle of life and death, and the incomprehensible scale of time in which ANDOLUS exists.

I'll call the big shot of ANDOLUS P1.

1. ANDOLUS (CAPTION)
All of history. Everything that has gone before, and all that ever will.

P2. This is the first of the wing panels. We're seeing the Pyre in happier, pre-human times. ANDOLUS, along with a group of other dragons (I'd suggest three or four, maybe hinting at more as silhouettes), circle the skies over the twin volcanoes.

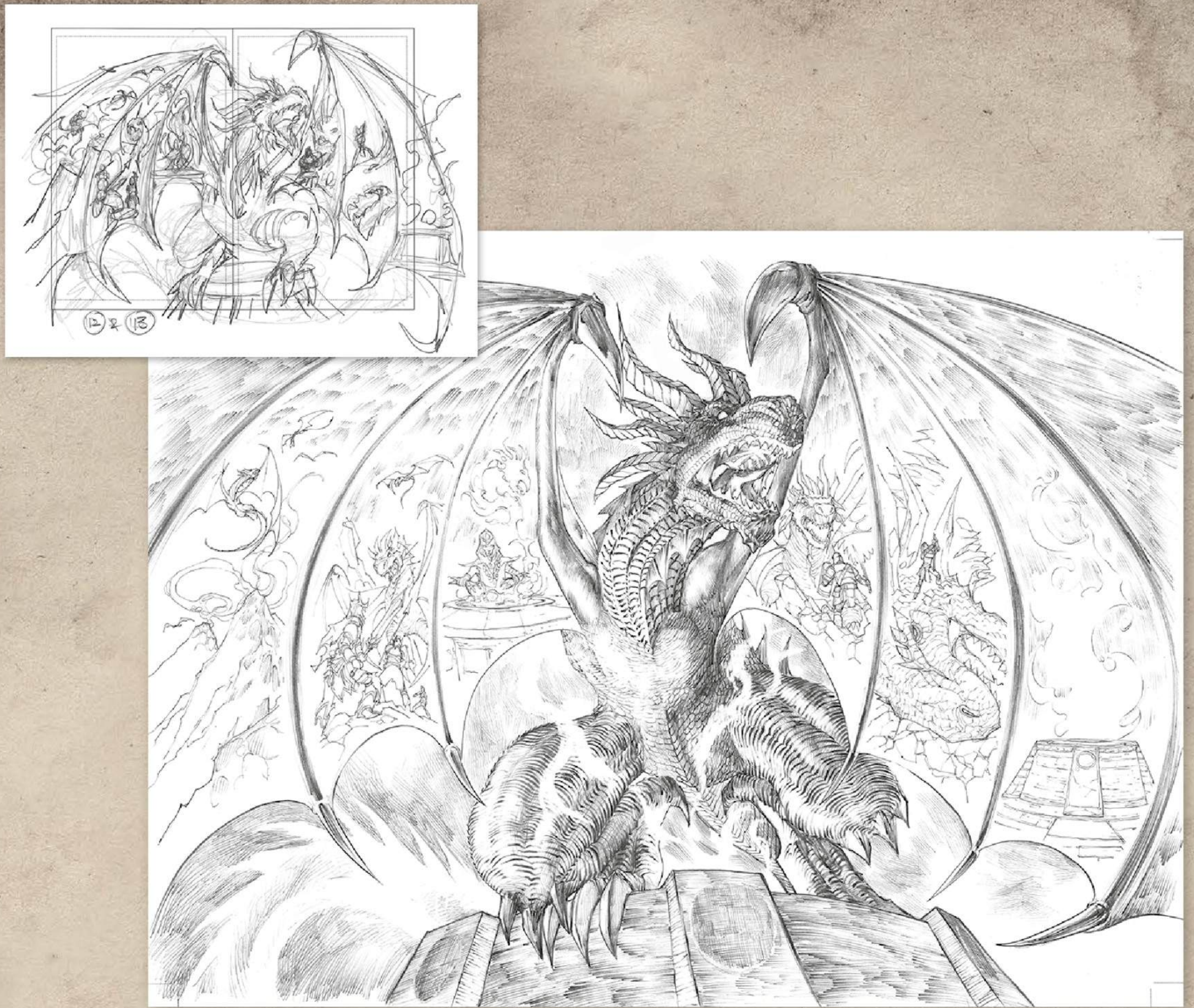
P3. A group of armored KNIGHTS – wearing more primitive and medieval looking plate armor – are slaying the DRAGONS, including ANDOLUS, on the slopes of the volcano.

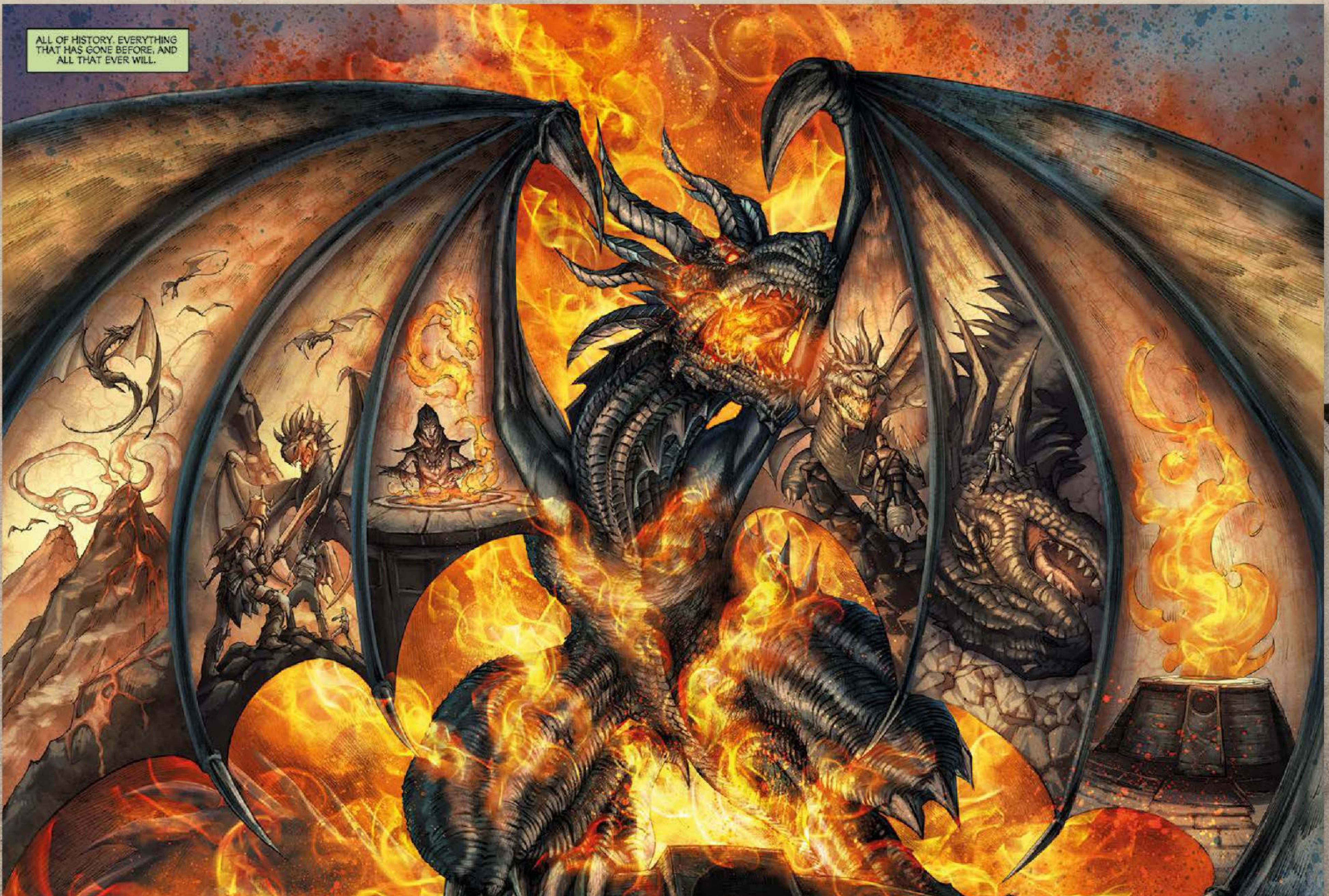
P4. A WITCH is standing at the embers inside the Pyre, performing the ritual, and ANDOLUS is rising from the embers once more.

P5. BARON KARAMAS is fighting ANDOLUS inside the Pyre (as per previous flashbacks).

P6. Now FIRA is standing over ANDOLUS on the slope of the volcano, her sword poised over his head, as if she's about to thrust down (this is a flash forward).

P7. The embers inside the Pyre are now burning high with a rekindled Flame of Life.


12 & 13


ALL OF HISTORY. EVERYTHING THAT HAS GONE BEFORE, AND ALL THAT EVER WILL.

DARK SOULS

CREATOR BIOS

GEORGE MANN

is a *New York Times*-bestselling British author, primarily in genre fiction. His comics work includes *Dark Souls*, *Doctor Who: The Eighth Doctor,* and *Warhammer 40,000*, all from Titan Comics.

TAURIQ MOOSA

is an award-winning South African writer, and blogger of practical ethics, comics, videogames, and pop culture. He is a regular contributor to *The Guardian* and tutors in ethics and bioethics at the University of Cape Town.

CASSANDRA KHAW

is a London-based writer with roots buried in Southeast Asia. Self-confessed 'author of the grotesque', Cassandra is also a seasoned videogame and freelance journalist, with credits including *Flesh* and *Rupert Wong: Cannibal Chef*.

DAN WATTERS

is a London-based comics writer whose debut graphic novel, *LIMBO,* was released in 2016. He has since worked on titles such as *Home Sick Pilots* with frequent collaborator, Caspar Wijngaard.

ALAN QUAH

is a Malaysian artist who has worked for *The Vampire Diaries*, *Godzilla: Awakening*, *Space Goat Presents Anthology*, *ShadowGirls*, *Evil Dead 2*, *Orphan Black,* and Titan Comics' *Dark Souls*.

CASPAR WIJNGARRD

is a British comics artist and illustrator who has worked for a variety of publishers. His most recent series, the highly acclaimed *Home Sick Pilots*, was co-created with fellow British writer Dan Watters.

PIOTR KOWALSKI

is a Polish comics illustrator who is best known for his work on *Robocop, Gail, Marvel Knights: Hulk, Dark Tower, Bloodborne,* and the critically acclaimed series *Sex*.

DAMIEN WORM

is a critically acclaimed Spanish illustrator and comic book artist best known for his work on *The October Faction* with Steve Niles.

DANIELE SERRA

is an Italian illustrator and comics artist. He has worked for a variety of publishers including Titan Comics on titles such as *Hellraiser* and *Dark Souls*.

NICK PERCIVAL

is an award-winning British illustrator and CG animation director who has produced art for *World of Warcraft*, *Magic the Gathering*, and *D&D*.

MICHAEL WALSH

is a Canadian illustrator and comics writer best known for drawing the mini-series *Comeback*. His other credits include *Hawkeye*, *X-Men*, *Rocket Racoon + Groot,* and *Hellboy.*

ANDREA OLIMPIERI

is an Italian comics illustrator who has worked on titles including *Mostri*, *True Blood*, *Dishonored*, and *Shades of Magic: The Steel Prince* for Titan Comics.

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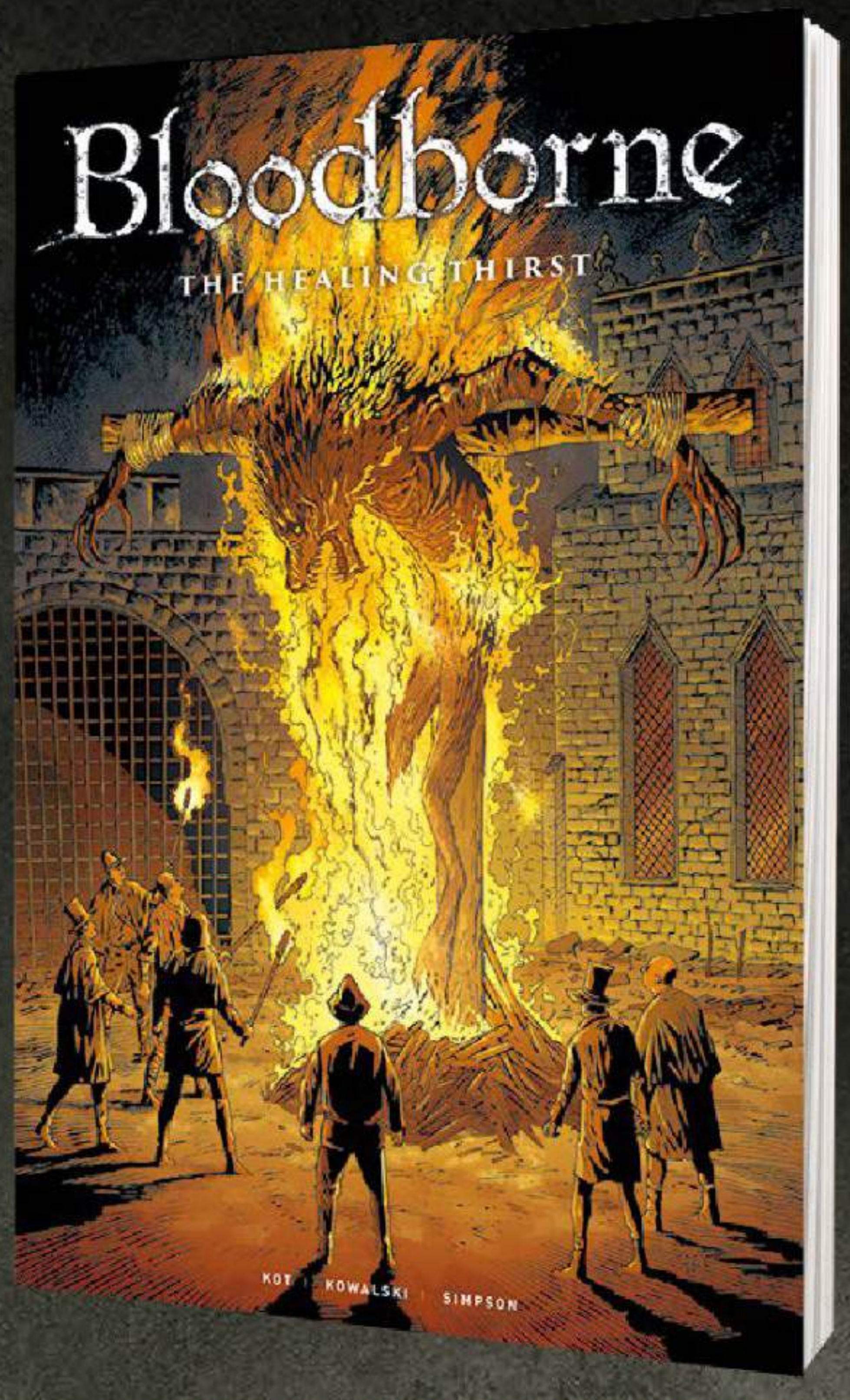
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